

PHOTOPLAY

20¢

**FROM
LANA TO ARLENE—**

LAMAS TELLS
THE TRUTH
ABOUT HIS LOVES



TONY CURTIS

JANET LEIGH



8-50 7-L 30R
MRS. C. GROSSBERG
3 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS

“ah-h!
my Ivory Bath
it's a pleasure...
pure pleasure!”



Yes, there's more
lather . . . faster lather . . .
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It's so *relaxing* to sink into an Ivory bath! You don't grope for soap—Ivory floats right into your hand. You don't wait for lather—that husky cake of Ivory fairly *bursts* into rich, foamy suds! For Ivory makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap!

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99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure...it Floats



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*Does she keep you up late
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*So much depends on whether
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*Freddy's didn't. Freddy was going
great at half-past-eight, but by
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the definite brush-off.*

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*No girl wants to put up with
a case of halitosis (bad breath).*

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My Knitting!**



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LET-ALONE IN MY LIFE!
DO I HAVE TWO LEFT
FEET—OR WHAT?

PEG, HONEY, ALL YOU
NEED IS SOME COACHING
FROM YOUR DENTIST
ON—ON BAD BREATH!



TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH
COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—
GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brush-
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best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay
for more people than ever before reported in
all dentifrice history!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



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SINCE I BECAME A COLGATE GIRL!

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
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BAD BREATH and
STOPS DECAY!

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way of brushing teeth right after eating is the
best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



**IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH!**

PHOTOPLAY

MAY, 1953

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Cover: Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis—Natural Color Portrait by Ruzzie Green
Janet and Tony are in Paramount's "Houdini"; Janet's in RKO's "Jet Pilot"

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MAY, 1953

VOL. 43, NO. 5

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial
branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Harold A. Wise, President; Fred R. Sammis, Charles
W. White and S. N. Himmelman, Vice Presidents; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Irving S. Manheimer,
Chairman, Executive Committee. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions, Canada \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 per year all
other countries.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address
from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old, as well as your new address. Write
to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return
postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.
FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New
York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.
Re-entered as Second Class Matter, May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of
March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1953 by Mac-
fadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved
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*Gable
and his
bride!*



Captive



**CLARK
GABLE**
IS TERRIFIC
AS THE
FOREIGN
CORRESPONDENT
WHO
FIGHTS
FOR HIS
CAPTIVE
BRIDE...
**GENE
TIERNEY**



IN

FROM M-G-M

"NEVER LET ME GO"

with
RICHARD HAYDN

Screen Play by RONALD MILLAR and GEORGE FROESCHEL

Adapted From the Novel "Came the Dawn" by ROGER BAX

Directed by DELMER DAVES • Produced by CLARENCE BROWN

An M-G-M PICTURE



Dora's DOWN

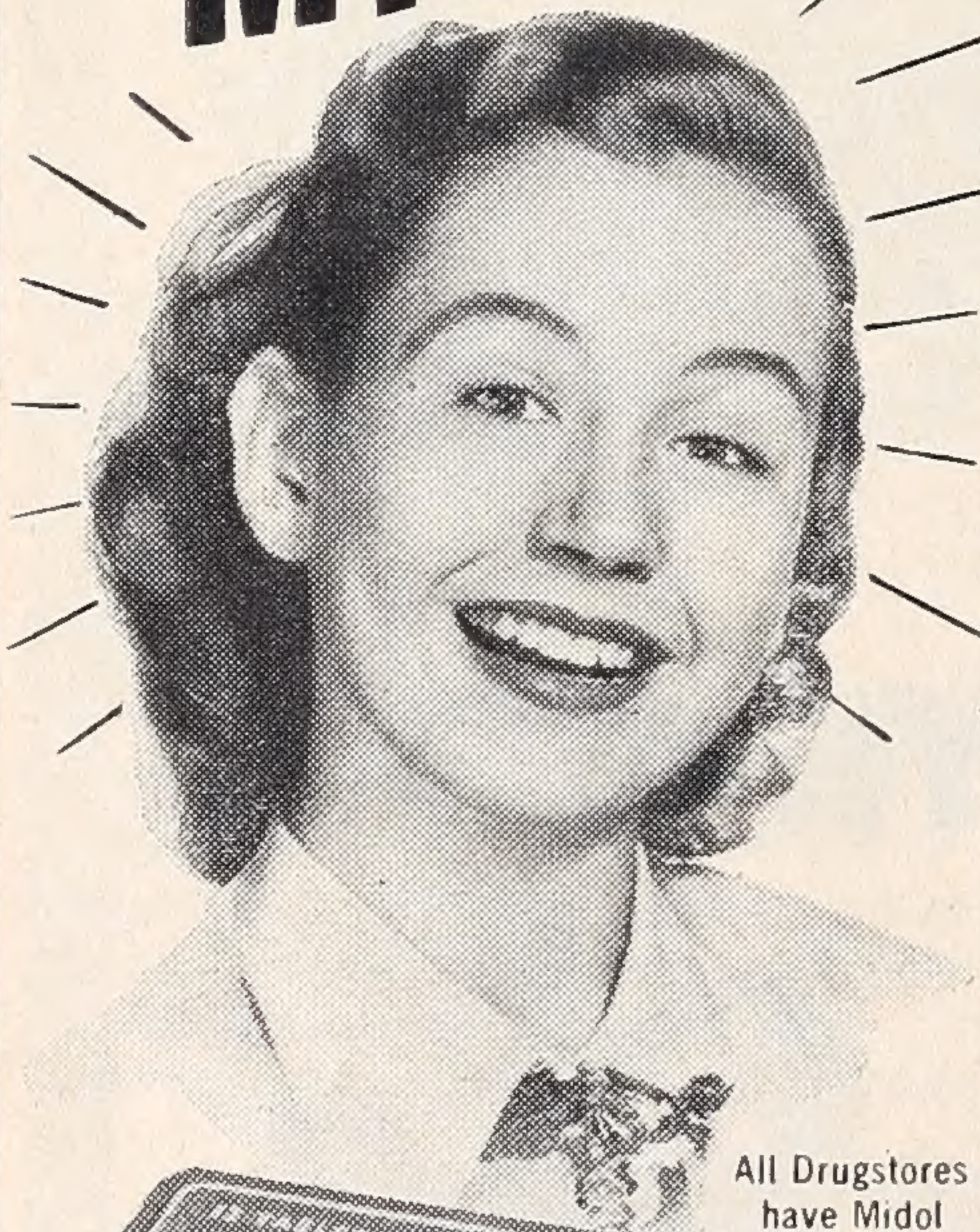


PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Dora now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. B-53, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

DORA'S UP WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol

Photoplay Applauds

Best Direction: Charles Walters



Leslie loves Mel's puppets, but shrinks from their master until this moment comes

LILI

A charming, whimsical tale of love in a carnival gives Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer their finest opportunity

AN IMMEDIATE HIT in "An American in Paris," Leslie Caron still was just Gene Kelly's leading lady. Now she has a picture of her very own, an airy bit of enchantment, with touches of music and some wise words to say about love and the business of growing up. As *Lili*, a penniless orphan who finds refuge with a little French carnival, she violates half the rules of Hollywood beauty—and yet she's completely captivating. The awkward youngster is humbly in love with the dashing magician (Jean Pierre Aumont), who, under the watchful eye of his sumptuous assistant (Zsa Zsa Gabor), gives Leslie a steady brush-off. She works for the puppet show run by Mel Ferrer, a forbidding fellow whose bitterness dates back to war wounds that ended his dancing career. More youthful-looking and appealing than in any of his earlier roles, Mel teams with Leslie in an unusual sort of romance that is expressed in unique ways. The film is not a fantasy, but the puppets play a part in the story. So do the dances that Leslie drifts into in daydream sequences.

THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok! Anybody who doesn't stir to the mention of these daring Americans who left us such a wealth of true adventure stories . . . just doesn't know how to LIVE! Two of the most colorful characters in our history, Buffalo Bill's and Wild Bill's fight through rugged wilderness and over scorched desert to open a mail route to California, makes every minute of "Pony Express" a breathless experience! It's a picture that will give you that exciting feeling of being part of a glorious venture! That's the way I felt. I wasn't just watching it . . . I was WITH it!

* * *

The story is based on incidents that occurred after the founder of the Pony Express commissioned Cody (Charlton Heston) and Hickok (Forrest Tucker) to blaze the trail westward to California. There's stirring heart interest, as well as action. Denny (Jan Sterling), a charming, reckless tomboy, adores Cody and dreams of being his bride. She has some pretty stiff competition in the beautiful person of Evelyn Hastings (Rhonda Fleming), a volatile redhead!

* * *

Evelyn and her brother are on the side of the rebellious Californians who, incited by crafty foreign agents, feel their state will fare better isolated from the Union.

* * *

There's a thrilling climax involving Denny. Your heart will ache for her but I'm not going to reveal all now. Just make sure to hop to it . . . when the "Pony Express" rides your way!

* * *

If you hear someone say "It made my hair stand on end," you can bet that he—or she—is talking about "The War of the Worlds." E-e-e-k! Remember your favorite thriller? That was a cosy fireside story by comparison. When I viewed "The War of the Worlds," my scalp felt as though an Indian warrior from the pioneer days was practising his favorite hobby—with me as the scalpee! And what made me shiver? In a nice, warm projection room?

* * *

"The War of the Worlds" opens on a high note of terror. Out of a sudden, flashing brilliance in the sky, numberless huge, fiery objects come crashing to earth, spraying screaming heat rays that destroy everything in sight!

* * *

What are they? You can't talk me into telling you! This is the kind of picture that has so many surprising turns that I want them to be surprising to YOU. Just go see "The War of the Worlds" and be scared yourself! And you'll never have a more fascinating time being frightened. I WILL tell you that the invaders are finally destroyed—And HOW . . . will AMAZE you!

* * *

There's another thriller coming along that I'll get my typewriter into for the next issue of this column. It's "Jamaica Run," starring Ray Milland, Arlene Dahl and Wendell Corey. I KNOW you'll want to hear more about this one. It's a picture with murder . . . suspense . . . and an underwater action scene the like of which YOU'VE NEVER SEEN!



PONY EXPRESS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Starring

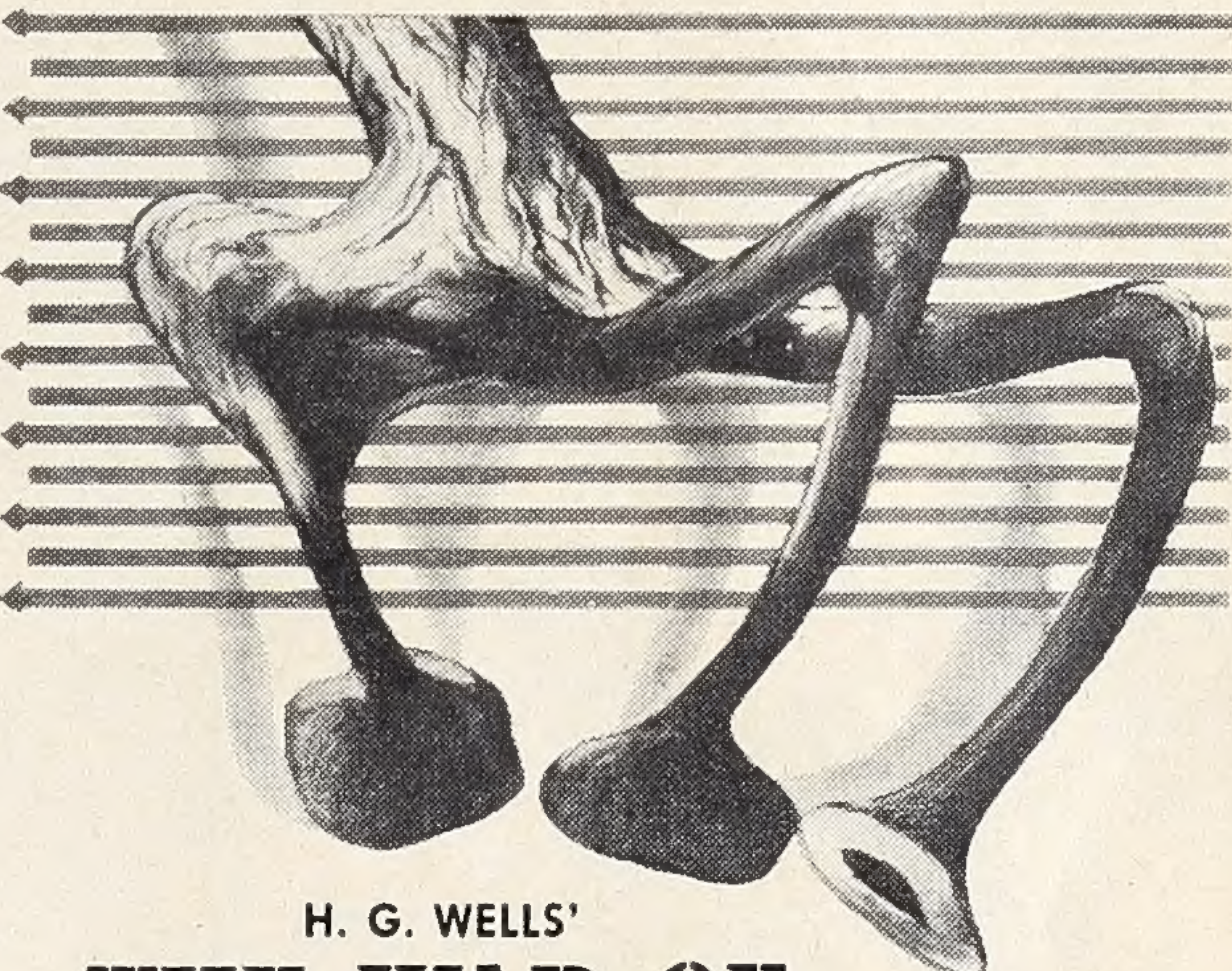
CHARLTON HESTON · RHONDA FLEMING
JAN STERLING · FORREST TUCKER

Directed by

JERRY HOPPER · CHARLES MARQUIS WARREN

Screenplay by

Based on a Story by Frank Gruber · Produced by Nat Holt · A Paramount Picture



H. G. WELLS'

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Produced by GEORGE PAL
Directed by Byron Haskin
Screenplay by Barré Lyndon
A Paramount Picture



Paramount presents

Jamaica Run

Color by TECHNICOLOR

starring

RAY MILLAND · ARLENE DAHL
WENDELL COREY

with PATRIC KNOWLES · LAURA ELLIOT
Written for the Screen and Directed by
Lewis R. Foster · From a novel by Max Murray
A Clarion Production

*I dreamed I went to
the Flower Show in my
maidenform bra

No shrinking violet, I! Wallflowers go green with envy
over my firm fresh uplift...and every Sweet William
in the flower-bed has lost his head over me.
Small wonder! Maidenform's Over-ture bra makes
me the American beauty the judges always pick!

Shown: Maidenform's Over-ture*; in acetate satin,
broadcloth, nylon lace and taffeta...from 1.75.

There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure*.

Send for free style booklet. Maidenform, New York 16



*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1953 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. SKIRT: JULI LYNNE CHARLOT

hollywood whispers

BY FLORABEL MUIR

THE TALK THESE DAYS is centering about the Donald O'Connors, who finally got around to making a legal move to end their marriage. Gwendolyn's moved out several times in the past—but she has always come back when Donald's beckoned urgently enough. Hollywood wonders if she'll really go through with her divorce this time, or if they'll kiss and make up before the ink is dry on the final divorce decree. Funny how sometimes in Hollywood marital bliss withers when the hot wind of professional success blows on it. Things have never been better for Donald in his career, but it hasn't seemed to bring him happiness.

The Gary Coopers, who appear to be friendly, and who go out together now and then, keep causing speculations about a reconciliation—but they continue to live apart. Gary, while he was in Mexico making "Blowing Wild," was often seen with a cute model named Lorraine Chanel. He's been playing the field for the last couple of years. Sort of "blowing wild" in person.

There's possibility of a crack-up of the seventeen-year-old marriage of Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman. Despite their denials, friends are worried about the fate of this marriage, always considered one of Hollywood's most perfect unions. Claudette has been living in her native France for the past two years, and doesn't seem in any hurry to come home. In the meantime, she'll be about \$500,000 richer from her sojourn, because of the income-tax immunity while over there. (Continued on page 8)



How final is this final for the O'Connors?

WILD, WAYNE
AND
WONDERFUL
ALL THE
WAY!

Warner Bros.
happily bring you

JOHN
WAYNE • DONNA
REED • CHARLES
COBURN

WITH
SHERRY JACKSON

SCREEN PLAY BY
MELVILLE SHAVELSON AND JACK ROSE

PRODUCED BY
MELVILLE SHAVELSON

MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

DIRECTED BY

MICHAEL CURTIZ



Another grand
Coburn role—
he's more fun
than you can
shake your
sides at!

That
all-man
'Quiet Man'
has a new
kind of
dame to
tame!

It takes
two to
tangle—
and when
it happens
to them
you'll tingle!

II Trouble
Along the
Way II

hollywood whispers

continued from page 6

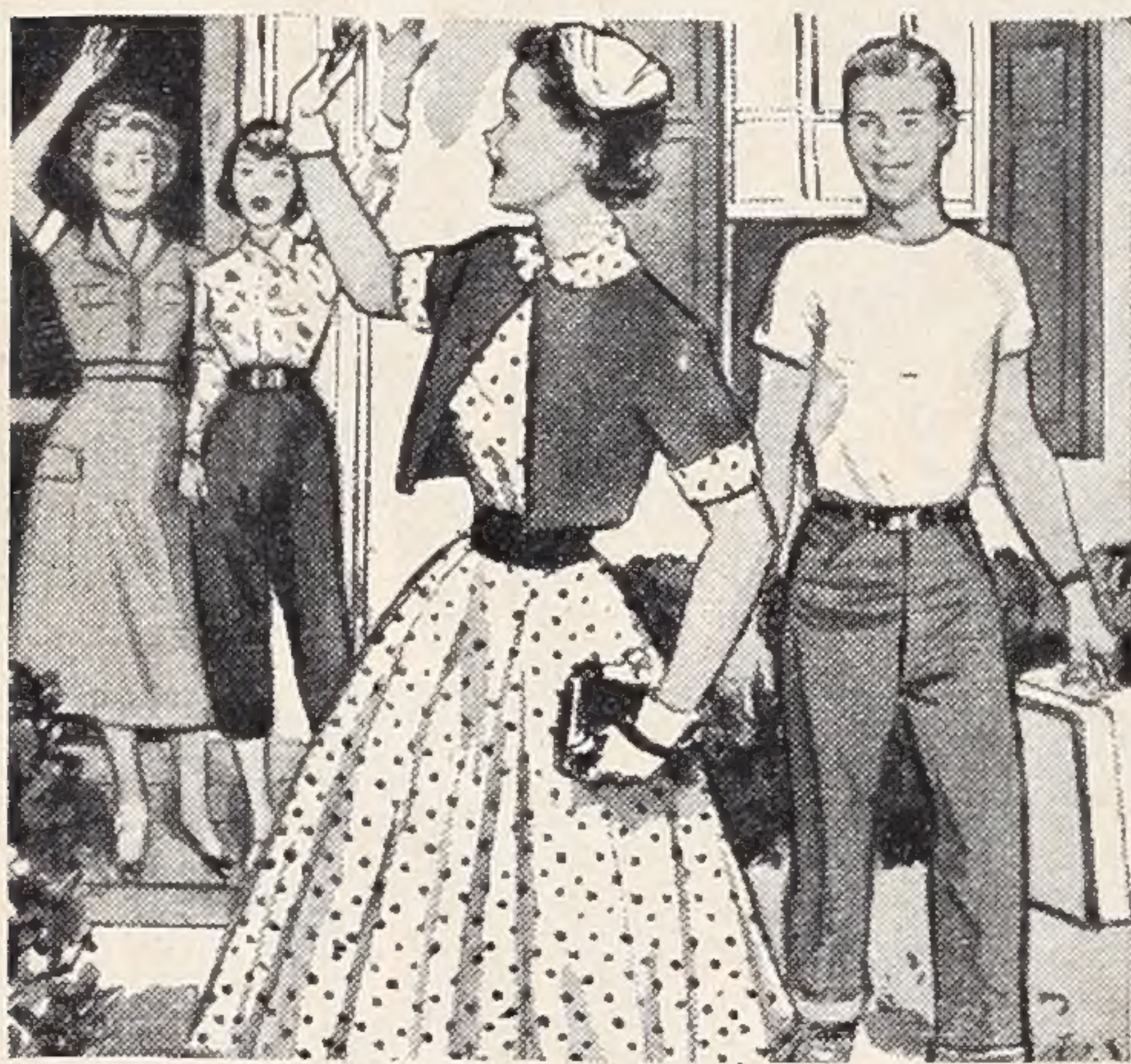


Are you in the know?

To add "suspense" to a picnic outing?

- ☐ Auction the eats ☐ Rig up a rope swing

Sold to yon bristle bean in the yellow striped tee shirt!—one surprise package crammed with goodies for two. Auctioning the vittles puts bang in a picnic. And pays for Cokes. Keep bidders guessing as to which gal packed which supper box; later, each lad shares the fare with his "mystery belle." There's no mystery in how to keep *confident*—at calendar time. Simply choose Kotex: wonderfully absorbent—the s-o-f-t napkin that *holds its shape*. Made to stay soft while you wear it.



Should this departing guest write a—

- ☐ Thank you note ☐ Bread n' butter letter

"Dear Joanie—the weekend was *devoon*"—But wait; doesn't Joan's Mom rate your appreciation, too? Write her a bread and butter letter. Lines of thanks for all she did to make your visit fun. You know, there are *some* "lines" you never need fret about: the revealing kind that Kotex *prevents*. (Thanks to those *flat, pressed ends*!)



If your back perspires too freely—

- ☐ Put Sis to work ☐ Hit the talcum barrel

What though your face be dreamy, if your back is just a-drip? Don't let the humidity cancel your dance plans. Get Sis to pat you on the back—with an antiperspirant: one best for *you*. And for *problem-day* protection, find the best-for-you absorbency of Kotex. All 3 (Regular, Junior, Super) have that exclusive *safety center*.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

P.S.

To stay dainty at "that" time, choose Quest* deodorant powder. Best for napkin use, because Quest has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. Safe. Soothing. Unscented. *Positively destroys* odors. Buy Quest powder today.

Keenan Wynn still carries the torch for his lost Beetsy, who seems to be all confused about her romance with Dan Dailey, who is confused about everything. Keenan, who always hoped to get Beetsy back, told me he was almost kayoed when he read about her engagement to Dailey in an old newspaper he picked up in Korea while over there with a troupe of film personalities entertaining the GI's at Christmas time. Since the break with Dailey, however, Beetsy has been seeing a lot of Keenan—so maybe they'll get back together again. In the meantime, Dan is moving to his new ranchito in the San Fernando Valley, where he has two rooms for himself and six stables for his horses.



When Beetsy and Keenan were one

It's true that Frank Sinatra continues to play high, wide and handsome with his career, all for love of his Ava. The town was distressed—though not surprised—when he cancelled out on a TV show at the last minute to fly to London to see Ava, because he hadn't "had a letter from her for a week."

The big question mark still punctuates the reports that all is well with the Gregory Pecks. He tells friends every thing is okay. And she tells friends just the opposite, although, when she spent a weekend in Las Vegas not long ago, she passed the word around that the trip had nothing to do with a possible divorce. It was, said Greta, only to attend the wedding of a friend. In any case, Greg will be away from Hollywood and home for a long time, with several more picture commitments abroad.

**“Women tell me this is
the greatest hair-beauty discovery
since the permanent wave”**

Helene Curtis

FOREMOST NAME

IN HAIR BEAUTY



*brings an
utterly new
smoother look to
American women*

Helene Curtis **spray net**[®]

keeps any hair-do softly in place all day long

Now comes a new way to keep your hair *perfectly* in place—all day, all evening. Simply press the button—and the magic mist of Helene Curtis Spray Net keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally . . . invisibly . . . for that new, smoother look.

Millions of women are finding that Helene Curtis Spray Net is the perfect

answer to wispy, straggly, unruly hair. Protects your hair-do unfailingly—utterly without stiff-looking lacquers or greasiness. Won't harm hair—brushes out instantly. Takes less time to apply than lipstick. Keeps hair-do's fresher longer between your regular visits to the beauty parlor. Get Helene Curtis Spray Net today!



Regular Size \$1.25

New 11 oz. Economy Size, \$2

At all Drug Stores,
Cosmetic Counters and
Beauty Salons.

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

Battle Circus

M-G-M

The title's as puzzling and provocative as the choice of co-stars—Humphrey Bogart and June Allyson. But both turn out to be well justified. The mobile hospital units that operate so courageously close to the front in Korea are housed in tents that must be struck, moved and set up again as rapidly as the circus variety. Indeed, the sergeant in charge of this operation (Keenan Wynn, an asset to any movie), is supposed to be a graduate of the big top. Precise as its details are, the picture doesn't try to suggest the full impact of war. It's primarily a love story, interpreted with warmth by the unexpectedly teamed stars. Bogey and June play a surgeon and a nurse whose quick romance is ruffled by the fact that he's marriage-shy. The situation may be realistic, but the film's emphasis doesn't seem in the best of taste. Robert Keith and Adele Longmire shine in minor roles.

Verdict: Surface glance at love and heroism in Korea (Adult)

The romance between Humphrey and June yields to the demands of war



The unpredictable Ezio has a new surprise for David and his wife Anne

Tonight We Sing

20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR

In effect, this is a concert for classical-music fans, featuring top names in the field and many familiar numbers in the repertory. The slender narrative presents David Wayne as Sol Hurok, music-lover who discovered during his youth in Russia that he had no musical talents—and therefore turned to selling other people's. Wayne's acting is subdued and gentle (with a now-you-hear-it-now-you-don't accent), and Anne Bancroft looks charming as his wife. When the would-be impresario attains his dream in the United States, present-day greats enter the picture to portray artists of the past: Isaac Stern as Eugene Ysaye; Tamara Toumanova as Anna Pavlova; Ezio Pinza as the temperamental Chaliapin—best job in the film. As fictitious young singers and lovers, Roberta Peters and Byron Palmer are slightly pallid, though Palmer's looks will win him a following.

Verdict: Showpiece rich in music, anemic in story (Family)

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 104

Off Limits

PARAMOUNT

Comical terrors of many a service movie, the MP's are treated cavalierly in this farce, which improbably introduces Bob Hope and Mickey Rooney into their midst. It happens thisaway: Champ Stanley Clements gets those "greetings," and manager Hope enlists to keep an eye on the screwball fighter. But Stash is rejected as an obvious psycho, and Hope is trapped in uniform. As for Rooney, he's a humble draftee who latches onto Hope to further his own ring ambitions. Though Bob has all his old skill with a gag line or a double take, he seems to be coasting; the "new" Rooney, former brashness left behind, comes across better. Eddie Mayehoff, a fugitive from Martin and Lewis, is hilarious as a pompous MP officer who does everything by the book. Curves, song numbers and love interest are Marilyn Maxwell's contributions to this combined service comedy and ring thriller.

Verdict: *Plenty of laughs; just a few slack spots* (Family)

Bob and Mickey, teamed as MP's, are hardly expert at keeping order



Best Acting: Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter



Monty and Anne share an idyllic interlude that's later misunderstood

I Confess

WARNERS

Strong emotional performances by Montgomery Clift and Anne Baxter are the mainstay of this generally gripping movie, filmed on location in Quebec. It's a murder mystery of the inside-out type: That is, the audience knows the killer from the beginning, and the suspense lies in watching the police fumble for the truth. As a young priest, Clift hears the murderer's confession. But the secrecy of the confessional must be kept even when suspicion falls upon the priest himself. The dead man had been blackmailing a young matron (Anne), Clift's sweetheart in the days before he decided to take holy orders, and Clift's reputation had also been threatened. Handsome Roger Dann is sympathetic as Anne's husband, but Karl Malden's shrewd performance as the inspector is hampered by a shaky story that uses accident and coincidence too freely. Director Alfred Hitchcock should know better!

Verdict: *Absorbing problem drama with plot weaknesses* (Adult)

For complete casts of new pictures see page 83

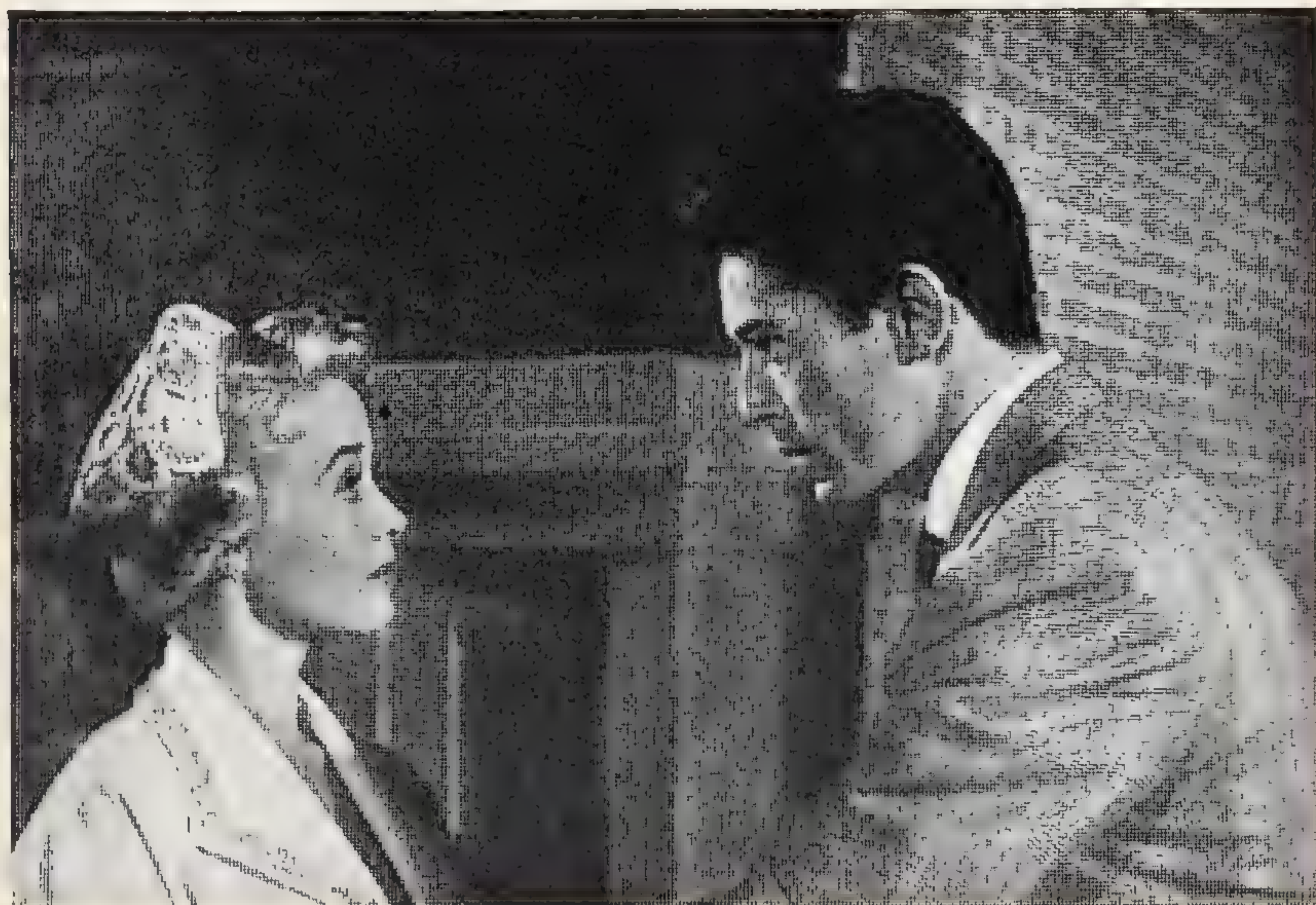
Small Town Girl

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

There's a new and pleasing maturity about Jane Powell's voice and appearance. Unhappily, the same can't be said about her latest film, a rattle-brained fancy taking place in such a small town as never existed outside musical comedy. That would be okay if the story were correspondingly whimsical, but it's mostly rather limp. Farley Granger's stuck with the unlovable role of a spoiled playboy arrested for doing eighty-five through Duck Creek. The judge (Robert Keith) gives him thirty days, but the judge's daughter (Janie) gives the prisoner consolation. The brightest scenes involve match-making S. Z. Sakall and his dance-crazy son, Bobby Van. Bobby's brisk personality and dexterous feet are picture-stealers. Ann Miller, as Farley's gold-digging fiancée, does a couple of her efficient tap routines. Looking and sounding mighty pretty, Janie has several nice songs.

Verdict: *Fragile comedy with some sparkling interludes* (Family)

It's not just a love scene; Jane and Farley have plotted a jailbreak



Susan offers Audie interesting inducements so he'll fight on her side

Gunsmoke

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

Audie Murphy's latest Western is no lumbering, pretentious epic. Close in flavor to the traditional horse opera, it's nevertheless a thoroughly satisfying movie, light and lively, with crackling dialogue, an unusual, believable plot, and a collection of very pleasing people. Audie, tossing off his lines with ease, is equally convincing in love scenes and menacing moments—in spite of that baby face. He's a tough young drifter who's served his time as a hired gunman in range wars, and now wants to settle down quietly on a ranch of his own. Thanks to a bit of trickery by the admirable Paul Kelly, Audie suddenly finds himself in possession of said ranch—complete with mortgage, unpaid cowhands and a powerful neighbor who's out to grab the land legally or violently. Susan Cabot, a delectable good girl, and Mary Castle, a handsome dance-hall queen, provide unorthodox dashes of sex.

Verdict: *Fast, actionful Western, often wryly funny* (Family)

More reviews on next page

The Story of Mandy

(RANK, U-I)

Made in England, this deeply affecting drama deals with a problem that might confront parents anywhere. These two, portrayed sympathetically by Phyllis Calvert and Terence Morgan, discover that their beloved small daughter has not learned to talk because she is totally, hopelessly deaf. Little Mandy Miller's interpretation of this role is completely natural and profoundly touching. Phyllis finds a school for deaf children, run by the gruff but dedicated Jack Hawkins, and then must try to overcome her husband's distaste for "institutions." The discord ends in the couple's separation.

But the domestic angle seems trivial in contrast to Mandy's own story, her struggle to find a footing in these new surroundings, and to learn to talk. Filmed at an actual school for the deaf, these scenes have the impact of truth.

Verdict: Moving drama of childhood; less moving drama of marriage (Family)

Seminole

(U-I, TECHNICOLOR)

One of the most remarkable episodes of American history furnishes a solid foundation for an action yarn starring Rock Hudson, Anthony Quinn and Barbara Hale. It's the story of the Seminole Indians who refused to be ousted from Florida and exiled westward. A remnant of the tribe stayed entrenched in the Everglades. Rock staunchly plays the viewpoint character, an Army lieutenant who resents his unjust assignment. But Quinn has the real hero's role, portraying Chief Osceola with dignity and fire. He shares the love story with Barbara, a white girl who upholds the Seminoles' cause. Though the swamp warfare is sometimes exciting, the film is short on skill and imagination.

Verdict: Satisfactory Southern Western, not quite equal to its theme (Family)

The Magnetic Monster

(U. A.)

Here's about the finest piece of science fiction so far: no fantasy, but a *could-come-true* chiller, presented in a semi-documentary style that heightens its terrors. Richard Carlson's likable as a scientist whose job is to keep constant check on the amount of radio-activity in the atmosphere. One morning, his Geiger counters go into a frenzy. A search as matter-of-fact as any on the air's "Dragnet" leads the scientists to a small lump of deadly stuff—a new element evolved by a physicist. The element is hungry for energy. Each time it feeds, its size, its magnetic power and its hunger are doubled! Unless a solution is found promptly, it will pull the earth's magnetic pole off balance and send us careening into space. (Nervous note to experimenting physicists: Watch it, boys!)

Verdict: First-rate science fiction—and food for thought (Family)

(Continued on page 14)

Photographed near the Opéra, Paris

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"We're Doin' It For The
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"When I Close My Door"
"Somethin' Real Special"
"With the Sun Warm
Upon Me"
"We're in Business"
"Today, I Love Ev'rybody"

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movies CONTINUED

Bwana Devil

(OBOLER, U. A.; ANSCO COLOR, NATURAL VISION)

Technique, in this case, proves more interesting than plot—an African adventure involving Robert Stack, Barbara Britton and Nigel Bruce. Here's the first story-film in three-dimensions, showing you people in the round and scenery that has depth. A spear thrown toward you, a charging lion, a close-up love scene provide startling moments. The story is something about man-eating lions that interrupt the building of a railroad. You may overlook this to watch a pioneering experiment in 3-D, crude as early talkies, but of historical importance.

Verdict: Notable as a museum piece and a forecast of possibilities (Family)

The System

(WARNERS)

An inept, dialogue-bound melodrama stars Frank Lovejoy as a bookie-ring boss who's managed to retain a heart of gold through twenty years of illegal activity and association with extremely low characters. A newspaperman's crusade, the loyal love of a publisher's daughter (Joan Weldon) and the nearly impenetrable innocence of his motherless son (Bob Arthur) combine to convince the boss that he's been a bad boy. Joan, a newcomer, is too mannered, but she has a precise beauty that rates a far better showcase than this one.

Verdict: Sentimentalized racket-busting story with no punch (Adult)

The Hitch-Hiker

(RKO)

Turning honest citizen, unlucky Frank Lovejoy is bogged down in a dreary session of would-be suspense. He and pal Edmond O'Brien, off on a hunting trip, foolishly pick up a hitch-hiker (William Talman). This fellow is a mad killer, who keeps the pair helpless, terrorized captives until the movie comes to a welcome finish.

Verdict: Wearisome and pointless attempt at continuous tension (Adult)

Ma and Pa Kettle on Vacation

(U-I)

Here's another generous helping of juicy, unabashed corn. Leaving their offspring in the care of an ample squaw, the *Kettles* go off on a Paris toot, guests of their oldest son's wealthy in-laws. The script doesn't miss any of the traditional Paris gags, from the "naughty" postcards to the flaming crepes suzette. But even a sophisticated movie-goer would have a tough time suppressing giggles when the irresistible Percy Kilbride's in action, especially when he tangles with a spy ring. Marjorie Main's mostly the foil this time, and there's no junior love interest.

Verdict: Good-natured hokum that delivers its quota of laughs (Family)

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asks **JANE POWELL**

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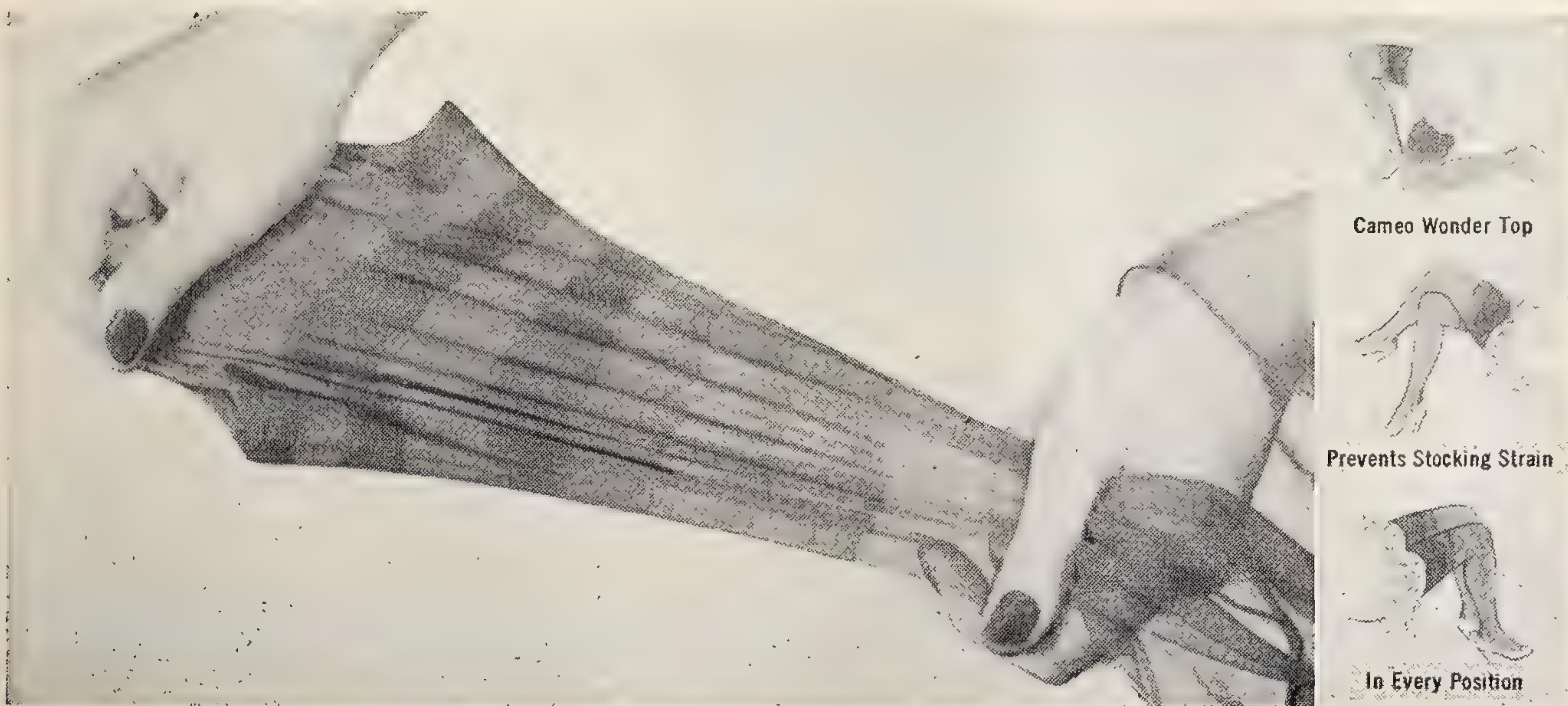
- “Movie scripts call for plenty of action,” says lovely Jane Powell. “And, whether it's dancing, walking or just plain sitting, our stockings must hug our legs—fit them perfectly.”
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That's Hollywood For You

BY
SIDNEY
SKOLSKY

I THINK ANNE BAXTER was much sexier when she wasn't trying so hard to be sexy. . . . Johnnie Ray looks like a sad Howard Keel. . . . I can remember all the way back to yesterday, when the bobby-soxers used to toss their socks at Van Johnson. . . . I go for Gloria Grahame but I admit she puzzles me. I never feel I'm making contact. . . . Terry Moore doesn't drink or smoke. "I'm a Mormon," explains Terry, "but I have fun!" . . . Believe it or not, Jane Russell has a well-developed sense of humor.



Jane Russell—a good-humor gal

When Joe DiMaggio asked Marilyn Monroe what she thought about when she kissed the hero in a movie, The Monroe told him: "You're not thinking of anything when you kiss in the movies." . . . Cameron Mitchell wears sneakers playing the role of the millionaire in "How to Marry a Millionaire." One guess whom he's impersonating. . . . Susan Hayward sleeps in silk pajamas on silk sheets and has a silk-satin blanket. Susie has the pajamas, sheets and blankets in sets of different colors. And she changes colors with her moods.

Shelley Winters is the most honest actress in town. She'll even admit: "I get bursts of being a lady, but they don't last long." . . . Richard Burton told me: "Half the satisfaction of being an actor is getting away from your own disgusting self." The other half must be the money. . . . I generally don't like playful dolls, but Jean Simmons is an exception. Jean ripped Stewart Granger's T-shirt to make him look like an English Brando. . . . Jeff Chandler should be getting more important roles.

Lana Turner, who doesn't like to wear sweaters, can wear a suede jacket and make it look like a sweater. Betty Hutton likes to appear enthusiastic about everything. . . . I still get a thrill at the view of Hollywood at night from any hill-top house. . . . Corinne Calvet is becoming more familiar with English. She even talks English when she talks in her sleep. . . . I believe I could even like Zsa Zsa Gabor if she treated George Sanders nice all the time. . . . I have yet to hear another actor say an unkind word about William Holden. . . . I thought that with TV the movie newsreels would improve, but they haven't.

Hedy Lamarr should be acting in pictures, not negotiating. . . . Rosemary Clooney no longer tries to keep secrets. "After you're a star, they know everything." . . . I have yet to get excited about an ice skater, and this goes for Sonja Henie. . . . Wonder how long it'll be before Katy Jurado gets a role that fits her like her part in "High Noon." . . . Rock Hudson is a solid sleeper. Even an alarm clock sitting on a dishpan doesn't awaken him. . . . At the PHOTOPLAY Awards, party, Mitzi Gaynor rushed up, kissed me and said: "You always write such nice things about me." I can't remember what, but this is meant to be nice too, Mitzi.



Sidney and Mitzi Gaynor—a fair exchange

My idea of a movie queen is still Joan Crawford. When working in a movie, Joan keeps herself generously dabbed with perfume, and always puts on a fresh supply at four in the afternoon. "It gives everybody a lift," she explains. . . . John Ford has this motto in his office: "You can never teach another person anything. You can only show him how to learn it."

Katie Grayson hates to get romantic because she generally marries the fellow. As Katie puts it: "I'm never a bridesmaid, always a bride." . . . All English movies aren't great and TV proves it. . . . Rita Hayworth's sex appeal is beginning to elude me.



Oh, what Sidney says about Rita!

Lauren Bacall told me that when she was having a friendly argument with Bogart about acting, he suddenly ran out of the room. Then he returned with his Oscar, slammed it down on the table and said, "See? This proves I'm right!" . . . Dinah Shore or Connie Russell, just standing still singing a song, send me. . . . Movie fans: a boy and girl who go to a drive-in theatre on a motorcycle. . . . Marie Wilson believes it's all right to talk to yourself as long as you don't listen. . . . I like Tony Curtis' advice to newcomers struggling for stardom: "If a schmo like me can do it, anybody can do it."

Charles Laughton claims an actor who can put over a subtle emotion with his back facing the camera is a real credit to his profession. . . . Kirk Douglas wears only the bottom of his pajamas. You see, he bares his chest in bed, too. . . . There's no actress with less pretense than Shirley Booth. As a grip on "Come Back, Little Sheba" put it: "If you rolled out the red carpet for her, she'd look around to see who it was for." . . . Elizabeth Taylor believes that most women try to look too fancy in bed. . . . I must tell you that Lurene Tuttle and her daughter, Barbara Ruick, are in "Affairs of Dobie Gillis." And that Miss Tuttle is playing Debbie Reynolds' mother because she wasn't the type for Barbara's mother! And that's Hollywood for you!

June Haver

starring in 20th Century Fox's

"THE GIRL NEXT DOOR"

Color by Technicolor



JUNE HAVER says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World 4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo



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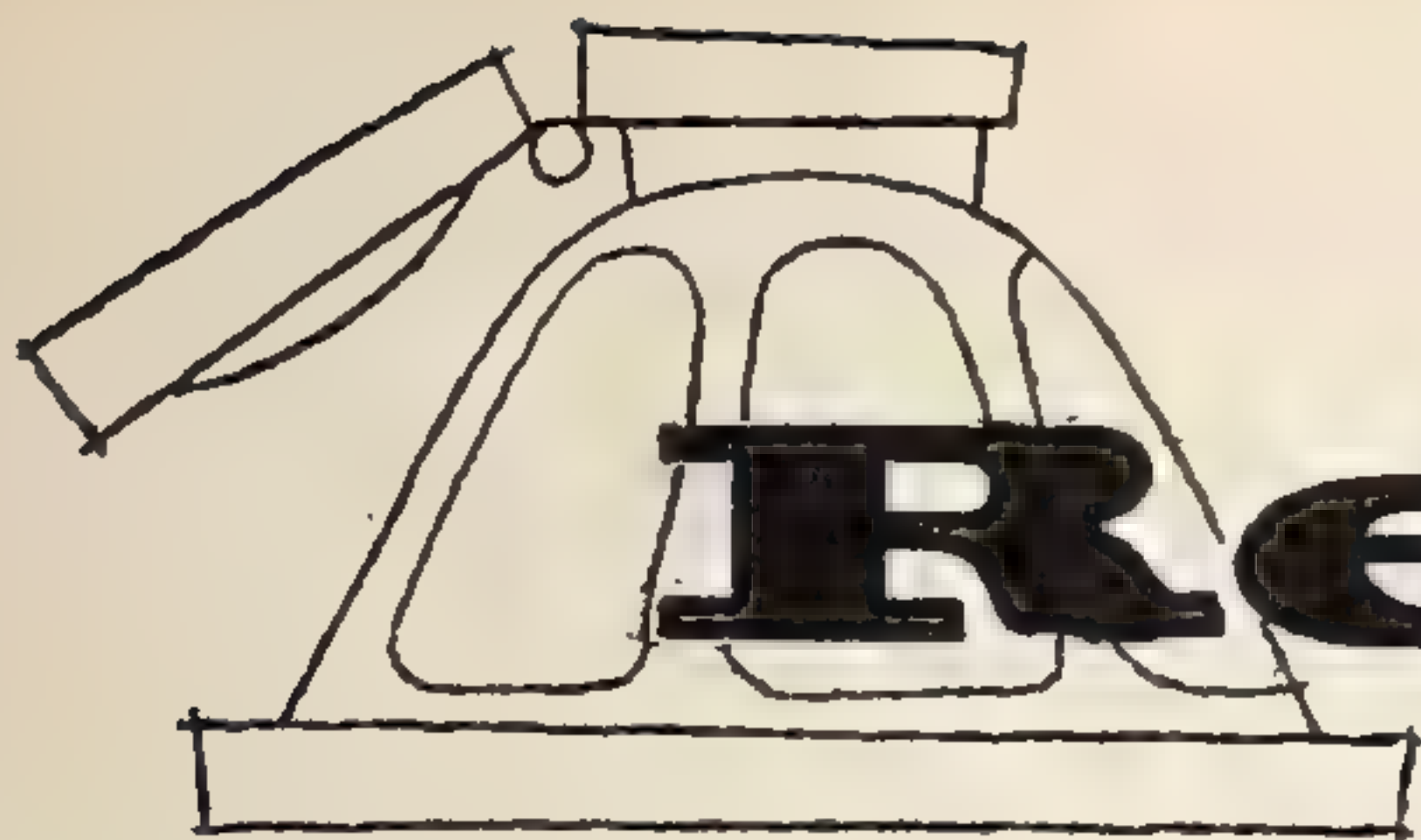
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MAY QUEEN

LOVELY LADY



Readers Inc. . .

Address letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Much as we would like to, we cannot promise to publish, return or reply to all letters

SOAP BOX:

I wish to pooh-pooh at having Gene Kelly star in pictures and play love scenes with Debbie Reynolds and Pier Angeli. If you ask me, I think he is old enough to be their father. What are they trying to do—make him young again? If this is published, as it probably won't be, I would like my name withheld.

Anonymous



Gene Kelly: Be your age!

I enjoy PHOTOPLAY very much. Most of all, I like the stories about young stars like Jane Powell and Jeanne Crain, raising families. But I would like to sound off a little . . .

Hollywood seems to have lost its sense of values. They put sex above all else. Spiritual goodness and acting ability don't mean anything anymore. Jeanne Crain should stay the way she is; our children copy movie stars . . .

Another thing—Must Hollywood pick . . . at every marriage? I'm all for Esther Williams! . . . Please leave them alone. . . .

MRS. JOAN LINGG
Connersville, Indiana

. . . the actors and actresses in Hollywood, whenever they go on personal appearances . . . always go to large cities. They never go to smaller ones. The smaller cities like them, too. They would have just as large audiences . . . How about it? . . . Have a heart, Hollywood. . . .

DONAH GAIL LEE
Ashtabula, Ohio

As nice as your column on casts of pictures is, I wish the theatres would print programs which would carry a list of the cast of each of its feature pictures. By the time a "current" film reaches our theatre . . . I've passed my PHOTOPLAY on to someone else. I'd hate to have to try to make sense out of a cut-up magazine, so I don't cut mine up, even to keep casts. Can PHOTOPLAY convince theatre managers how nice such a service would be? It would be worth, to me, a small fee. My favorite music program, The Grand Ole Opry . . . sells each week's program . . . I'd like one when I go to the movies, too.

MRS. CLOYCE COX
Fullerton, Maryland

. . . I think it's simply disgusting the way Anne Baxter has changed. If she thinks smoking

cigars in public and wearing low-cut gowns and bleaching her hair will make people pay more attention to her, she can be sure it will be the wrong kind of attention.

All I can say to Anne is why not be your old self again, the person whom we all admired as a fine actress and respected . . . before it's too late.

RUTH E. BRIENER
Brooklyn, New York

This is an open letter to the powers that be at M-G-M: . . . Last night I hurriedly washed the supper dishes and rushed to the seven o'clock performance of "Because You're Mine"—with my husband—to hear Mario Lanza sing. We went to the movie just a tired middle-aged couple—wary with cares . . . trying to meet our bills. We came away young and refreshed—relaxed . . . We left our cares in the theatre as we humbly bowed our heads while Mario sang "The Lord's Prayer." . . . the privilege of listening to the inspired talent of a God-given voice like that, we too have partaken of the good things of life. Please do patch up your differences with Mario and let him make "The Student Prince." . . . Please don't keep such music from lifting our hearts and quieting our fears in a world so full of bitterness and confusion.

SUE LOWERY
New Bern, North Carolina

On behalf of all Susan Hayward fans, we would like to congratulate Susan on winning PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Award . . . After seeing her many superb performances in such films as "With a Song in My Heart," "Snows of Kilimanjaro," "The Lusty Men" and "Rawhide," we cannot think of another star who so well deserves such an award. We would like to make a prediction: Next year when Academy Award time comes around, Susan is sure to be mentioned for her acting in "The President's Lady," a picture which we think will be great.

DREW SPEIRS, CECIL BATSFORD
Verdun, Quebec

I have just seen "The Happy Time" and I think the entire cast was tremendous. But to me, the most outstanding one of all was Bobby Driscoll. I think he was wonderful. Would you please be good enough to print a picture of him in the magazine?

ROSALIE SPERRAZZO
Los Angeles, California



Bobby Driscoll, Charles Boyer for a happy time

CASTING:

I do not agree with Mrs. Gloria Sikes of Brooklyn (February PHOTOPLAY) as to Howard Keel being the best star for the role of *Rhett Butler* in the musical version of "Gone With the Wind." I also think Mr. Keel has a beautiful voice and is a very handsome man, but for my part, Gordon MacRae is the best suited. . . . He has the voice, acting talent and looks.

ELIZABETH BAILEY
Ravenswood, West Virginia

. . . Rock Hudson and Piper Laurie in a picture together. She's beautiful and they would make a perfect team.

JOYCE DAVIS
St. Louis, Missouri

U-I thinks so too! You'll be seeing them together soon in "Golden Blade."—Ed.



Co-stars Piper and Rock: Request granted

May I suggest that M-G-M do a dramatic black and white production of "Romeo and Juliet"? I think that Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor would be superb in the leading roles, with James Mason as *Tybal*t.

FRANKLIN EVANS
New York, New York

Every studio in Hollywood is constantly trying to put out a picture that will win the hearts of the public . . . Now's the chance . . . a musical teaming Doris Day and Frankie Laine. . . .

MONICA REITMAN
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Why in the world hasn't someone thought of starring Rita Hayworth and Charlton Heston together? They would make a magnificent team. They would be wonderful in a wild rugged movie, something similar to "Westward, the Women" or "The Savage." . . . Please let him kiss the girl at the end . . .

PAT, SUSANA NANCY AND LOLA
Lexington, Tennessee

Here's a Canadian moviegoer who thinks Tab Hunter is nothing short of terrific. This guy rates one of the most attractive girls in
(Continued on page 20)

Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo
tonight—tomorrow your hair
will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in
softest rain water! This new gentle
lotion shampoo pampers your hair...
leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as
sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN

Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni



Readers Inc...

(Continued from page 19)

the industry. Why not Liz Taylor or Piper Laurie as his next co-star? . . .

LORAIN SPENCER
Victoria, B. C.

The ideal movie would surely be Dale Robertson as the *Sheik* and Susan Hayward as *Diana* in "The Sheik." The dashing sheik and the tomboy with sex appeal could be portrayed perfectly by these two . . . But please, not Tony Dexter in it!

JOYCE STEPHAN, DELPINE BENNETT,
RUTH PETTIT
Kansas City, Kansas

QUESTION BOX:

In your February issue, the picture of Mitzi Gaynor really looks like Gloria Grahame. Are they in any way related?

SALLY BRIDGER
Boynton, Florida

Despite the resemblance, they are not related to each other.—Ed.



Worth repeating: Gloria Grahame, Mitzi Gaynor

I have seen "Million Dollar Mermaid" three times and I think Esther Williams is a very good actress and swimmer. At the end of the picture, Annette Kellerman was in an accident making a movie . . . Could you tell me if she died after that happened, or if she was crippled for the rest of her life and if she married Jimmy Sullivan? One more question—is she still living?

JAMES W. EVANS
San Diego, California

Miss Kellerman is very much alive. She did marry James Sullivan, and she was not, fortunately, crippled for life, although she was told she would never walk again after her accident. But she taught herself to do so through trapeze and tightrope exercises.—Ed.

I would like to know who played the brother of Jennifer Jones in "Ruby Gentry" and what studio does he belong to? . . . Is the melody played throughout the picture available on records?

DOLORES FAIRFIELD
Chicago, Illinois

That was James Anderson of Twentieth. The music was written for the film and has not been recorded commercially.—Ed.

. . . Quite a few years ago, Jane Withers was very popular in movies, and now you hear nothing at all about her. I would like to know
(Continued on page 95)

Dry skin can be joy -or jinx!

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

Dry skin is *both* a blessing and a curse. Which it is in your case is up to you. Two women I discussed the problem with just the other day illustrate what I mean!



The first was grateful for her naturally dry complexion, the *delicacy* it gave her skin and the freedom from that "greasy" look. The second felt terribly about hers. It was drab and flaky, so her make-up looked harsh and little lines were threatening to become wrinkles.



The difference was in the *care* they gave their complexions. There's no substitute for the *regular* use of the *right* care! But, cheer up, it needn't be expensive or time-consuming!

For as little as 25¢—you'll find the best dry skin care money can buy, *and one that takes less than 5 minutes a day*—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!

The thing that makes Woodbury remarkable is an ingredient called Penaten which carries the softening oils *deep* into the corneum layer of your skin. The average cream simply "greases" the surface, but Woodbury *really* penetrates!

Here's the simple routine that makes the difference:

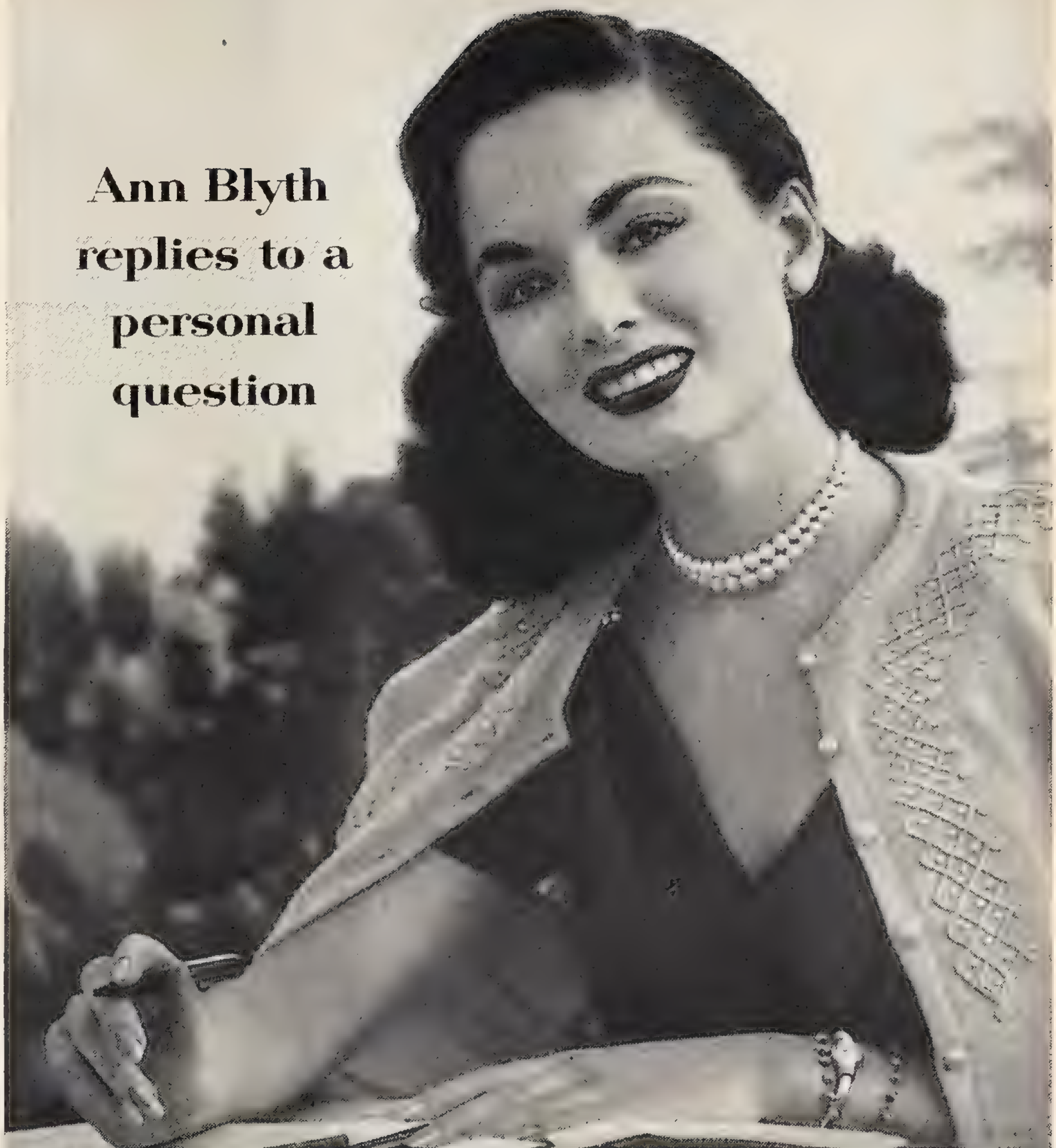
With your fingertips, cream this extra rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin. Leave it on for five minutes, then . . . tissue off.



Your skin will have a new freshness and youthful bloom. Try it and see! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream only costs 25¢ to 97¢ (plus tax).



Ann Blyth replies to a personal question



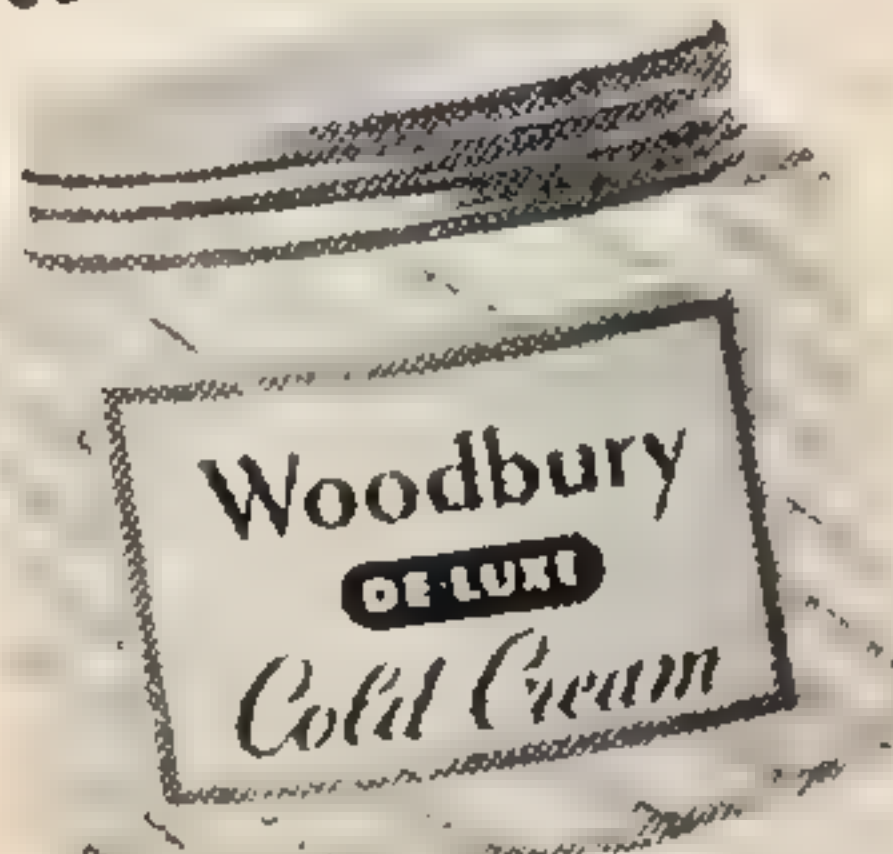
Dear Betty,

Wanted to answer sooner, but I've been so busy working on my new picture.

'Course I've a "beauty secret"—it's Woodbury Cold Cream! The special thing about Woodbury is an ingredient called Penaten that makes it penetrate deeply into pore openings and loosens every bit of make-up. I've tried more expensive creams but never one that left my skin so clean, so fresh and soft as Woodbury Cold Cream. I'm sure you'll love it, too!

Sincerely, Ann Blyth

penetrates deeper because
it contains PENATEN



25¢ to 97¢ plus tax

"My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap *because it's such wholesome skin-care!*"



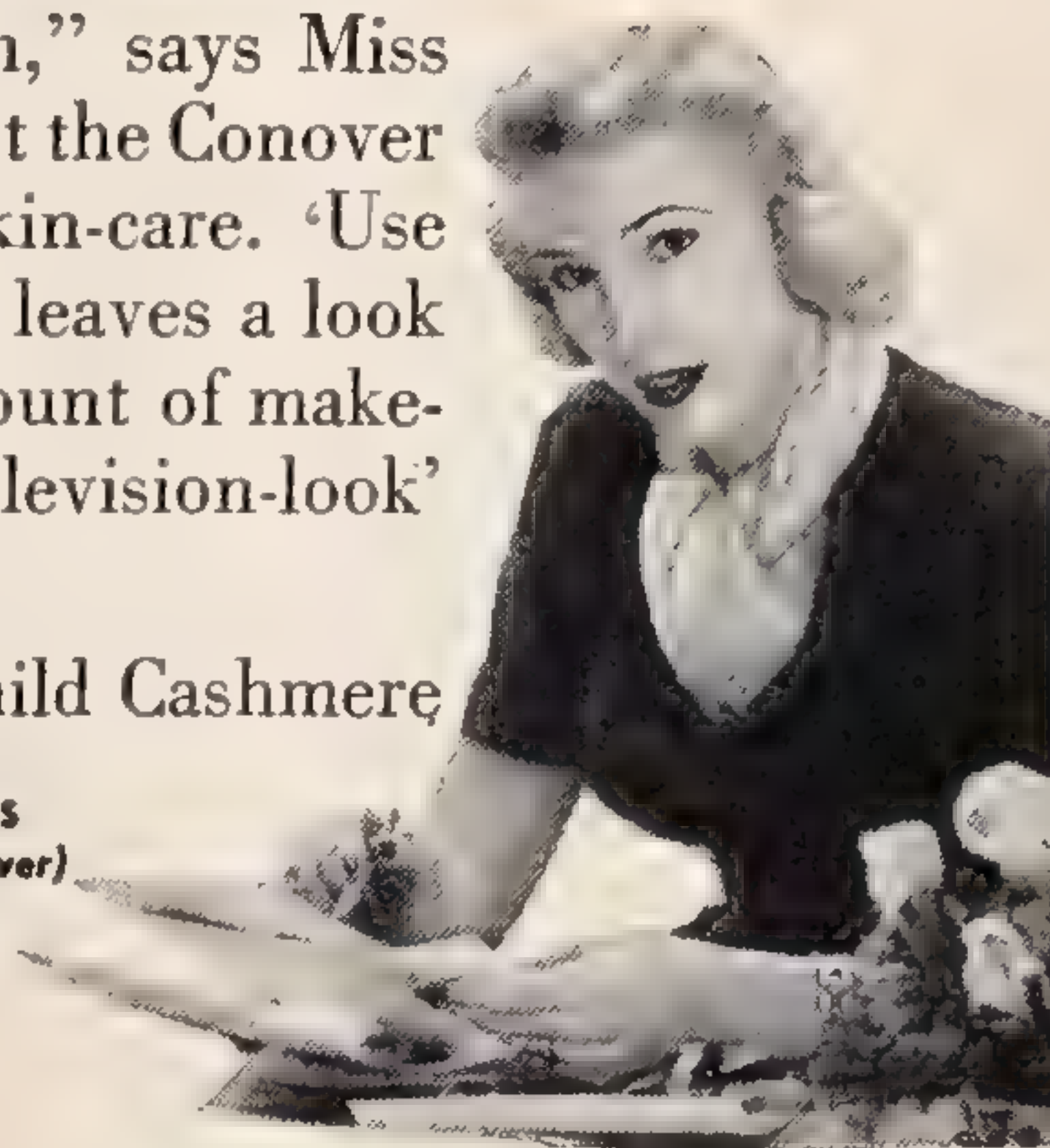
Says—
Complexion-lovely
PAULA STEWART

Read How This Glamorous Young TV Actress Was Helped By Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director.

"I always was interested in acting on television," says Miss Stewart, "but I was afraid of close-ups. I enrolled at the Conover School where Candy Jones taught me proper skin-care. 'Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day,' she said, 'it leaves a look of fresh, radiant, *natural* beauty—such as no amount of make-up can!' Today I attribute my clear-skinned 'television-look' to this wonderful, wholesome care!"

Why not do as Miss Jones advises? Use gentle, mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day!

Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)



Here Are Candy Jones' Personal Beauty Tips For You!

1. Bed-time beauty care for elbows, knees and heels. Saturate cotton pads with Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion. Attach with tape and leave on overnight!
2. Never apply or remove make-up without first thoroughly washing your hands with delicate, mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

More later, *Candy*



impertinent

BY MIKE CONNOLLY



"YOU JEALOUS OF MARILYN MONROE OR sumpin'?" I asked Terry Moore. "The crackle-and-pop lately about a Marilyn Monroe-Terry Moore feud has been making more noise than my bowl of morning breakfast cereal."

She reacted—that she did!—as if I'd slapped her—hard! All in a flash the sunny smile scampered away and I was face to face with a sad-eyed sweetheart who was pegging me as a villain, sure as shootin'.

"Jealous of her!" trumpeted Terry. "That kind of talk *kills* me. Why Marilyn and I are the best of friends and have been for years! All this silly talk about a feud is ridiculous. It must have started because of a similar kind of—personality (she smiled sweetly) that Marilyn and I were putting on."

"I hate to see Marilyn hurt by the rumor mongers. And how in the world they can draw a comparison between the two of us is beyond me—we're exactly *opposite* types, as anyone with eyes can plainly see!"

It develops that Terry and friend Marilyn became buddies while both were under contract to Columbia in 1948. Although, as Terry recalls, they didn't spend a great deal of time together socially (double dating, or anything of that sort), both girls studied dramatics under Natasha Lytess of Columbia, the same Natasha Lytess now coaching at Twentieth Century-Fox and serving as Marilyn's chief mentor. Both also studied singing with Freddie Karger, Jane Wyman's husband, at Columbia.

"Marilyn, bless her, was the most diligent worker in the studio," Terry said. "She took her work mighty seriously and the two of us were always comparing notes and confiding our hopes and ambitions for the future."

"How do you feel about your sudden

interview

success—and Marilyn's? How can you keep your heads out of the clouds?"

"Well, after all," said Terry, "when two girls have been working their heads off for five years as Marilyn and I have, you can't really call it an *overnight* success, can you? I know most people believe that's what it's been, but really, we've worked like dogs for whatever has come our way.

"Marilyn, above all, deserves everything good that's dropped into her lap. That girl worked harder on her acting and singing than anyone I know. I sincerely admire a person who works like mad for what she wants.

"And," said Terry, looking me right in the eyes, "when I use the word 'work' in connection with Marilyn, I resent any suggestive smiles. Work with Marilyn means *work!*"

Which just about sums up Terry, too. For the mighty Moore—she has just finished making "Man on a Tightrope"—is a whirlwind of activity when it comes to furthering her career. Take it from Terry, she's going places. And no one doubts that after seeing her in "Come Back, Little Sheba."

Terry may be Marilyn's opposite in type, but she has her own brand of sex appeal—as her popularity with the Hollywood guys should prove. But smart, little Terry isn't concentrating on any one man—not yet!



Terry Moore: No foundation for feudin'!

I Was Blind as a Bat about these intimate physical facts



Do You Know or Are You Only 'Guessing'?

Blind is she who refuses to see. The modern intelligent young wife will treasure this scientific information about feminine hygiene (including vaginal cleanliness). Women have observed hygienic laws dating back to biblical times. The *important* question today for women is 'what is the best product to use for the douche—which one has decided benefits to offer.' Tests prove ZONITE is a perfect solution!

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so *powerfully effective* yet so *absolutely harmless* as ZONITE.

Completely Safe to Body Tissues

ZONITE is positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating*. It is a wondrously soothing-healing agent. ZONITE can even be swallowed accidentally with safety. This is an advantage *no other* type of antiseptic

with ZONITE's great germ-killing power can offer you.

The Fabulous History of ZONITE

The ZONITE principle was originated by a famous French surgeon and an English scientist. It was truly a miracle! The *first* antiseptic in the world that could kill the most active bacteria without harming body tissues. Its fame soon spread, and women were quick to appreciate its miracle-working action for feminine hygiene.

Enjoy ZONITE'S Hygienic Protection

ZONITE eliminates all odors. It flushes away waste accumulations and deposits. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be *sure* ZONITE *instantly* kills every reachable germ. A ZONITE douche after monthly periods is also very important to assure personal daintiness.

Always use as directed.

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most make-ups shout **"Made up!"**
 Magic Touch whispers **"Natural Beauty"**



With Magic Touch, a new, wondrously beautiful complexion becomes "your very own"...so natural-looking, so flawless-appearing, with each little imperfection hidden, yet never a trace of that "made up look."



**1. So easy to put on—
 Such magic blending!**

Rub your finger-tips lightly over creamy Magic Touch. Then with gentle strokes, smooth it on face and throat, beginning with forehead. Replenish the cream on fingertips as needed. No clumsy sponge or puff, no liquid to drip or bottle to leak, no powder to spill.



**2. So soft on your skin—
 So pleasant to use!**

Blends like magic, without streaking. (Smoothing with finger-tips gives perfect color-depth control—longer smoothing lessens color.) Your skin will feel so velvety soft—look so naturally youthful, fresh and clear. Magic Touch is new. Don't confuse with other cream or stick make-ups.



**3. Flawless beauty—
 Natural-looking loveliness!**

Look in your mirror! Your complexion is flawless, alluring. For a dewy, fresh look, use Magic Touch *without* powder. Powder over lightly for a long-lasting, smooth *mat-finish*. (Magic Touch is never oily or greasy looking—even without powder—and always looks *natural*.)



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Magic Touch
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43¢ and \$1.00

Laughing Stock...

BY

ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station)

A movie fan visited a psychiatrist and said: "Doc, I'm worried. I have the entire ceiling and all the walls of my bedroom covered with Marilyn Monroe calendars."

"That doesn't prove there's anything wrong with you," said the Doc.

"But there must be," insisted the patient. "I sleep on my stomach."

Eve Arden was looking at one of her old films on television with her five-year-old daughter Connie. Along about the third reel, Connie said: "Gosh, mother, this movie was made before I knew you."

For twelve weeks, Peter Fairchild, the artist, worked on the portrait of a famous movie couple. Then they called off the marriage. The wife immediately called the artist and had him brush-stroke her husband into a flaming red window drape.

Tyrone Power, waiting for a table in a Hollywood cafe, was advised by a crony to "tell 'em who you are."

"If I have to tell 'em who I am," replied Power, "then I ain't."

A Hollywood theater marquee read: "Affair in Trinidad." 50 Cents. Any time.

Ruth Conte, wife of Richard Conte, watched hubby kiss Linda Christian for a movie scene, then opined: "Now I know how he looks. I've been kissing him for ten years with my eyes closed."

Marie Wilson's pet words for the evening gowns she wears as Irma: "They're my 'everything I have is yours' wardrobe."

Overheard: "She's the type of girl who will ride home from a walk."

Successful man: One who earns more than his wife can spend.

Successful woman: One who manages to find that man.

Red Skelton overheard an actor telling another: "I asked her father for permission to marry her and he wanted to know if I could support him in the same style she did."

Overheard at the Mocambo: "I refuse to believe that dollar bills carry germs. A germ couldn't live on a dollar bill today."

The suspense curled up and withered at a showing of "Sudden Fear." At the moment when Jack Palance aims his speeding limousine at Gloria Grahame, who plays Irene, a jokester in the audience screamed:

"Good night, Irene."

Screenwriter Oliver Crawford, in answer to a query about a movie queen's age, flipped: "She's somewhere in her middle flirties."



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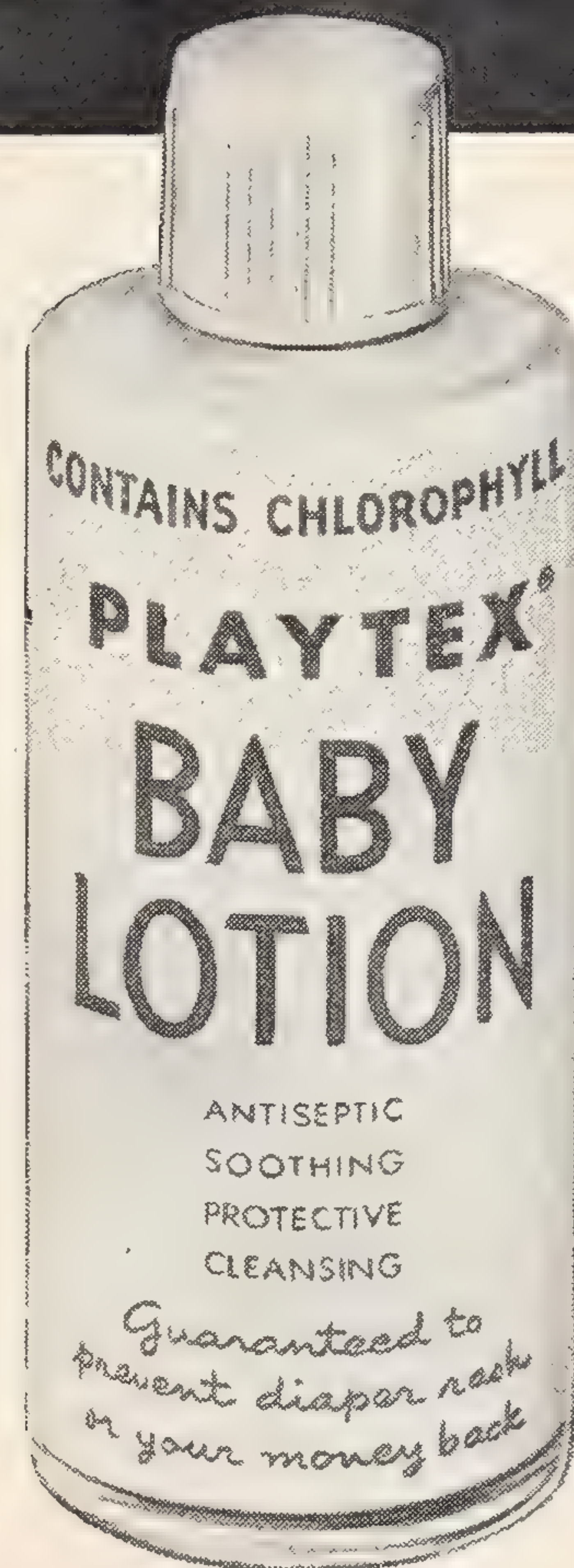


Soothes...softens...safeguards
—as no ordinary baby lotion does.

Guaranteed to prevent diaper rash or your money back!

Here's the perfectly wonderful way to give your precious baby the head-to-toe skin protection that doctors welcome. Playtex Baby Lotion safeguards your baby, day and night, with prolonged antiseptic action ...keeps your baby flower-fresh. *Safe, even on tender, new-born skin!* PLAYTEX Lotion contains a "Miracle Antiseptic" that guarantees no diaper rash, or your money back. You owe it to your baby to give him the extra protection of PLAYTEX Chlorophyll Lotion. Get a bottle today! At leading Drug and Department Stores.

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1. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)

Norforms are now *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs *right in the vaginal tract*. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective, long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

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Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

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Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

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Just mail this coupon to: Dept. PH-35
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Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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TO REACH THE STARS

PHOTOPLAY receives thousands of letters asking for photographs and addresses of movie stars. Home addresses cannot be revealed and PHOTOPLAY cannot fill requests for photographs. However, following are the addresses of the major motion picture studios and a list of the stars they have under contract. If your favorites are not listed in any contract list, write them in care of the studio at which they made their last picture. For autographed pictures send twenty-five cents to the studio to cover cost of mailing.

Allied Artists, 1376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood: John Mack Brown, Wild Bill Elliot, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Florence Marly, Jane Nigh, Helene Stanley, Whip Wilson.

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood: Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, Broderick Crawford, Joan Davis, John Derek, Glenn Ford, Gloria Greenwood, Rita Hayworth, Judy Holliday, Jack Mahoney, Aldo Ray, Rex Reason, Donna Reed, Mickey Rooney, Barbara Stanwyck, Audrey Totter.

Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles: Joan Evans, Farley Granger.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City: June Allyson, Richard Anderson, Pier Angeli, Fred Astaire, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Blyth, Marlon Brando, Robert Burton, Louis Calhern, William Campbell, Leslie Caron, Carleton Carpenter, Diane Cassidy, Gow Champion, Marge Champion, Cyd Charisse, Patrick Conway, Donna Corcoran, Jonathan Cott, James Craig, Vic Damore, Michael Dugan, Billy Eckstine, Marilyn Erskine, Nanette Fabray, Lisa Ferraday, Sally Forrest, Clark Gable, A. Gardner, Greer Garson, Vittorio Gassman, Stewart Granger, Cary Grant, Kathryn Grayson, Jean Hagen, Robert Horton, Van Johnson, Kurt Kasznar, Howard Keel, Gene Kelly, Deborah Kerr, Fernando Lamas, Mario Lanza, Peter Lawford, Janet Leigh, Monica Lewis, Marjorie Main, Ralph Meeker, Ann Miller, Dean Miller, Ricardo Montalban, Doty, etta Morrow, George Murphy, Reginald Owen, Walt Pidgeon, Jane Powell, William Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Jeff Richards, Barbara Ruick, Janice Rule, Red Skelton, Elaine Stewart, James Stewart, Lewis Stone, Barry Sullivan, Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Taylor, Patricia Tiernan, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Bobby Van, Vera-Ellen, James Whitmore, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn, Gig Young.

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood: Ann Maria Alberghetti, Judith Ames, Jean Arthur, Peter Baldwin, Gene Barry, William Bendix, Lyle Bettger, Rosamary Clooney, Pierre Cressoy, Bing Crosby, William Demarest, Tom Drake, Laura Elliot, Rhonda Fleming, Joan Fontaine, Mona Freeman, Paulette Goddard, Gloria Grahame, Nancy Hale, Virginia Hall, Peter Hanson, Patricia A. Harding, William Holden, Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Irene Martin, Robert Merrill, Ray Milland, Michael Moorhead, Susan Morrow, Mary Murphy, Eleanor Parker, Ginger Rogers, Barbara Rush, Jan Sterling, Joan Taylor, Al Young. Under personal contract to Hal Wallis: Polly Bergen, Corinne Calvet, Wendell Corey, Don DeFore, Vincent Edwards, Charlton Heston, Burt Lancaster, Jerry Lewis, Marion Marshall, Dean Martin, Eddie Mayehoff, Elizabeth Scott, Mary Sinclair.

RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood: Keith Andes, Jan Buetel, Janis Carter, the Charivels, Joan Crawford, Lin Darnell, Barbara Darrow, Brad Dexter, Joan Dixon, George Dolenz, Faith Domergue, Linda Douglas, Betsy Drake, A. Ferrer, Steve Flagg, Jane Greer, Dee Hartford, Tim Holt, Richard Martin, Charles McGraw, Colleen Miller, Robert Mitchum, Carolee Morton, Mala Powers, Jane Russell, Robert Ryan, Margaret Sheridan, William Talman, Ursula Thiele, Kenneth Tobey.

Republic Pictures, 4024 N. Radford Ave., N. Hollywood: Rex Allen, Roy Barcroft, Rod Cameron, Judy Canova, Allan "Rocky" Lane, Muriel Lawrence, Vaughn Monroe, Victor Balston, Estelita Rodriguez, John Russell, Forrest Tucker, Chill Wills, Grant Withers.

Twentieth Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills: Casey Adams, Richard Allan, Merry Anders, Charles Austin, Anne Bancroft, Lauren Bacall, Richard Basehart, Barbara Bates, Richard Boone, Scott Brady, Richard Burton, Rory Calhoun, Macdonald Carey, Jill Clifford, Joseph Cotten, Jeanne Crain, Dan Dailey, Dennis Day, Gloria De Haven, Joanne Dru, Penny Edwards, Henry Fonda, Ar Francis, Mitzi Gaynor, Betty Grable, Bob Graham, Bill Gray, Susan Hayward, Donna Lee Hickey, Craig Hill, Jeffrey Hunter, Louis Jourdan, William Lundigan, Joyce MacKenzie, George Mathews, Victor Mature, Bruce Marlowe, James Mason, Gary Merrill, Cameron Mitchell, Zero Mostel, Marilyn Monroe, Ava Norring, Debra Paget, Walter (Jack) Palance, Gregory Peck, Jean Peters, E. Pinza, Tyrone Power, George Raft, Michael Rennie, Thelma Ritter, Dale Robertson, George Sanders, Constance Smith, Warren Stevens, James Stewart, Randy Stuart, Gene Tierney, Robert Wagner, David Wayne, Clifton Webb, Oskar Werner, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde.

Universal-International, Universal City: Abbott and Costello, Julia Adams, Suzan Ball, Judith Braun, Susan Cabot, Mickey Castle, Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Cooper, Tony Curtis, Yvonne De Carlo, Charles Drake, Joyce Holden, Rock Hudson, Kathleen Hughes, David Janssen, Russell Johnson, Al Kelley, Jack Kelly, Arthur Kennedy, Piper Laurie, Paul Lee, Harvey Lembeck, Richard Long, Stephen McNally, Beverly Michaels, Bodil Miller, Robert Monnet, Ann Murphy, Lori Nelson, Alex Nicol, Hugh O'Brien, Don O'Connor, Maureen O'Hara, Gigi Perreau, William Reynolds, Claudette Thornton, Dennis Weaver, Guy Williams, Shel Winters.

Warner Brothers, 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank: Anne Baxter, Humphrey Bogart, Ray Bolger, Eddie Bracken, David Brian, James Cagney, Philip Carey, Steve Cochran, George Cooper, Horace Cooper, Doris Day, Errol Flynn, Virginia Gibson, Phyllis Kirk, Alan Ladd, Burt Lancaster, Fred Lovejoy, Gordon MacRae, Guy Madison, Raymond Massey, Virginia Mayo, Allyn McLerie, Eve Miller, Dennis Morgan, Gene Nelson, Nancy Olson, Paul Picerni, Ronald Reagan, Ruth Roman, Randolph Scott, Ann Sothern, Phyllis Thaxter, Danny Thomas, Lurene Tuttle, John Wayne, David Wesson, Jane Wyman, Patrice Wymore.

hollywood party line

BY EDITH GWYNN



YOU'LL BE SEEING and reading more about it on other pages—but I couldn't start party paragraphs this time with anything *but* PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Award dinner. Because everyone's saying "it was the nicest and gayest banquet in years!" Some six hundred dressed-up guys and dolls tripped into the Crystal Room at the Beverly Hills Hotel—and there were lots of ear and eyefuls. Paul Douglas emcee'd amusingly, but it was the craaaazy antics of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis that really shook the chandeliers. Marilyn Monroe did a little "shaking" herself—or rather, wriggling. Nothing compared with the show M.M. put on when she slithered up to get her award (as the fastest rising young star), wearing a skin-tight, gold lame, halter-necked gown, with nothing but skin under it! My private poll, among gals *and* boys, reveals they think Marilyn or any other gal—would be a more tasteful and attractive dish (Continued on page 28)



Monroe won by a walk at Gold Medal party

Everyone is
talking about
**THE SHAMPOO
WITH TWICE
AS MUCH
LANOLIN**

A SHAMPOO THAT WON'T LEAVE HAIR WILD—? THAT'S FOR ME!

NO WONDER! ... WITH TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN AS ANY OTHER SHAMPOO.

—WISH IT WOULD TAME KIDS LIKE IT DOES HAIR!

GEE, YOUR HAIR IS SOFT AND SHINY SINCE YOU'VE USED THAT NEW SHAMPOO!

YOU'RE SWEET! IT GIVES HAIR TWICE THE TWINKLE WITH TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN—

THAT "EXTRA LANOLIN" SHAMPOO WORKS WONDERS FOR MY WAVE—

GOLLY, MOLLY—I JUST LOVE YOUR HAIR!

YEP! MOM SAYS IT LATHERS BETTER THAN ANY OTHER IN OUR HARD WATER!

DOESN'T HELENE CURTIS CREME SHAMPOO HAVE SCRUMPTIOUS LATHER?

FROM 49¢

Helene Curtis
creme shampoo



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12,000 Stanley Party Hostesses Every Day

Wouldn't you like to have the big, fluffy-headed STANLEY Dry Mop and its twin work-saver, the STANLEY Split Duster shown here? Well, these are typical of the wide selection of splendid gifts from which your STANLEY Dealer rewards you for being a STANLEY Party Hostess. Other Hostess Gifts include handsome Meadowbrook pattern silverware, beautiful table lamps, many attractive rose-pattern plastics, wonderfully serviceable kitchen cutlery and steak knife sets. Do such gifts sound alluring? Then invite your STANLEY Dealer to arrange a STANLEY Party in your home right away.



IT'S EASY and a lot of fun to give a popular STANLEY Hostess Party. To arrange for your STANLEY Party, just phone or write your STANLEY Dealer, your nearest STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS Branch Office, or write direct to STANLEY's Home Office in Westfield, Mass.



STANLEY LEADS with more than 150 QUALITY PLUS Products: Dusters, Mops, Brushes, Waxes, Polishes, Cleaning Chemicals to make housework easier. Toilette Articles, Bath Accessories, Personal and Clothing Brushes, many other grooming items.



Originators of the Famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

Stanley Home Products, Inc., Westfield, Mass.
Stanley Home Products of Canada, Ltd., London, Ont.

(Copr. Stanley Home Products, Inc., 1953)

hollywood

BY EDITH GWYNN

(continued from page 27) with something between epidermis and duds! Susie Hayward, who won top honors, looked like a dream, her red tresses set off by a floor-length, off-shoulder gown of pink net, s-o-o-o full-skirted. Gary Cooper was in Mexico, so hot-tamale Katy Jurado accepted his award for him, wearing a slinky, very décolleté, bare-shouldered, cream-color dress. Another brunette, Ursula Thiess, was striking in slinky white, trimmed with white fringe and held aloft by tiny, white shoulder straps. Lana Turner, swathed in silver-blue mink, and Joan Crawford, swirling in strapless chiffon of muted grays and blues, with real diamonds in her hair, at her throat, on her hands and in her ears, made a grand entrance. Joan said her lovely dress had once been a terribly expensive nightgown!

Rock Hudson beamed Mamie Van Doren, who used to be Joan Olander; Ann Blyth, with Dr. Jim McNulty, whom she weds in June, wore low-cut bouffant taffeta of contrasting shades, trimmed with beads and sequins. Jane Wyman, with groom, Freddie Karger, was in black sequins and beads, trimmed with white, and she sported gobs of pearls. Jean Simmons, too, was in black—low-cut chiffon and net. Debbie Reynolds, with Tab Hunter, looked like a doll in her off-shoulder gown of blue net over taffeta, with a wide cummerbund of deeper blue velvet ornamented with beads and flowers. Doris Day's party dress was ballerina length—of rose chiffon, with cap sleeves. It was high at the neck, and flaunted a white, Peter Pan collar and a very full skirt. Jan Sterling also was in ballerina length—pastel taffeta, plus pearl necklace and earrings. Coleen Gray was so chic in a dress of dark-gray slipper satin, set off by vivid green satin gloves!



Jan Sterling liked Paul Douglas's emcee line

party line

Pale taffeta for Elaine Stewart—with a silver-blue mink stole and best beau, Walter Reilly. Lori Nelson, with Bob Wagner, wore nekkidy white, trimmed with sequins and rhinestones. Hey—this could go on forever—so let's just mention a few more stars on hand. Among them, Jimmy Stewart, Bob Tay-



Ursula Thiess—a striking brunette in white

lor, June Allyson and Dick Powell, Marge and Gower Champion, the Ronnie Reagans, Suzan Zanuck with Dan Dailey, Mitzi Gaynor with Richard Allan, John Wayne, Stewart Granger. Yes, there was lots of glitter on the gowns the gals wore that night. But my crystal ball says the coming season will find less and less trim and tinsel on clothes. Line and fabric, elegance and simplicity will be the things to stress.

As always, Hollywood stars turned up in force when the cause of sweet charity called. One such event was the huge dinner-dance at the Ambassador for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, at which twenty-one movie belles modeled original creations from many famed stylists. Van Johnson was emcee, while Evie beamed from her table wearing a Howard Greer gown made solidly of white bugle beads! Outstanding among the film crowd was Janie Wyman in strapless black; Janet Leigh, who modeled even though she'd put in a twelve-hour day at the studio, and Joan Caulfield, who paraded a black Orry Kelly gown with a bejeweled coat.

Danny Thomas cut his vacation short to emcee another dinner—this one, the City of Hope affair. Glamorously on hand were Kathryn Grayson, who sang—delightful, as always; Irene Dunne; Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse; Maureen O'Sullivan, Mala Powers, Jeanne Crain and Loretta Young.

The Look He Loves...

"Petal-soft and faintly glowing!"



Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

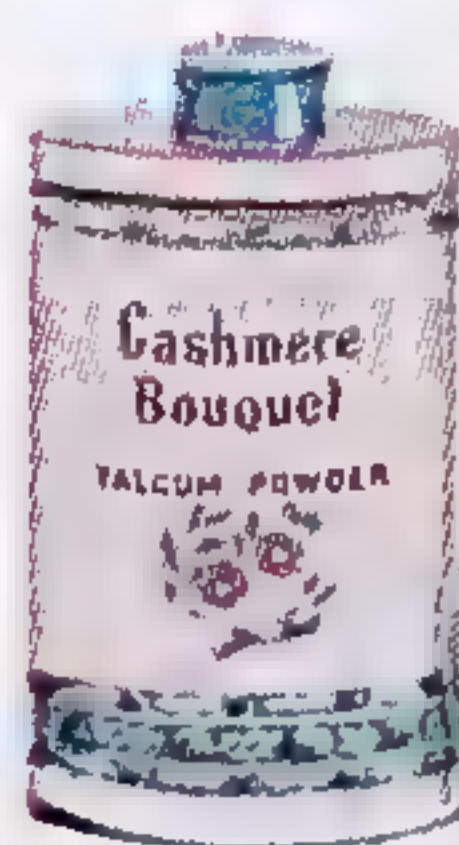
You'll be so beautiful! With complexion so alive-looking . . . so soft—so faintly glowing! Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is wonderfully fine in texture—and it clings and clings! Just puff it, fluff it on . . . then smooth it out . . . no flaking, streaking, or shine! The colors are as natural as Nature—there's one for every type of complexion—and exquisitely scented with the "fragrance men love"!

6 GLORIOUS COLORS
"NATURE-MATCHED"
TO YOUR SKIN



Just 29¢

Look your loveliest with
Cashmere Bouquet



Talcum Powder
All-Purpose
Cream
Lipstick
Hand Lotion



New! a shampoo that
Silkens
your hair!

Why not wear stars tonight? All it takes is one quick shampoo—and your hair will be winking with these starry highlights, silky soft, silky smooth. The sight of it, the feel of it will put you in seventh heaven!

New magic formula . . . milder than castile!

There's silkening magic in Drene's *new lightning-quick lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic . . . this new lightning-quick lather . . . because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its *lightning-quick lather . . .* its new and fresh fragrance. *You have an exciting experience coming!*

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . .

See your hair left silky bright! This new formula flashes into lightning-quick lather—milder than castile! No other lather is so *quick*, yet so *thick*!

New Lightning Lather—
a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!



This is a
New
Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

Time To Part?

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

*Friends hope that the marriage of
the Dean Martins can be saved*

• At PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards dinner, when Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis stood in front of the assembled Hollywood celebrities entertaining the crowd, Jerry cracked: "I don't mind paying half of Dean's alimony. But why can't I have half the fun?" It was a funny line. And it got a laugh.

But nobody present except Martin and Lewis knew that—even then—Dean Martin was no longer living at home.

Early that morning, without any fanfare, Dean had quietly folded his tent and as quietly moved away. Pipe in mouth, his golf bag over his shoulders, three suits on his arm, he'd headed his Jaguar away from the fourteen-room French Colonial home in Brentwood and moved into the apartment of his friend, Mack Gray.

Hollywood as a whole wasn't too surprised. For months there had been too many rumors to ignore. And they all had one theme (*Continued on page 82*)

*A year ago, the Martins posed
for this happy-family picture*



INSIDE STUFF

CAL
YORK'S
GOSSIP
OF
HOLLYWOOD



Stern

Bundle for Britain? Terry Moore's been seeing a lot of London's Laurence Harvey lately!

Long Distance: Doris Day, who pretty much gets what she wants and deserves these days, asked the studio to give her a tall leading man for a change. She shore 'nuff got him in six-foot, four-inch Howard Keel. For their love scenes in "Calamity Jane," Dodo has to stand on a box to kiss the handsome critter!

Once Upon a Time: Both Marilyn Monroe and Terry Moore were under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox. That studio let them go because "they weren't promising enough." Today, they're merely the brightest stars on the company payroll! . . . Cornel Wilde (then unknown) was all set to test for an M-G-M contract,

when a studio executive who didn't like him as an actor managed to have the test killed. Today, the same studio is paying Cornel a six-figure salary to appear in "Saadia," now being shot in Morocco!

Predictions: A great new singing career for Jeff Chandler, who's been studying with the famous Harriett Lee. Wait till you hear his "Soliloquy" from "Carousel." Sensational! . . . A polite refusal from Montgomery Clift to make a second picture with Anne Baxter. They worked well together, but there are those who insist that Monty prefers to play opposite intuitive actresses, rather than analytical ones . . . A new and even more



Rosemary Clooney is a hit in her hometown

exciting campaign for Rock Hudson! After Rock's recent personal-appearance tour, the studio was swamped with enthusiastic letters from both fans and exhibitors. There will be no more B's in this boy's bonnet. No more B pictures, that is!

According to Cal: The announcement that Virginia Mayo is embracing a new faith was a bit premature. She has evinced interest, but hasn't (at this writing) taken a definite step . . . It's good to see that Dewey Martin, who scored such a hit in "The Big Sky," is at last getting a chance to prove that his fans knew what they were raving about. Keep your eye on him in his next picture, Ernest Hemingway's great novel, "The Sun Also Rises."

Seen and Heard: Lana Turner and Lex Barker skiing in Sun Valley and wearing matching sweaters that each fills beautifully—but differently . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor, who hath a pretty brain too, wearing full make-up when she lunches with Kathryn Grayson in Warners' Green Room. "Vell, you never know when a cameraman vill appear!" . . . It may be a can opener and then again, it may be a new atom bomb. Anyway, Rory Calhoun assures us he's patented an invention which is top secret but terrific . . . Robert Mitchum's in a creative mood too. He's designed a new cocktail table that has hollow open legs with shelves that hold glasses. For people with hollow legs, we presume . . . The Gower Champions, Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, the Gene Nelsons, Steve Cochran without a girl (that is news!) amongst those who rose and sang "Auld Lang Syne" on Sophie Tucker's closing night at Ciro's . . . Debbie Reynolds dimpling with delight because her one-time date and good friend, Bobby Van, is working with her in M-G-M's "Affairs of Dobie Gillis."

News, All Kinds: Deserving news that Jane Wyman was the first feminine star to be honored with a "stag" testimonial by the Masquers Club for her quiet charitable endeavors through the years . . . Disheartening news that John Agar received another jail sentence for violating his drunk-driving probation of 1951. It was one of those things that could happen to anyone, but unfortunately, John, who's been a model of perfection, had two strikes against him . . . Disappointing news that Viveca Lindfors and her director husband, Don Siegel, two talented people, couldn't keep busy enough in Hollywood, which resulted in a long-distance separation that will now be permanent... (Continued on page 78)

Stern



Stern



Hollywood originals: Dale Evans diverts Mocambo guests with a bell-brimmed bonnet. But Katie Grayson's a lady in ermine when she's on a dinner date

Stern



Smith



Left, the Dewey Martins have much to celebrate. Right, Debbie Reynolds and Walter Pidgeon, back from entertaining troops, attend "Korea Junket" luncheon

It's those wifely touches Paul Douglas likes. He's with Jan at "Korea Junket" affair. Piper Laurie, with Leonard Goldstein, is tops in Rock Hudson's book

Smith



Fink





From LANA



To ARLENE-

BY PAULINE SWANSON

● "It is not by my plan that I work again and again with the ladies important in my personal life," said Fernando Lamas dead seriously. "It is . . ." and he hesitated for just a second over the difficult English word, finally pronounced it exactly, "It is *circumstantial*."

The scene was a studio dance-rehearsal hall, where the blood-quickenning Argentine was rehearsing dance numbers for "Sangaree," Paramount's first three-dimensional picture. Hard at work with him was his co-star and current lady love, Arlene Dahl.

If private emotions overlapping one's work have a visible effect on an actor's performance, it was not at the moment apparent—in Fernando's manner, at least. Something new seemed to have been added, however, to Miss Dahl. Her well-chronicled beauty glowed with a brand new warmth and sparkle. She laughed and joked with a relaxed joyousness and danced with the grace of a happy child.

But determinedly casual in slacks and a pullover sweater, his dancing feet clad for the moment in a pair of clumping—but comfortable—loafers, Fernando watched the dance director move through the routine, counted as she counted: "One-two-three-four, two and three, three and four . . ."

"You lost me," he sighed, ambling to a spot in the middle of the floor, "right here."

"We can always have it marked," rippled Arlene, who hadn't been lost at all.

Fernando looked ruefully down at his feet.

"Show it to me again," he said, moving to the sidelines. "Life is too short," he added, to all in ear-shot, "you shouldn't worry."

On the second run-through he got it, but he was still *working*. Arlene danced. "Isn't she beautiful!" Fernando said, "and real sweet, and *warm* too . . . no matter what anybody says to the contrary. Of course," he added unself-consciously, "you have to know where the buttons are."

Fernando, taking his own advice, wasn't worrying. Neither, apparently, were Producers Bill Pine and Bill Thomas, Director Edward Ludwig and assorted additional high brass watching the rehearsal. No doubt they were remembering the fabulous numbers Fernando had danced with Lana Turner, the love scenes between the two that burned up the screen in "The Merry Widow."

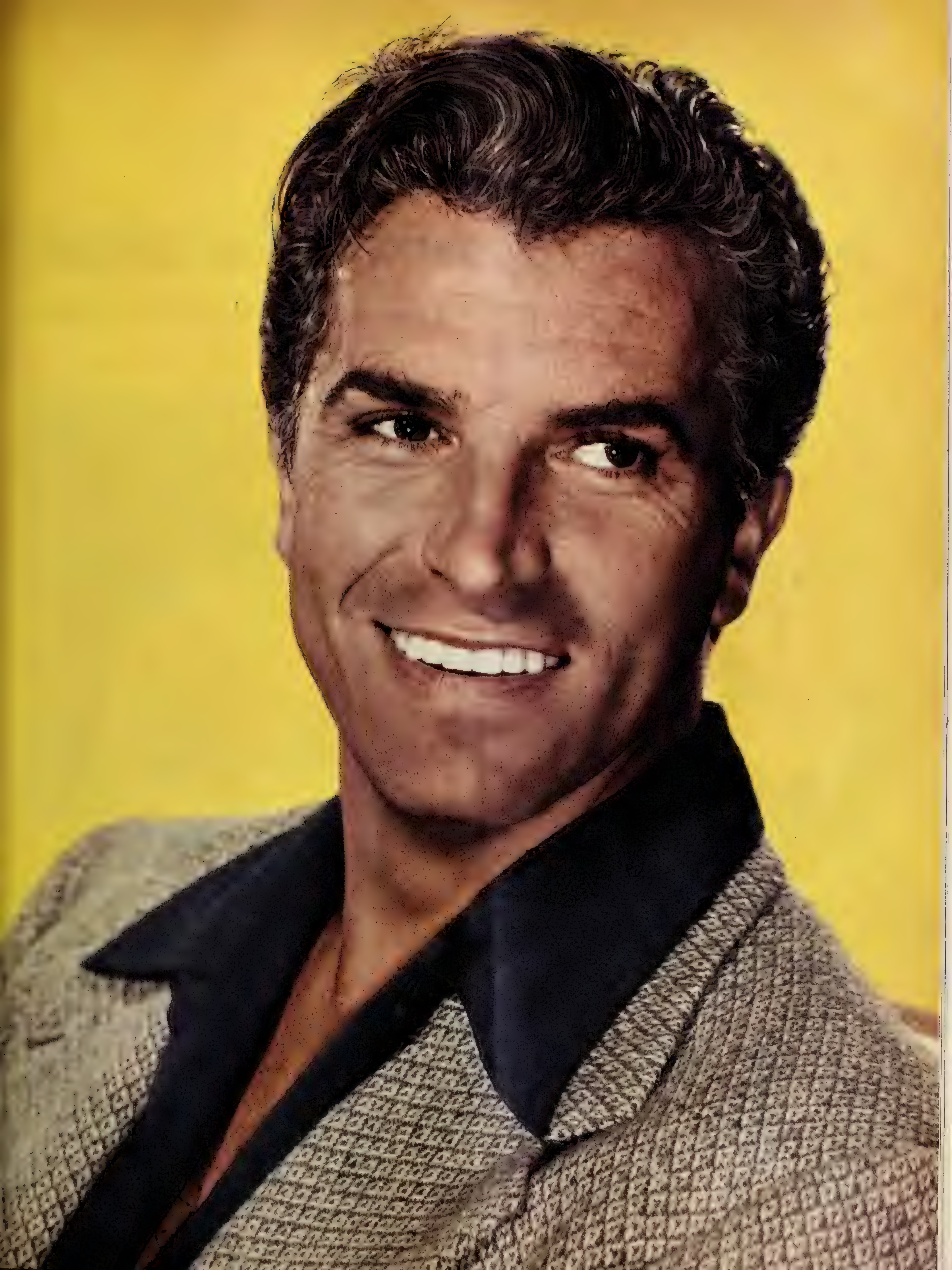
They shouldn't worry, as Fernando conceded. "When the camera starts, everything in me starts working."

Arlene disappeared at this point to change from her chic navy blue suit to the ball gown of a southern belle which she would wear for this sequence in the picture. This gave Fernando a brief opportunity—which he didn't duck—to discuss the other women who had been important in his life.

(Continued on page 74)

Apger

Fernando Lamas tells the truth about his loves



BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

DO STARS MAKE GOOD

Sheilah pulls aside the glamour curtain for a frank and revealing look at the children



No one can argue with Ingrid Bergman when she says she'll never stop loving Jenny Ann, daughter of her first marriage. But the child can't help feeling resentful toward the mother who left her to raise another family

PARENTS?

who call Hollywood their home

● I'm haunted by the haunted eyes of some of our movie stars' kids. And I believe it will come as a shock to their glamour mamas and papas to read here that many tots have been and are being neglected. Some, completely abandoned. I don't only mean Ingrid Bergman and Jenny Ann—that was a public desertion, and Ingrid was punished when her daughter condemned her in court. It was a high price to pay for love, and Ingrid was heart-broken about leaving her daughter when she dashed off to Rossellini in Rome. But to a child, it's only a difference in degree whether you run off to a man, or run off for a film—or for fun. The kid left behind feels just as lonely and insecure.

I was reminded of several movie star mothers in Hollywood when I saw Bette Davis in "The Star." Remember how, in the picture, Bette forgot everything—including her child, when a good film role came along? It happens here all the time. Stars accept roles that take them away from their children for weeks and months. (Continued on page 73)

When Glenn Ford's home, he's an ideal father to Pee Dee. Trouble is—his work keeps him away from home too much



There was a time when Hollywood knew no more devoted Pop to his two—later three—children than Frank Sinatra



Both her career and her hectic private life keep Rita Hayworth from being as good a mother as she wants to be





BY JANE CORWIN

Unpredictable MONA

When a girl like Mona Freeman switches from sweet to sophisticate — the warning signals go up!

● Hollywood is used to being set back on its heels. It's a town where almost anything can happen—and it very often does.

But even that shockproof town was more than a little taken aback, when Mona Freeman, a girl whom everybody had pegged as the perfect mother and the perfect wife—and almost the ideal homebody—kicked over the traces after six years of what appeared to be the happiest of marriages to Pat Nerney.

People shook their heads in amazement—and then they shrugged. "Well, after all," they decided, "you never can tell what really goes

on inside of people—deep inside."

Not even those who *are* reconciled to the idea of the separation, however, can become accustomed to the new Mona they're seeing around town—a girl who has definitely gone on the glamour kick. Though she seems to be loving it, the general feeling is that Mona may not be quite as happy as appearances would suggest in this new role.

All the clichés have been pulled out—no stops:

"She's playing with fire—that little girl is."

"She's swimming in mighty deep water—and that can be dangerous."

People just can't get used to the Mona who is busily doing the rounds of the gay night spots with a series of sophisticated—and some say unsuitable—escorts. And they can't get over the feeling that by turning her back on Pat Nerney, who certainly gives every indication of loving her as deeply as he ever did, that she's turning her back on a life that can be rich and meaningful.

Seldom has a Hollywood divorce created so much sympathy. Seldom have so many people wanted so much to see the couple reunited—to see them being mother and father again—together—to (Continued on page 98)



Kornman

Mitzi Gaynor sums it all up: "Kids in show business mature early on the outside—but inside we don't mature to match"

THE



Kelley

Joan Evans "solved" the problem by marrying young. Time will tell whether or not this was a wise step for her

The transformation from girlhood to womanhood in Hollywood is a dangerous business—

• The traditional "awkward age" is almost forgotten. You've watched many of the movies' lovely teenagers go from childhood to girlhood with grace and ease. But the turning point between girlhood and womanhood brings them to a much more difficult crisis, and the way they face it determines the whole future course of their lives. These are the dangerous years, full of new stresses and impulses. Some girls shrink away from womanhood; some run too fast to meet it. Mitzi Gaynor says, "Kids in show business mature early on the outside—but inside we don't mature emotionally to match."

Unless a girl finds real emotional maturity, she can't take on adult responsibilities, she can't make the transitions from dating to romance to love to marriage without serious trouble. Other young stars, like Joan

Evans, Debra Paget and Pier Angeli, share this problem with Mitzi. All of them became stars while still in their teens; all, therefore, acquired the outward poise that Mitzi refers to. But the appearance, as she says, can be deceptive—to the girl herself, as well as to other people. She may think she's grown up; she may impatiently loosen family ties, only to discover that she's too immature to handle more complicated relationships without heartbreaking mistakes.

At eighteen, Joan is the youngest of this foursome, yet the only one who has married. This isn't so surprising when you remember her as a fourteen-year-old newcomer, already showing much more composure than the average eighteen-year-old. She explained then to this slightly over-awed writer, "I was brought up mostly with adults." When her parents, screen writers

BY HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

DANGEROUS YEARS



Apger

Over-protected most of her life, Pier Angeli took advantage of her new freedom by plunging into a much-talked-about romance

heavily weighted with emotional problems

Dale and Katherine Eunson, entertained the famous, little Joan was accepted as part of the group. "Dale and Katherine" (as Joan unaffectedly calls them) later trusted their teen-age daughter to make many of her own decisions, training her to a self-reliance that finally boomeranged against them.

No wonder Joan wasn't convinced when her parents advised her to wait until she was twenty-one before marrying. Because she'd had such a long head start, associating with grown-ups from childhood, learning early to reason problems out for herself, she probably felt that mentally she *was* twenty-one, and she didn't want to wait three years for the calendar to catch up with her reckoning. So she and Kirby Weatherly went ahead and were married, with the satisfaction of hearing parental objections turned (Continued on page 100)



Stern

Debra Paget thinks she can escape the hurts of growing up by concentrating on career. But will she cheat herself of life?



The landlord greeted Bob warily when he arrived to look over the apartment that was to be his

BACHELOR ON A BUDGET



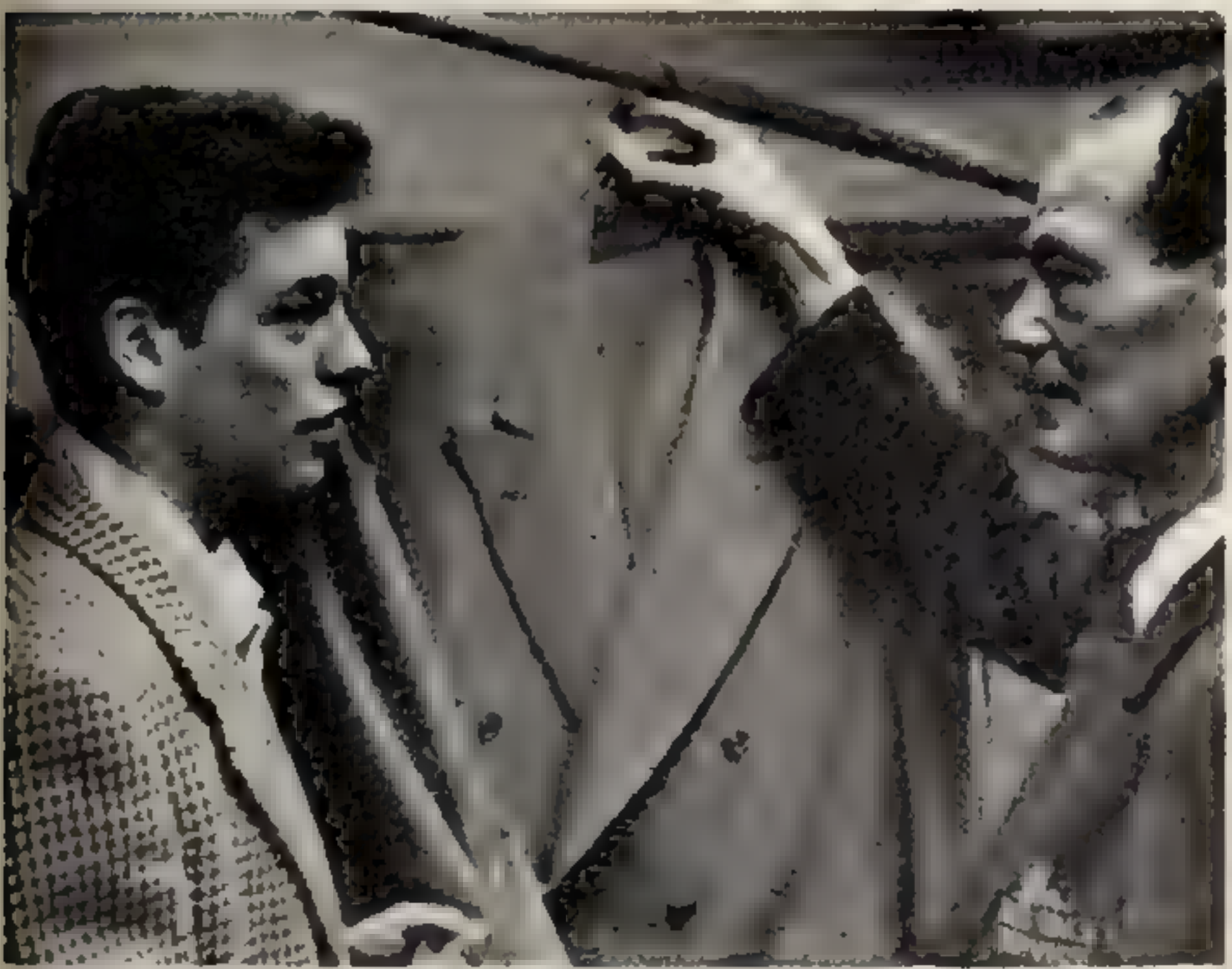
The butcher offers helpful advice

When a fellow starts out on his own, that's a dramatic event. But in Bob Wagner's case, life as a bachelor began—as a comedy of errors!

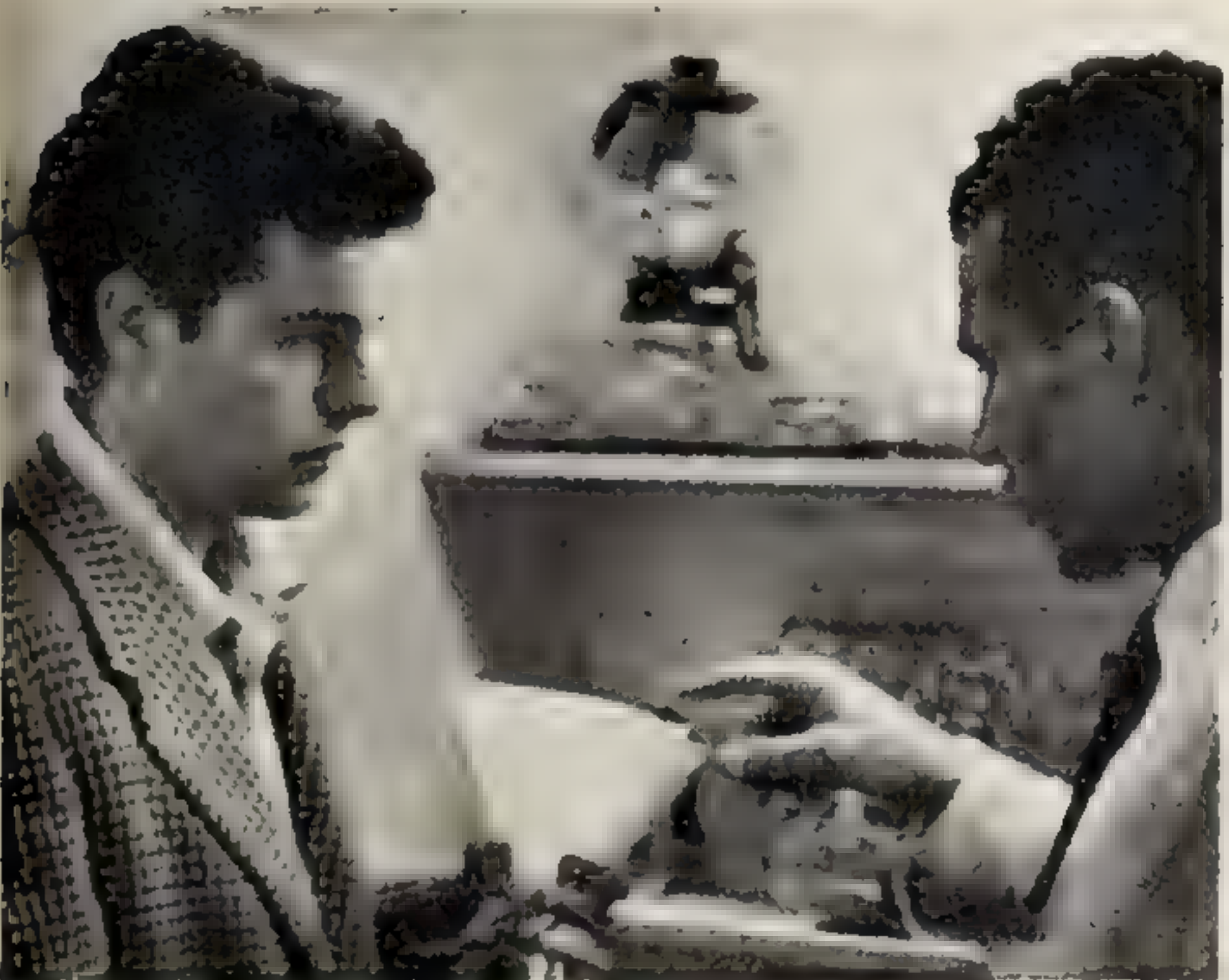
BY MAXINE ARNOLD



Bob negotiates for vegetables . . .



Arranges for his own cleaning . . .



Buys some new kitchen utensils . . .



And gets a new tire for his auto

● Bachelorhood is more than just a state of being. Ask Bob Wagner. It can be a whole career.

Not that he hadn't anticipated problems. But now, a seasoned bachelor of some weeks' standing, he's quick to admit he hadn't anticipated enough of them.

Today Bob's rapidly earning his degree as Bachelor of Arts . . . with scars to show for it. Such as those earned while trying to force three saddles, a pair of skis, assorted tennis racquets, guns and fishing tackle—and his entire wardrobe into one closet.

Today he can shake his head amusedly at the trustful way in which one R. J., Jr. approached this whole new adventure in living. As for instance, the sunny afternoon when he mused thoughtfully that "having an apartment should be very interesting. It will be the first time I've ever had to pay the rent, sort the laundry, and just keep house in general.

"I throw things around," he explained, "and I don't pick up too well. But that I can learn. This should really open up a whole new thing for me!"

The whole new thing first descended on Bob when his father, Robert J. Wagner, Sr., and his mother decided to build their new home in La Jolla, 120 miles from the Twentieth Century-Fox studios as the sea gull flies. For the first time in his life, R. J., Jr. would be going it alone.

Furthermore, the comforting speculation that if it didn't work out, he could always go home to Father was dissolved when it was determined that Father and Mother would instead be coming home to Bob. His dad's business interests in Los Angeles would necessitate their popping in and out of his new home.

In spite of this, Bob refused to be dismayed. Batching it would be a breeze! A guy just found himself an apartment and moved in.

"I'd been looking for an apartment for some time. Since my folks would be staying part-time with me, I had to get one big enough for all of us."

At the studio one day, Dan Dailey came up with a possibility. "The girl who lived in the apartment below mine just moved out," he said. "Nice place too. Why don't you go take a look at it?"

"Great," said Bob, taking off.

The landlady didn't live on the property, but Bob could "go right over and see it," she informed him over the phone.

"We're painting the bedroom, and my husband is there now."

To the busy man who answered the door, the boy with the eager smile and the careless haircut looked like somebody's kid brother. As Bob says, "I'd rushed (Continued on page 90)



Farewell, Hollywood

Her decision is not sudden. For two years June Haver has been preparing for this important step

BY JANE WILKIE

● June Haver's decision to become a nun was a deeply personal matter, so personal that only a few, out of the thousands who read the news, understood. Those few were men and women who had themselves dedicated their lives to the service of God, for no one else could comprehend the peace, the longing and the love that underly such a decision.

It was so personal that in those last few days before she left Hollywood for Leavenworth, Kansas, to enter Saint Mary's Academy, June found it necessary to keep her whereabouts a secret. The press, while understanding somehow that June would not wish to discuss the

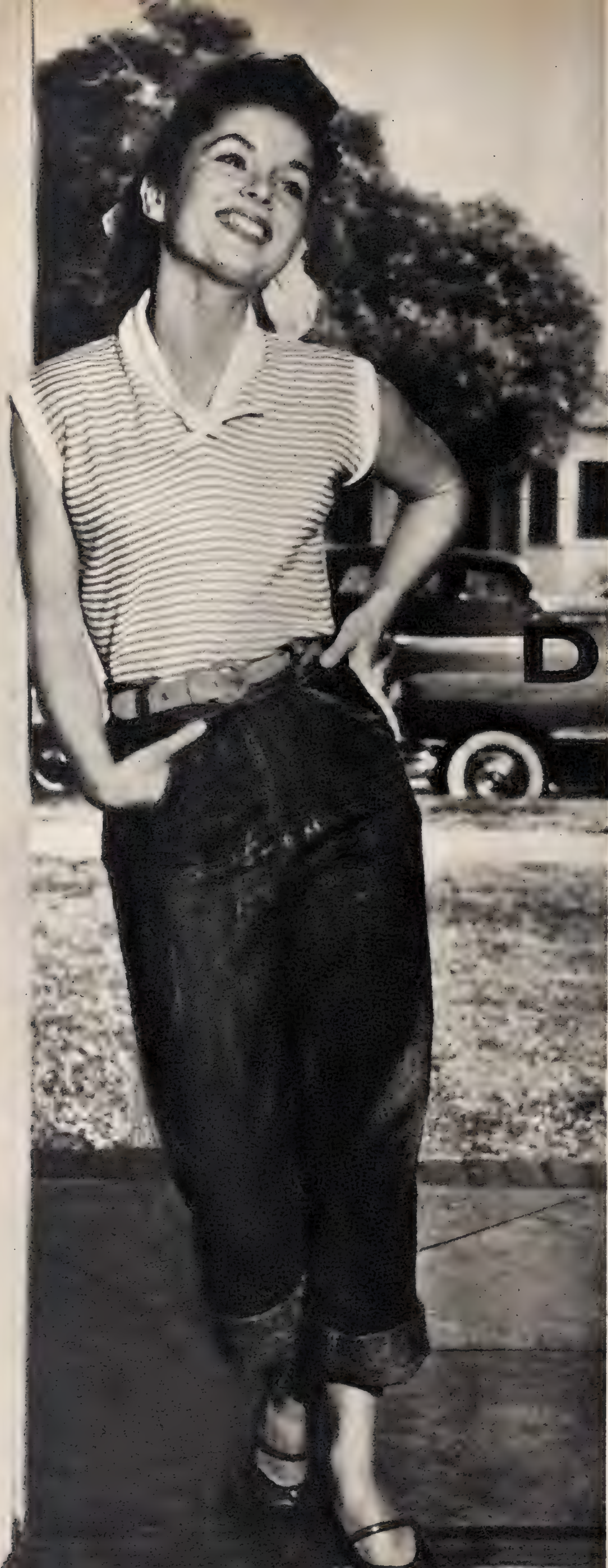
matter, nevertheless closed in, because whether or not the announcement was personal, it was big news. The reporters badgered her family, her friends, and her associates in the Church for any tidbits that might add to the story.

A local newspaper immediately began a series of articles on June's life, her career and her heartbreaks, and her subsequent decision to take the veil. Stories were liberally illustrated with pictures taken of Miss Haver during her movie career, and often as not they were of the cheese-cake variety.

The attendant publicity was unavoidable because June was a celeb-

rity in the public spotlight, and as such had belonged in a way to the public. Now she was severing all such ties, and in typical good taste, refrained from speaking to anyone or seeing anyone except her family and closest friends. The friends reacted in kind by rallying around June with loyal support, and while the press might pester for news and plead for pictures, the statements given by those closest to June were as brief and as sincere as possible. They felt, and rightly so, that this was no matter to be chewed by the news hounds.

For the past nine years, June co-operated to (Continued on page 102)



DEBBIE

● Debbie Reynolds has come of age. On April first she rounded that wonderful corner called "Twenty-one"—the big day in everybody's life. But does that mean that she is going to change her ways of living? Debbie doesn't think so.

"So I'm twenty-one," she says, "so what? Am I supposed to kick over the traces and run wild? That's crazy. Besides, what's so magic about the number twenty-one?"

That's a good question. A better one was the one the bank asked. They called to find out what she wanted done with the money (earned in pictures before she came of age) that would be transferred to her account on her twenty-first birthday.

"Hang on to that dough," said Deb, "put a guard around it. Even if it isn't the Rockefeller Foundation, there's a *very special* project I want it to go into."

Project it is! Debbie's decided to build (perhaps buy) an apartment house with the money. No April Fool is Deb.

"An apartment house is right," says Debbie, "and with plenty of closets, but plenty! Probably want

She was twenty-one on the first of April. But Debbie's birthday plans prove she's nobody's April Fool

BY BUD AND BETTY
MILLS GOODE



COMES OF AGE

to call it 'Closet Inn.' In fact, I'm going to ask the architect to design the closets first, acres of 'em, and then hang the apartments around them."

Debbie wants the apartment house to be a gift to her parents. Her dad, she says, will have a ball taking care of it. Debbie remembers the idea first came to her when she was winging her way homeward from entertaining the troops in Korea this past January.

"There I was in that Army plane," Debbie says, "surrounded by all the gifts I'd bought in Japan. My pockets were stuffed full of silk things, and I held my most precious buy, a hundred-year-old cuckoo clock for my mom, in my lap. There were three sets of china that I had, too, but there was no room around me, so the pilots were kind enough to store them with their gear.

"They knew their business, but you can't see air pockets and they seemed to run into all of 'em. Everytime we'd hit one, the plane would drop like an anchor. My poor little cuckoo couldn't take it. His mainspring must have been sprung or something. Each time we hit an air

pocket he'd pop out, 'cuckoo,' stick out his tongue at me, and then scurry back inside the clock."

According to Debbie there was hardly enough room for the people in that plane. Because she was surrounded by all her purchases, she couldn't help thinking of some of the other things she'd wanted when she first started out in pictures.

"I'd always dreamt of three things," Debbie admits. "A swimming pool, a pearl watch, and a trip to Paris. I saved the trip to Paris for the last. I promised it to myself on my twenty-first birthday."

Debbie has the swimming pool and she has the watch. She calls the pool her "Abadaba" pool because she earned it from the royalties on her recording of "Abadaba Honeymoon." The pearl watch her parents gave her, much to her delight and surprise.

As for the Paris trip, Debbie had planned it to be the maddest ever! A trip to end all trips. First class, *real gone* and with breakfast in bed!

"But it was in that plane that the idea for the apartment house hit me," explains Debbie. "Seriously, we're all looking for happiness, and I re-

member thinking on that plane, "There was a time when I thought happiness could be found in things, like the pearl watch and the swimming pool.' Then I wasn't so sure. . . ."

Debbie remembered the happiness that her parents enjoyed in giving the watch. She also thought about the fun *she* got from watching the gang on the block swimming in her new pool.

"I remembered thinking on the plane," she says, "that the happiness I'd so far experienced was in *people* and not in *things*."

Besides, the seriousness of the Korean situation weighed heavily upon Debbie. She had been touched by what she had seen, yet she determined not to discuss it in print for fear the boys would think she was capitalizing on her visit. Debbie's young heart was full of the love of giving, and she intended to put it into practice when and where she could.

It was this inspiration that made Debbie decide to give the apartment house to her parents after her twenty-first birthday instead of taking the mad Paris trip.

"I can always go to Paris," laughs Debbie. (Continued on page 84)

The Tony Curtises know what they're talking about. If you pass their marriage test, you can't miss with your mister!

HAPPINESS QUIZ

BY RUTH WATERBURY

● When Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis eloped a little less than two years ago, there were a lot of people who said the marriage couldn't possibly last.

"Their worlds are a million miles apart."

"They're not grown up enough to make a marriage work—neither one of them."

"They're both too involved in their careers."

So chanted the prophets of woe. And they stood back gloomily to watch the marriage crumble.

Janet and Tony, in the meantime, went blithely on to prove (not to the cynics, because they really didn't care much what people thought, but to themselves) that they knew what they wanted. And that they had it—in each other.

But proving that—and they admit it with no self-consciousness at all—was not exactly child's play all the way. There *were* differences to be resolved, adjustments to be made, frictions to be ironed out—just as there are in any marriage.

The idea of being a guide—a kind of standard of quality—for other couples struck Tony and Janet as a little strange, at first. But after a little thought—and a lot of mutual laughs—they were able to work out a list of the important things they share that add up to happiness.

So check yourself—and your love—with Mr. and Mrs. Curtis' happiness quiz:

1. Do you have as much respect for your partner's dreams and ambitions as you do for your own? And will you work for the good of his career as well as yours? (Janet and Tony help each other learn lines, and will even take chances on their own careers when they think it will be helpful to the other one—as Tony did when he went on suspension to accompany Janet on her location trip for "Naked Spur.")

2. Are you willing to make some sacrifices to insure financial security? (Continued on page 96)

Getting to know each other took time—but Janet and Tony made it worth the effort. Could you?



Tony's smarter now about Janet's "saving"



Fishing's his line; now it's hers too



A pet in time saved Tony!



It's mutual—their gift for happy nonsense!



Separate careers—but a team in marriage

"Darling, wish you

"I'll remember everything,"

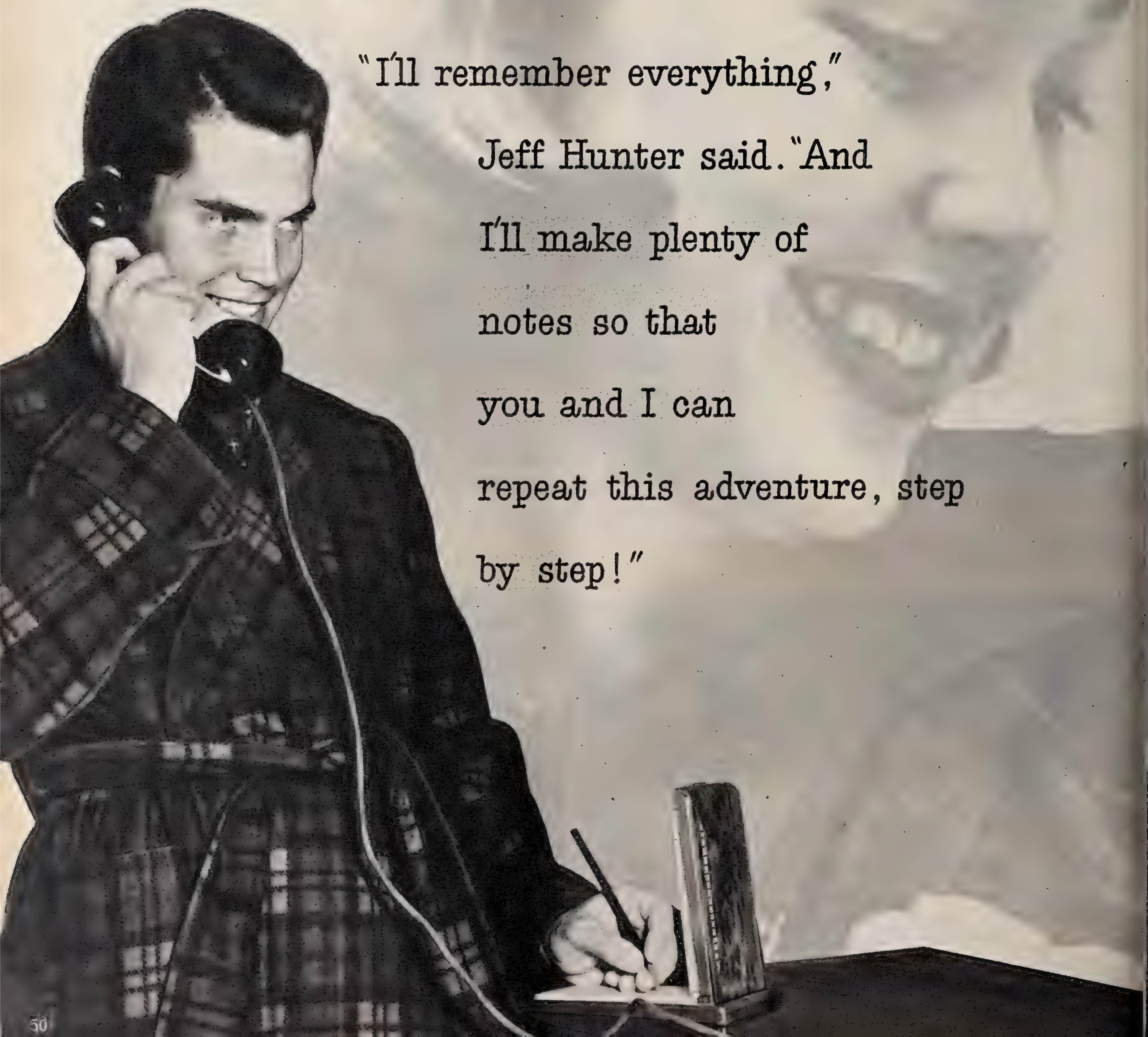
Jeff Hunter said. "And

I'll make plenty of
notes so that

you and I can

repeat this adventure, step

by step!"



BY FREDDA DUDLEY

were here . . . "

● Jeff Hunter received the news with what is known inadequately as "mixed emotions." Twentieth Century-Fox had cast him in the starring male role of "Sailor of the King," an adventure yarn to be shot in London and on the island of Malta over a four-month period. It meant star billing after six years of preparation, prayer, and hard work. It was the break for which any other young hopeful at the studio would have given an inconspicuous tooth.

Yet there stood Mr. Hunter with laurels on his brow and a lump in his throat. He was about to become a father for the first time. If he left Los Angeles as scheduled, he wouldn't catch so much as a glimpse of the stork's approaching shadow.

That was one dilemma. Another was that Jeff and Barbara Rush had filed a sheaf of bright dreams marked "for future use." Among them was the plan to complete the furnishing of the cozy Westwood Village apartment into which they had moved as bride and groom. They liked to shop together for their household equipment.

Another intention had been to rent or buy a cottage as soon as the baby was old enough to need a yard in which to play; that would require at least a year of research.

Or, if both careers had thrived to the benefit of the joint Hunter bank account, they might buy a lot high on a panoramic hill and build a cottage in which to place their early American furniture. There would have to be a swimming pool in a sheltered patio, of course, so a perfect site would have to be chosen. And then, with a family launched and a home established,

Jeff and Barbara—as they had told one another so many times during the wonderful evenings they spent side by side before a fireplace in which bright flames snapped gay fingers in approval, they would make the grand tour of Europe: Paris and the Champs Elysées, Rome and St. Peter's, Venice and the quaint glass shops, England and the Shakespeare country.

With a touch of golden luck, they said, they might be cast in the same picture, turning another dream into reality.

All this ran through the confused head of Jeff Hunter when he heard about "Sailor of the King."

What would you have done?

If you were as wise as Jeff and Barbara, you would have done exactly what Jeff did. He asked the studio for a slight delay in departure date and was accommodated with an extra week. He began to send up smoke signals to the stork reading, "I'm not a bird watcher by hobby, but I'm really looking for you." Finally, he made plans to send Europe to Barbara, since he couldn't take Barbara to Europe on this trip. He bought a carton of film for his camera, he studied histories and guide books, he marked passages of interest. Barbara, who speaks French rather well, coached her husband in a few useful phrases.

The stork received Jeff's message and proved to be indulgent. Just five days before final deadline, Christopher Merrill McKinnies (Jeff's legal name, as you probably know, is Henry H. McKinnies, Jr., and he is called Hank by his family and close friends) came bounding into the world. He was a beautiful baby weighing eight pounds. (Continued on page 92)



Photograph by Powolny. Ava is in "Ride, Vaquero"

AVA GARDNER

... red roses in full bloom ... a leopardess on a golden chain ... candied yams and crepes suzette ... Stephen Foster's music at the Hollywood Bowl ... moonlight on a restless sea ... Cleopatra in a Cadillac

LEX BARKER . . . excitement in the Social Register . . . strength and sentiment . . . big game hunting in the Hollywood hills . . . grease paint and the gridiron . . . adventure in a made-to-order suit . . . Tarzan at the Ritz

Photograph by Six. Lex appears in "Thunder Over the Plains"





Another entry for your pinup

KEEPING TAB ON TAB

COLLECTORS' ITEMS

5

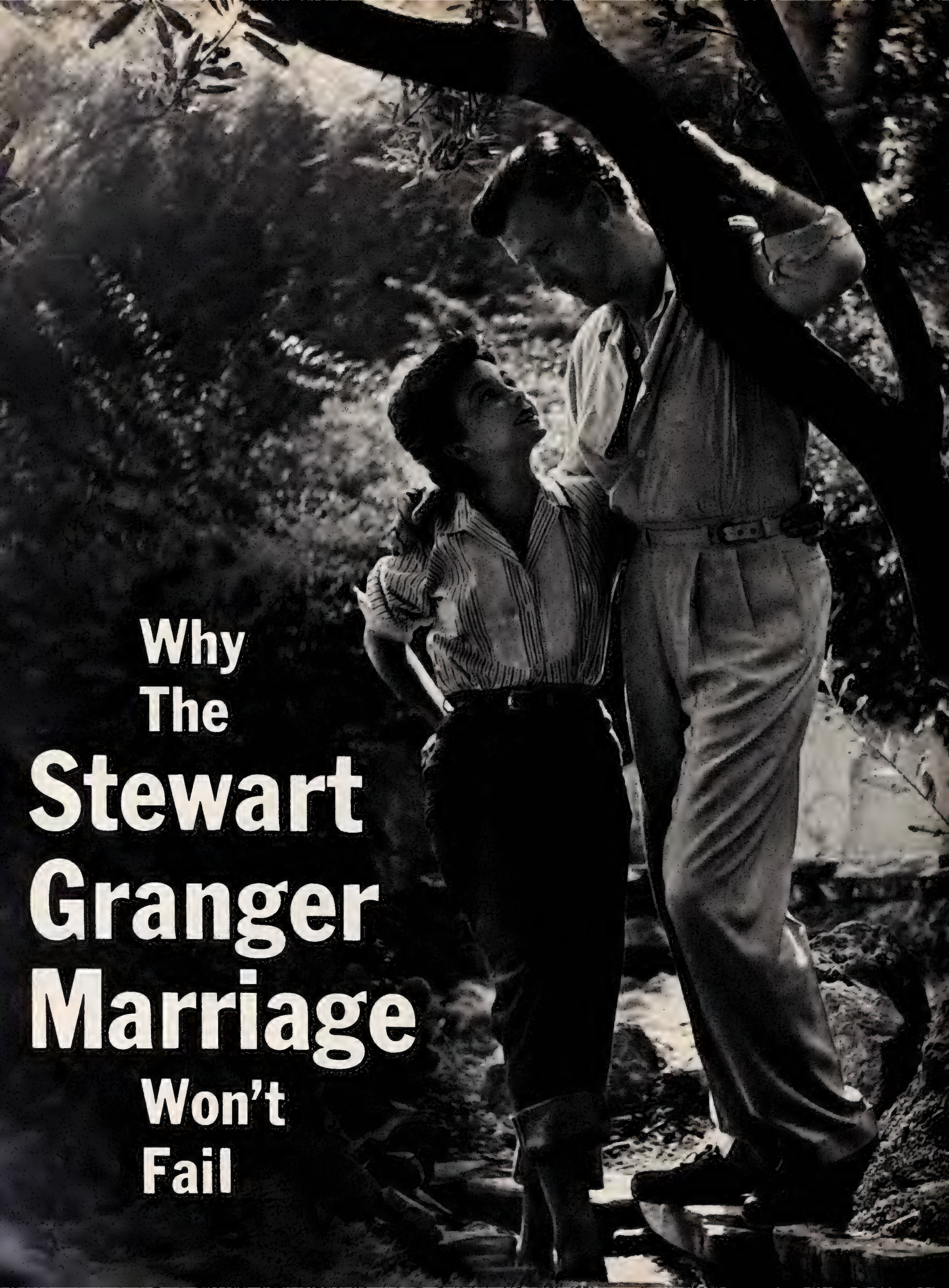
collection—Tab Hunter, who's off to a flying start in the race for stardom



Candid by Smith

● Three loves has Tab—his mother, his horse, Out On Bail, and ice skating. Girls? Well, they figure too. When he can spare time from exercising and riding his horse—the first one he's ever owned, although he's been riding since he was twelve. He's an expert figure skater, too. Skating, like riding, does something to Tab—makes him feel "out of this world." Which is exactly what most people think about Tab. Big and

blond, with a fresh appeal, his natural charm made him a hit in his first picture and won him first place in PHOTOPLAY'S "Choose Your Star" contest. Now, with a contract under his belt and three pictures set to follow his next, "Wells Fargo Express," Tab won't have to worry about hay for his horse, or supporting a wife—some day. But at twenty-two, career-minded Tab can afford to wait—for the right girl.



**Why
The
Stewart
Granger
Marriage
Won't
Fail**

*There's more to this marriage
than meets the eyes of the gossips. Here is
the untold story, exclusive to PHOTOPLAY,
by an intimate English friend*

BY MAE MURRAY

● Stewart Granger stands accused by Hollywood of bad behavior, on and off the set.

He is, the gossips say, arrogant, belligerent and intolerant. He has, they add, a conceit that is intolerable and a gift for swearing that, while a trooper might envy it, comes as a shock to those more sensitive than he. And he dominates his wife, Jean Simmons, and is inconsiderate of her.

The fact is, there is no one more sensitive than Stewart Granger. Just ask the people who have known him intimately for years, since the early days when he was first struggling toward film success.

Jimmy (that's what his close friends call him) is a perfectionist. To that you can ascribe all the faults that those who know him only superficially see in him.

A failure to make the grade at a medical school, where he had wanted to study neurology, and a short-lived attempt at business, left him in a baffled and troubled state of mind. Chance gave him a job as a film extra. He made up his mind then. He suddenly knew what he wanted to do. He wanted to act.

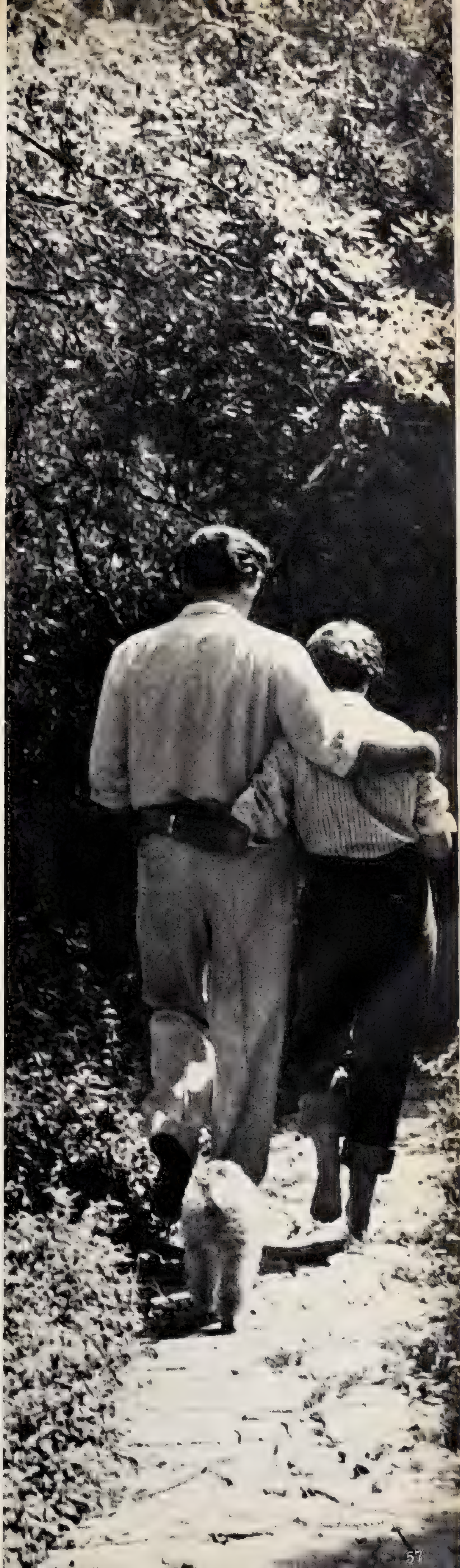
Tall, handsome, with an engaging smile and a good speaking voice, he could have hung about the studios waiting until some director recognized his potentialities. But Jimmy is not like that.

He wanted to offer the screen the best he was capable of. He did not want to be a director's puppet—mouthing a line or twitching an eyebrow as instructed. He was determined to learn to be an actor.

He went into repertory, working like a Trojan at a different play each week for the modest salary of three pounds weekly—in those days, about fifteen dollars. Here he met and married Elspeth March, a charming and talented actress. That was fourteen years ago.

Elspeth gravitated to London's West End. Another man might have been jealous of his wife's success. Jimmy, grateful for all she had taught him of acting technique, was only proud of her. He knew that one day he, too, would reach London, but meantime he went on slogging away in stock and, without her loving support to give him confidence, he worried. Was this, or that performance really good enough? Could it be improved—perfected?

Jimmy still worries. His pursuit of perfection has been the cause of many a row in both (Continued on page 76)



ONE of the first things my husband asked "news-writers," as he calls them, when he arrived in the United States was: "Are there any more here like Shelleee?" Since then he has personally assured me there are not. He says I'm a rare species in a class by myself—whatever that means. After you've seen my husband in his first Amer-

ican pictures, "The Glass Wall" and "Sombrero," I'm sure you'll ask: "Are there any more *anywhere* like Vittorio Gassman?" This I sincerely doubt.

Vittorio's the handsomest, the most intelligent and—in this respect you may quote practically anybody—the most honest of them all. The "news-writers" discovered this honesty when they asked

Pictures by Stern and Smith



The theatre is still my husband's first love



We've had to make important adjustments and we'll probably have to make many more



I would rather be a happy hausfrau than a successful, lonely star



Gossip columns don't bother Vittorio unless they upset me

what impressed him most about American women. Without blinking a brown velvet eye, my husband said, "They have pretty legs." He admits my legs were the features he first noticed about me. As he explained to one writer, "The first time you see Shelleee, you see she has pretty legs. Then you go to the soul. And her soul is very pretty, too."

With typical honesty and enthusiasm, Vittorio always dispenses quickly with the formalities. For instance, there was the day he found out he was going to become a father. When he returned from Mexico, where he'd been on location for "Sombrero," I met him at the airport with our good news. "I think we're going to have a baby."

"Is it going to be a boy?"

I weighed the matter a moment. "Yes, as a matter of fact, it is."

"It is?" Vittorio was so excited that he looked at me as if I really knew.

Of course I didn't know, but I thought then that Vittorio's wanting a son would make it so, and chose the name Enrico. But we discussed names for a daughter, too, and when our baby girl was born on Valentine's Day, while Vittorio was still in Rome, we named her Vittoria Gina, as we'd decided months ago. (Continued on page 86)

THE MAN I MARRIED

BY

Shelley Winters



PHOTOPLAY

★
STAR

FASHIONS:

VACATION
TIME



YOU IN HOLLYWOOD! Sound like a dream? Well, maybe! But it's one dream that can come true! Yes, on your salary . . . and yes, today!

THIS YEAR, spend your golden two-weeks-with-pay in the glittering city where stars are born . . . where dreams are made to come true! You'll have the time of your life, for surprisingly little of your own hard-earned "gold!"

ON THESE pages, PHOTOPLAY has filmed a miniature movie—"Holiday in Hollywood." Ann Blyth, Vera-Ellen, Anne Francis and Julia Adams are the stars—and the role they're playing is . . . YOU, vacationing in the film capital of the world.

THE CLOTHES they're wearing comprise one wonderful, travel-light wardrobe of separates, enough for your entire trip, coming and going . . . and for every minute you're there. The price of the whole, dreamy wardrobe including luggage: under \$150! PHOTOPLAY's Wonder-Wardrobe is based on California colors of sunny red and gold, contrasted with muted stripes. It includes a dress-and-jacket travel costume and ten travel-wise separates (skirts, tops, shorts, pedal-pushers, jacket and stole); three pairs of shoes (for travel, evening and play); two hats; two pairs of gloves; two pairs of nylons; a star-printed, pure silk scarf; a terrific red travel-and-beach bag; a patent leather bag for dress and a pretty pearl clutch for evening; an all-purpose, white elastic belt; gold jewelry; and even sun glasses, camera and suitcase! The itemized list is on page 67.

VERA, JULIA and the two beauteous Annie's have put their lovely heads together with PHOTOPLAY's fashion editor to show you how to wear the Wonder-Wardrobe . . . how to mix and match all the items so you're dressed right for every Hollywood occasion, day and night. We photographed them in night clubs, restaurants and other attractions you will want to visit on your holiday in their town! (Continued on next page)

Ann Blyth steps off the Santa Fe Super Chief in L.A. wearing Doris Dodson cotton tweed travel suit, sizes 9-17, under \$23. Englander hat. Beck pumps. Glentex scarf. Jay-Bern bag. Samsonite suitcase. Ann's in M-G-M's "All the Brothers Were Valiant"

HOLIDAY IN HOLLYWOOD^{II}

*Starring YOU on that dream-trip—with
four of your favorites playing your role*

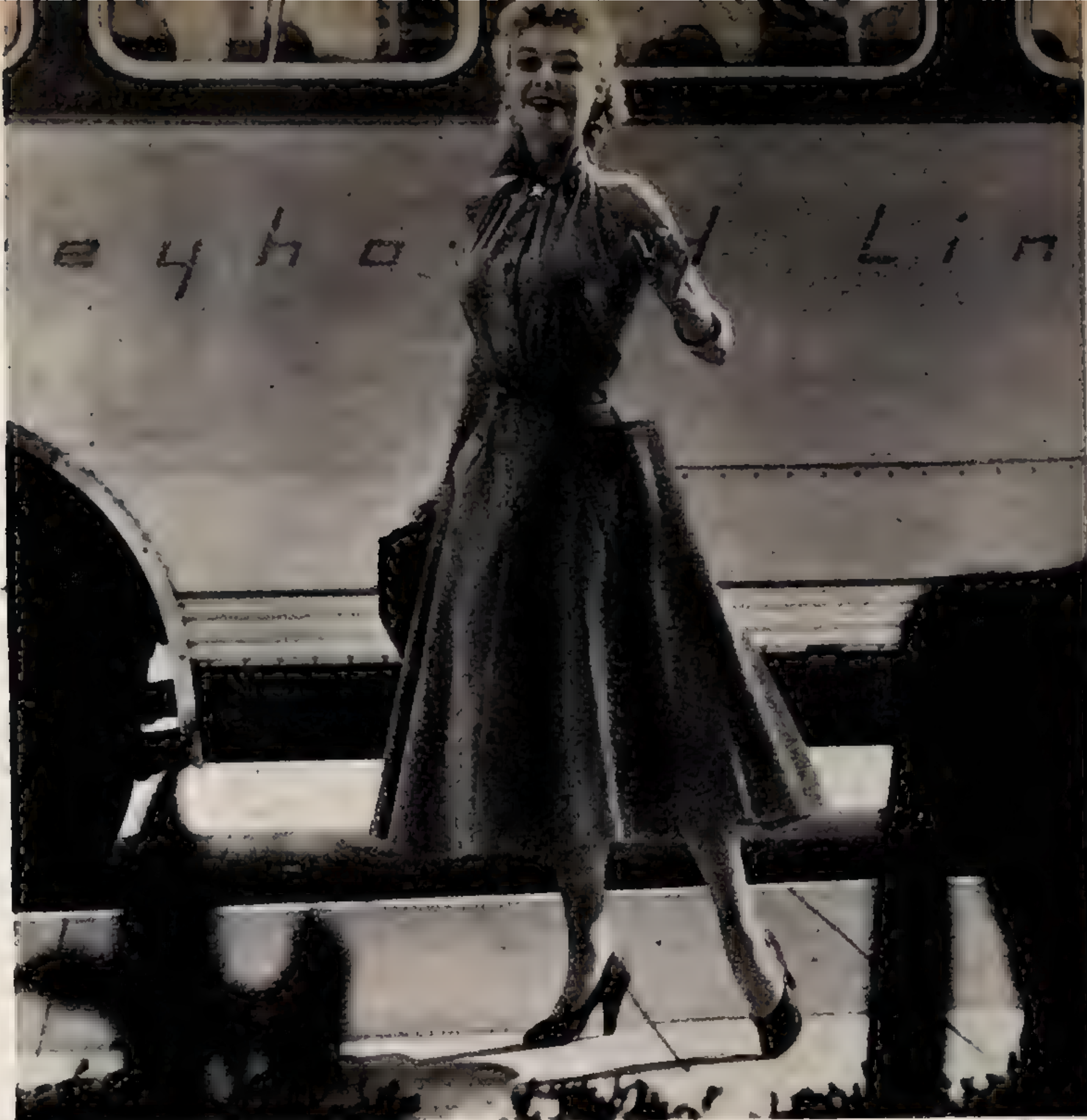
★
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

"HOLIDAY IN
HOLLYWOOD"



Vera leaves the Beverly Hills Hotel in gay vacation mood. Now she's wearing the Korday skirt with its striped halter, matching sash and all-purpose jacket

At the Hollywood Bowl and in a holiday spirit, Vera twirls in her Art-Mor scratch-print skirt, same red blouse, same pumps and Speyer white elastic cinch belt



Vera-Ellen, the dancing doll who'll be seen in Twentieth's "Call Me Madam," does some excited window-shopping, wearing Korday gold denim skirt, striped sash, with Art-Mor red blouse. Beck pumps

TAKE YOUR CUE from them! Glide into Los Angeles aboard a silvery luxury train or a cross-country bus. Either way, you'll be streamlining your budget and getting a breathtaking, panoramic view of America's western wonderland en route. Via Santa Fe's plush Super Chief, with its exciting new dome-topped observation lounge, you'll roll through the Kansas plains; the scenic fairyland of Arizona; through New Mexico, rich with Indian lore; and through the rolling desert into sunny California. For Santa Fe information, write to R. T. Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4, Illinois.

GOING GREYHOUND, on its luxurious Super Coach, you get a thrilling close-up of the glorious western scenery . . . through interesting parts of Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico. If you go by bus, you can arrange beforehand for stopovers and side trips, and, in addition, the Greyhound travel bureaus, located at terminals in all big cities, will plan a personal package tour for you, with hotel reservations, sightseeing and costs all arranged in advance. For Greyhound information, write to Greyhound Information Center, 105 West Madison Street, Chicago 2, Illinois.

WHEN YOU reach Hollywood, take off your hat, put on your smile and call filmtown home! The minute you step out into the warm sunshine, you'll realize it's the city of big hearts and hospitality as well as glamour and beauty. It's everything you ever dreamed, and more! Yes, movie stars everywhere (Continued on page 64)

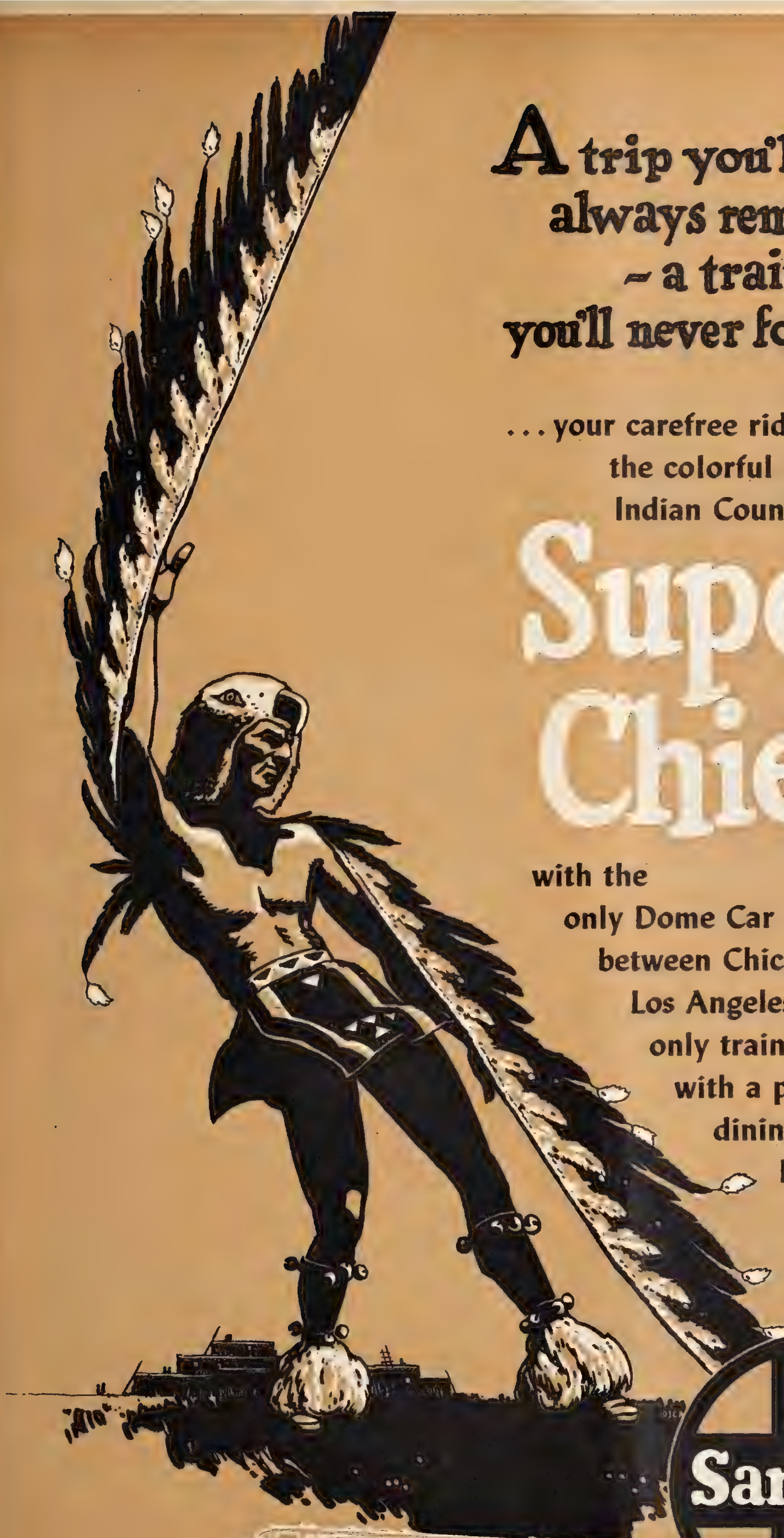
Photos by Dan Wynn

**A trip you'll
always remember
- a train
you'll never forget**

**... your carefree ride through
the colorful Southwest
Indian Country on the**

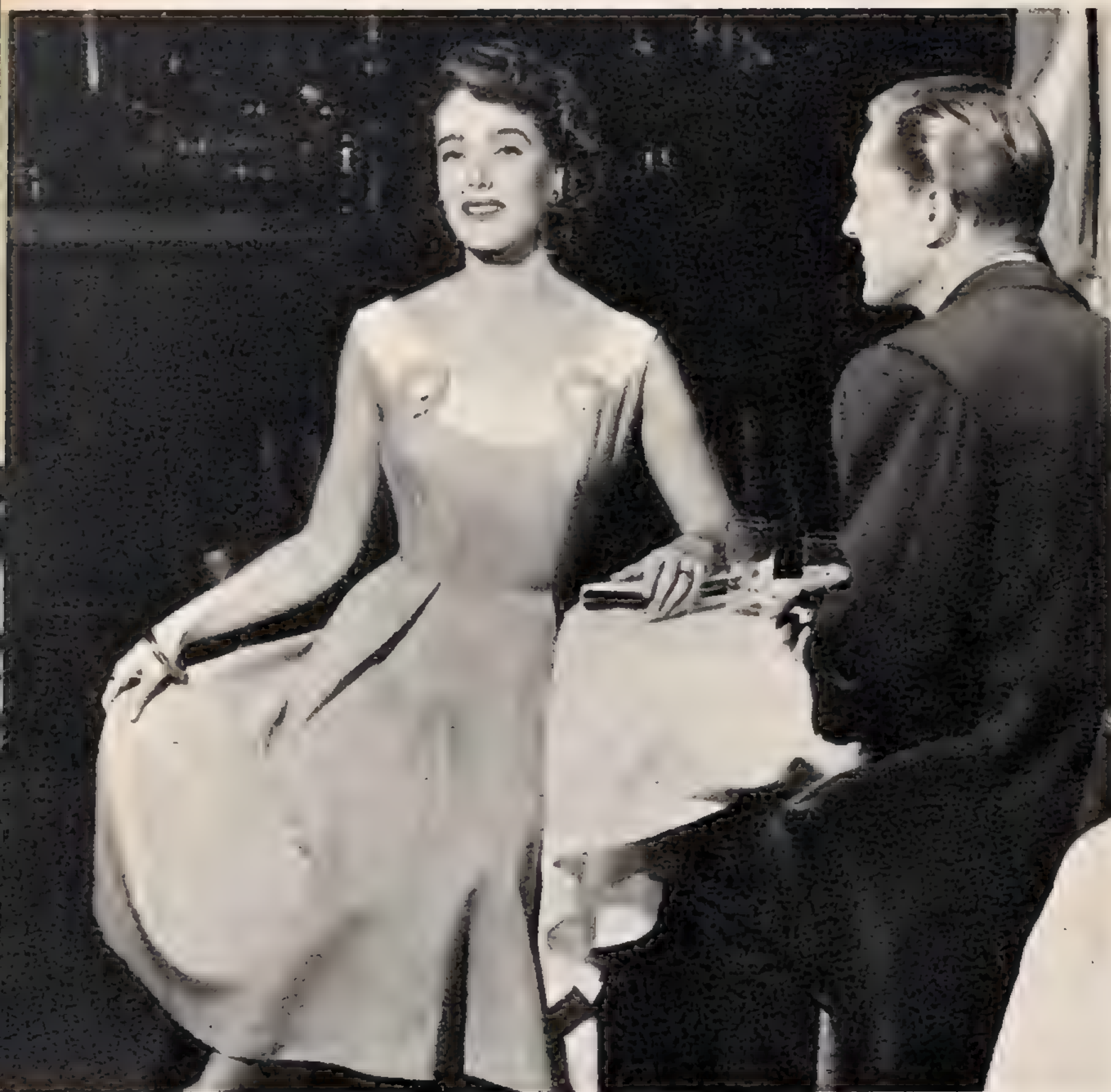
Super Chief

**with the
only Dome Car
between Chicago and
Los Angeles ...
only train in the world
with a private
dining room ...
Daily departures.**



R. T. ANDERSON, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4, Illinois

"HOLIDAY IN HOLLYWOOD"



Julia Adams shows off Wonder-Wardrobe sensation, wearing same dress Ann Blyth wore for travel—this time, for date at Ciro's, sans jacket! She adds pearl bag, Coro jewelry

Dancing at Mocambo, Julia steps out in the glamour version of our Art-Mor playsuit, now with its own skirt and stole. Dawnelle nylon evening gloves. Sibulkin red sandals



(you'll see them in restaurants, hotels, night clubs and even ice cream parlors!) . . . the great movie studios and broadcasting stations. You'll see excitingly beautiful homes and gardens, tropical tree-lined streets . . . beautiful suburbs where the stars live . . . exotic orange groves. You can see and do everything and do it on a limited budget which we're keeping strictly in mind.

VISIT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL, of the fabulous architecture and acoustics, where you can hear symphonies under the stars. Don't miss Hollywood's beautiful stores and the Farmers' Market, with its unbelievable collection of food and fantasy; lunch at any of the four Brown Derby restaurants (the one at 3377 Wilshire Boulevard is the celebrity hangout); stroll through Olvera Street, with its Mexican handicraft shops; tour new China Town and see colorful Singapore Spa with its gorgeous Chinese decor. Don't miss Grauman's Chinese Theater with its celebrity footprints in the cement forecourt. Have cocktails at Ciro's and dine and dance at Mocambo. As if even their names weren't exciting enough, these spots are loaded with atmosphere, great names, food that's practically ambrosia. You'll get more than your fair share of glamour!

YOU'LL STAY, probably, at one of the many fine hotels in the city that are convenient, delightful and inexpensive. Many are complete with pools, shops and restaurants, at prices ranging from about eight dollars to about ten dollars a day for two: the Ambassador, very centrally located; the Hollywood Hotel, the Plaza, the Miramar, and the Beverly Wilshire, in the heart of Beverly Hills, near famous Romanoff's.

FROM HOLLYWOOD, you can easily and inexpensively take in the fabulous places near-by. It's a day's drive through Beverly Hills, Bel-Air, Malibu, Santa Monica, the San Fernando Valley or Red Rock Canyon in the desert. It's overnight to the Monterey Peninsula; about one hundred miles of beautiful driving to celebrated San Juan Capistrano; a morning's drive to Palm Springs; (Continued on page 89)





Photos by Peter Samerjan

Rock Hudson gives Julia that once-over as she visits his movie set. Julia, next in U-P's "The Man From the Alamo," teams Art-Mor red squaw skirt, Cornibert white pique blouse. Sibulkin shoes; patent bag

Wonder-Wardrobe continued on next page



★
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

"HOLIDAY IN
HOLLYWOOD"



photos by Dan Wynn

At Farmers' Market, Anne Francis and hubby, Bam Price, consider basket buying. Casual touring calls for Korday striped denim halter, this time with matching pedal pushers, gold denim hat. Sandler of Boston play shoes with crepe soles, for walking or beach

Making Like a Mermaid on hotel-pool diving board, Anne looks sweet and sexy in Art-Mor cotton playsuit with boned, ruffled bodice. (Julia Adams models it on page 64, wearing its matching skirt for evening.) Glentex scarf. Red travel bag doubles for beach

All clothes shown on this and preceding pages make up the two-week-vacation Photoplay Wonder-Wardrobe. For complete listing of sizes and prices, see next page. For where to buy, see page 88

PHOTOPLAY WONDER-WARDROBE

...for a two-week Hollywood
vacation... **UNDER \$150!**

Travel Outfit

Doris Dodson dress and jacket in Wamsutta
red cotton tweed, white pique trim, 9-17.....under....\$23.00

Korday Separates

Cone multi-striped and solid gold denim:

All-purpose striped jacket, 10-18.....under.... 8.00
Gold denim swing skirt, 10-18.....under.... 6.00
Striped halter top, 10-18.....under.... 4.00
Matching pedal pushers, 10-18.....under.... 4.00
Gold cloche hat, striped brim, S-M-L.....under.... 3.00

Art-Mor Separates

Three-piece Play-Pack in red-and-white print cotton (this in-
cludes strapless one-piece playsuit; matching skirt; matching
reversible stole, lined with solid red) entire outfit, 10-18...under.... 11.00

Three-tier squaw skirt in bright red Fuller no-iron
crinkled cotton Playtone, 10-18.....under.... 6.00

Cornibert Blouse

Sleeveless white pique, 32-38.....under.... 3.00

Richard Englander Hat

Pink strawcloth travel 'n dress hat.....under.... 4.00

A. S. Beck Shoes

Black nylon mesh for travel 'n town.....under.... 7.00

Sibulkin Shoes

Red leather "Rhumba" stripling sandals.....under.... 6.00

Sandler Play Shoes

"Degas" black sandals, crepe wedge sole.....under.... 6.00

Jewelry by Coro

Gold double-bangle bracelet..... 1.20*
Matching gypsy-hoop earrings..... 1.20*

Scarf by Glentex

Red pure silk 18-inch square, with white star-print..... 1.00

Belt by Speyer

All-purpose white elastic cinch with gilt closing..... 1.50

Gloves by Dawnelle

Pink cotton mesh shorties..... 2.00
White nylon 8-button-length evening gloves..... 3.00

Bags

Jay-Bern red plastic calf hassock bag for travel or beach..... 3.00
Licht & Kaplan black patent plastic box bag for town..... 2.00
Pearl clutch bag for evening by F. L. Novelty..... 3.00

Hosiery by Cannon Mills

Two pairs of 60-15 Soft-Glow nylons at \$1.50 pair..... 3.00

du Pont Nylast

The magic-wash that makes your nylons really last; one bottle..... .69

Sunglasses by American Optical

Polaroid with red frames..... 1.49

Camera

Brownie Hawkeye with built-in flash.....about.... 7.20*

Samsonite Luggage

White rawhide plastic 18-inch overnight convertible,
to carry your whole Wonder Wardrobe..... 27.50*

*Tax included

GRAND TOTAL **\$148.78**



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production "Hans Christian Andersen"

The new look in a one piece Laton
Taffeta Lastex swimsuit with bloomer
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Brown, black, blue, shocking, lilac.
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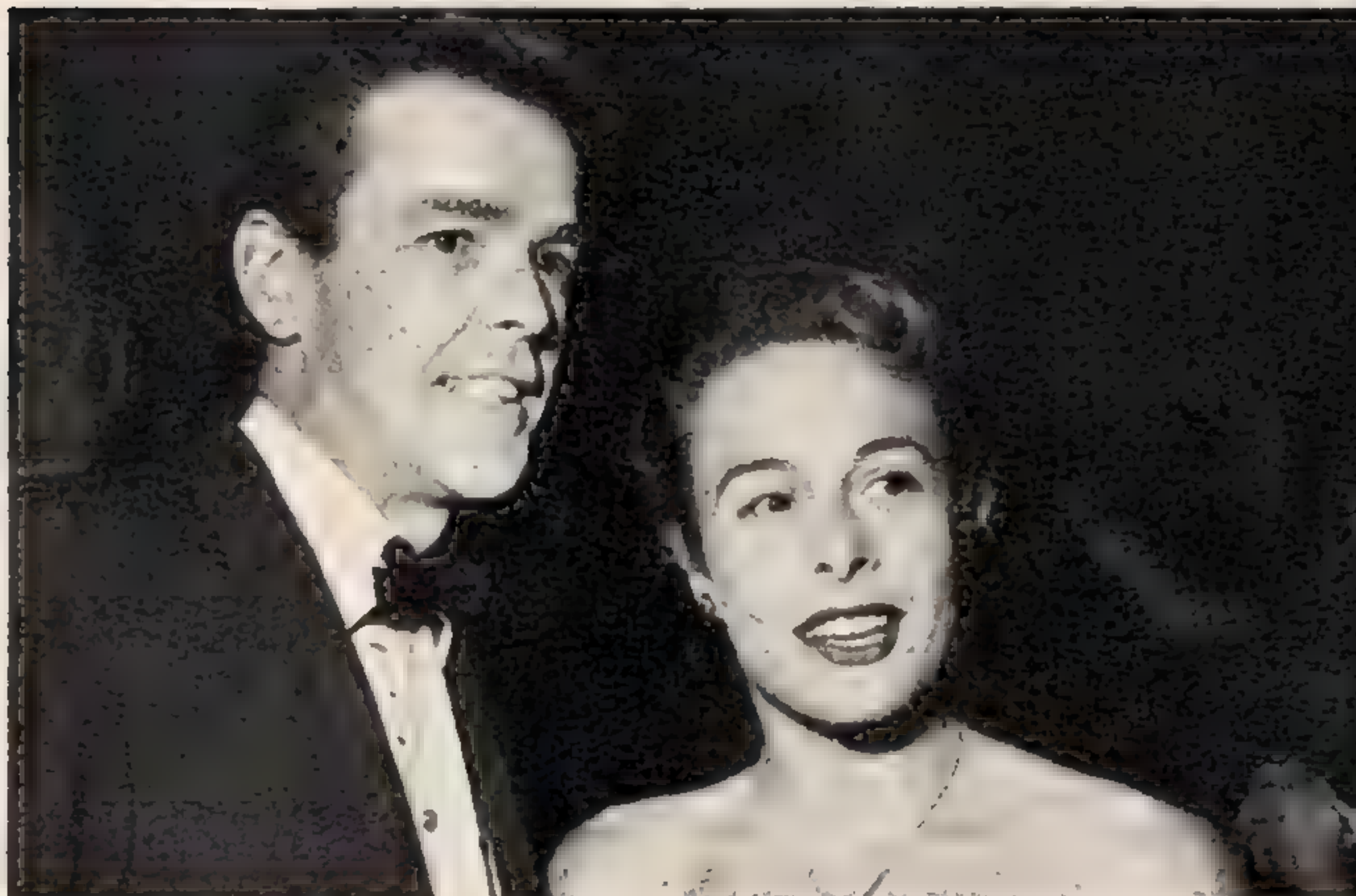


Dick Powell, chinning with June Allyson



Dale Robertson with wife Jacqueline

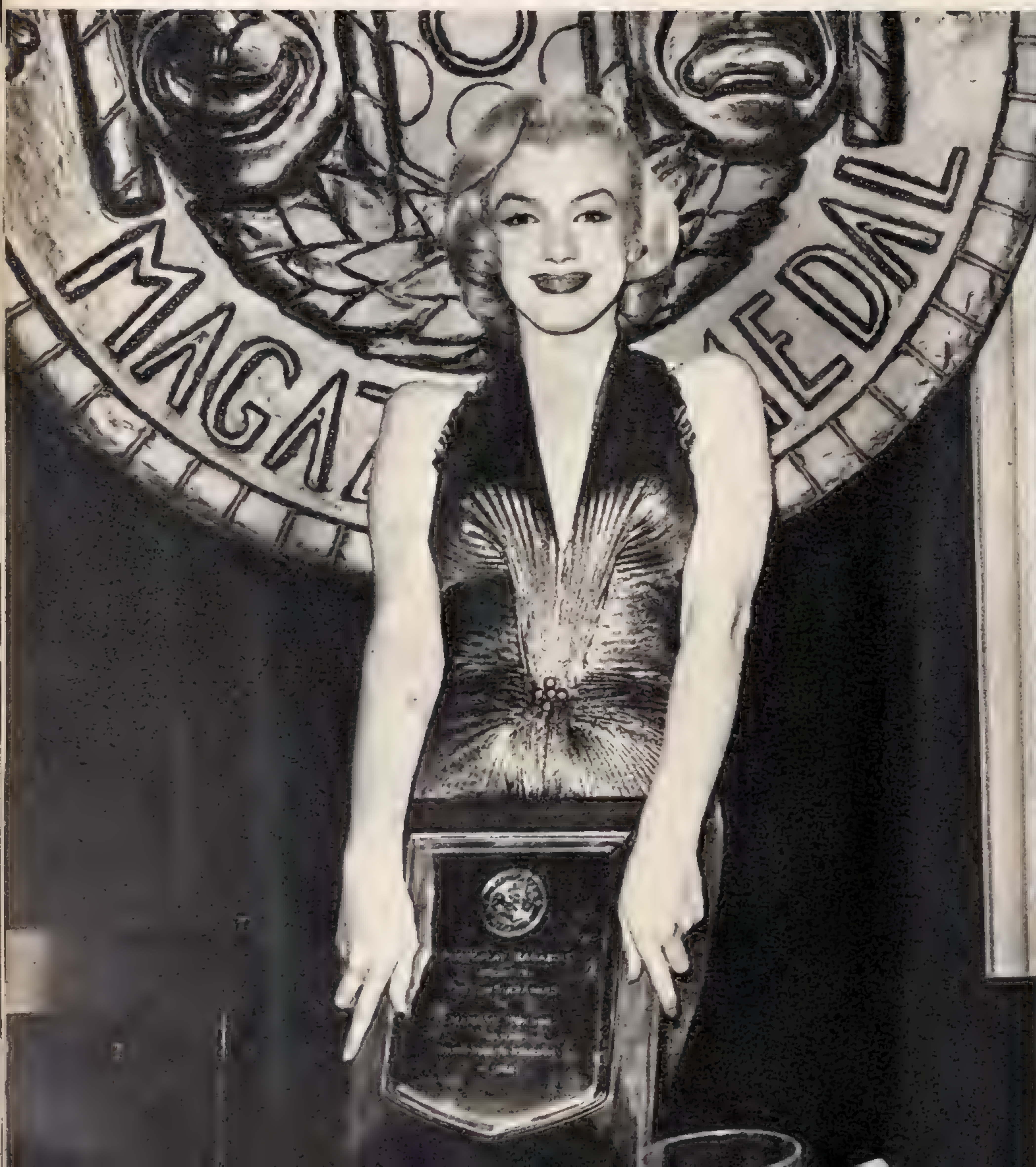
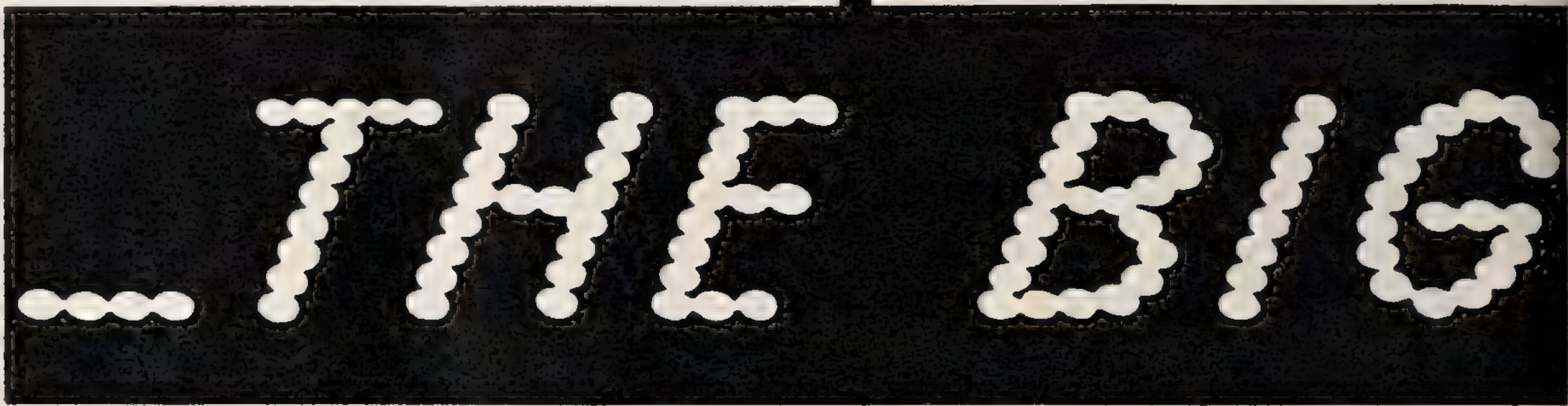
The Crystal Room hummed with excitement as star after star walked in. It was PHOTOPLAY's big night—and the gayest party ever, the stars voted later. This year, the top Gold Medal Awards went to Susan Hayward and Gary Cooper as outstanding performers of 1952 and to "With a Song in My Heart," as top film. Party highlights . . . the pink, ruffled shirt on Gower Champion . . . Darryl Zanuck's touching acceptance of the late Lamar Trotti's Award as producer of top film . . . Paul Douglas's genial emceeing . . . Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who kept the party ball rolling with their crazy goings-on



On their toes—Gower and Marge Champion



Lana Turner came with . . . guess who?



Gold all over! An Award for Marilyn as fastest rising star

Hits: Emcee Paul Douglas and winner Debbie Reynolds, who sang "Singin' in the Rain"



Star gazing: Mitzi Gaynor, Dick Allan



Day dream: Doris, with husband Marty



Jane Wyman and groom Fred Karger



Jean eyes a winner—Stewart Granger



Bob Taylor, another winner, and Ann Blyth



Rory and Lita Calhoun, Lori Nelson

NIGHT THE B.



Winning team: Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis helped make party a "howling" success



Leading lady at party, Susan Hayward, proudly shows Award to proud husband Jess Barker



LOVE SET

Can it last, asks Hollywood? But Ginger and Jacques aren't worrying about the future

• They met in Paris at Maxim's, they romanced in Europe and Hollywood, they were married in a surprise wedding ceremony at Palm Springs in the culmination of the international romance of the year! Naturally enough, despite the quiet ceremony uniting Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac, it was a wedding which sent all the writers of Hollywood hurrying off to their typewriters.

For there are other aspects to

the wedding which pique the interest: it is Ginger's fourth wedding and it is the first for her husband; Ginger is forty-one years old, and Jacques is not yet twenty-six. Will it work out or will it soon go the way of so many Hollywood marriages? Opinions, with the reasons to back them up, are about evenly divided.

It was late last summer, just after she had finished work on "Monkey Business" and "We're Not

Married," that Ginger took off on her European vacation, her first visit to France and Italy. In Paris, in the famed Maxim's restaurant and night spot, Ginger met Jacques—who was, incidentally, the escort of another Hollywood actress, Evelyn Keyes, that evening.

Like all Americans vacationing in Paris for the first time, Ginger had herself a ball—and if she was seen several times in the company of the handsome Jacques, no one

BY EVE FORD

gave the matter more than a passing thought. But when Ginger went on to Italy and Jacques followed her there, tongues began to wag. Then it was noted that Ginger and her friends were trying to persuade Jacques that he would do well to come to Hollywood for a try at American movies. (Although he had had a year's practice as a lawyer, Jacques had previously been in some amateur plays and had studied dramatics in school.)

Ginger returned to Hollywood, and not long afterward, Jacques was in the movie capital, under contract to M-G-M. His photographic tests were excellent and he is perfecting his English for his talkie tests, which are still some months away.

At various times Ginger was seen with Jacques in quiet evening get-togethers, and those who saw them began to think, even the scoffers, that perhaps the romance was for real and not for publicity.

Nevertheless, the wedding of Ginger and Jacques, on Saturday, February 7, came as a surprise to all Hollywood. The date was the "anniversary" of their first meeting six months before. Attendants at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Cerf and Mr. and Mrs. Don Haggerty. Ginger wore a taffeta ensemble she described as "café au lait" in color, while the groom—now known as "Jacky"—wore a gray business suit. After the ceremony, Ginger said that she was naturally thrilled, adding that a real honeymoon would have to wait about six months because they both had movie commitments. Jack said, in English "which I'm still learning," that he hopes then to take Ginger to France to meet his parents.

Of interest to her Hollywood acquaintances is the fact that three of Ginger's four husbands have been named Jack—Jack Culpepper, Jack Briggs and now Jacques Bergerac. The only nonconformist of the quartet is Lew Ayres, Ginger's second husband.

But of greater interest to Hollywood's movie colony is the May-December aspect of the wedding. There have been many marriages in the movie colony wherein the bride was a few years older than the groom. Examples that come to mind at once are the weddings of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rog-
(Continued on next page)

Romantic Places



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NEW YORK CITY, 5 days . . .	27.95
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COLORADO SPRINGS	
5 days, 10 meals . . .	39.65
WASHINGTON, D.C., 3 days . . .	16.95
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Add Greyhound round-trip fare from your city. U.S. Tax extra. Prices subject to change.	



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It took only thirty days for the first million women to discover how "CREAM POWDER" differs from ordinary make-ups that accent lines and pores. How fine and poreless it makes skin look. How long it *clings*! Now, all America is clamoring for this spill-proof blend of "Air-Spun" Face Powder and sheer cream make-up base. How about you?



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EXCITING NEW MUTED SHADES

MUTED COTYROSE • MUTED BEIGE • MUTED SUN • MUTED BRONZE

Love Set

(Continued from preceding page)

ers, Norma Shearer and Marty Arrouge, Greer Garson and Richard Ney, to name only a few. There is, too, the example of Ginger's previous marriage to Jack Briggs, some years her junior. Of course this marriage ended in the divorce courts, as have some of the others in the May-December classification; but for every such marriage which has failed, there is one which has proved happy and lasting.

Marriage counselors and psychiatrists say that in determining the potential success of a marriage it is the emotional age of both bride and groom which is far more important than the chronological age.

Some experts hold that European men mature more rapidly than Americans and that, therefore, Jacky is much nearer Ginger's age than his actual years would indicate. Others point out that if Jacky had followed the usual practice of his countrymen, he would have married a girl somewhat younger than himself.

Still others maintain that with an actress the case is very special anyhow, for actresses are usually far younger in appearance and manner than most women of their years. And no one can deny that Ginger has always been able to hold her own in physical appearance when compared to girls many years her junior. It wasn't too many years ago, for instance, that Ginger masqueraded—and most successfully—as a teenager in "The Major and the Minor." It is an ironic fact, however, that in her most recent picture, "Forever Female," Ginger was playing the role of an aging actress at the very same time she was being romanced by the youthful Jacky.

At any rate, even while all Hollywood is speculating as to the eventual outcome of Ginger's marriage to Jacky, everyone in the movie colony is wishing her well. Ever honest and straightforward, she has always been popular with her co-workers in the movie business. Her honesty itself may be one of the saving factors in her new marriage, for informed marriage counselors state that in weddings in which there is a gap in years between the bride and groom there should never be any lying about the age of either the husband or wife. And Ginger has never tried to pretend that she and Jacky are near the same age.

Hollywood being Hollywood, the career problems of both Ginger and Jacky will undoubtedly have a great effect on the marriage. Whether or not Jacky will succeed in his newly chosen career as a motion picture actor is still problematical. He is just now learning the fundamentals of English—with the loving help of his bride!

As for Ginger's career, it is in full swing again, after a period of inactivity a few years back. Recognized as an able dramatic actress, an Academy Award winner, she is as much at home in musicals and in comedy as she is in a *Kitty Foyle* role. Certainly her career problems do not hold the question mark facing Jacky, as yet untried on the screen.

Probably no one has given more thought to these problems—the difference in age, the difference in nationality, the difference in their careers—than have Ginger and Jacky. For Ginger is a practical girl, much too practical not to have faced these problems before dashing off to Palm Springs to marry her handsome Frenchman. Certainly everyone in Hollywood admires Ginger's courage in reaching out for romance—even those who have grave doubts as to the lasting success of the marriage. And certainly, too, everyone wishes her the best in this marriage which must remain a question-mark for months to come.

THE END

Do Stars Make Good Parents?

(Continued from page 37)

But Bette Davis, for all her storms and tempers, takes her children wherever she goes—to the beach, to England, to New York. The only time she was away from them was during the brief pre-Broadway tour with her stage show, "Two's Company." Little Bee Dee talks like her mother, walks like her mother. And when she grows up, she can never say her mother neglected her or deserted her.

Hedy Lamarr explained to me why she sends her small children to a faraway school in San Francisco while she lives at the Beverly Hills Hotel. "I'm busy and they have better care there." But remember two things. A. Hedy hasn't worked in more than a year; so how can she be so busy? B. There can be no substitute for your own home and mother—unless the mother is a monster or physically ill. Hedy is neither. She's a warm human being. I've heard her blame her own mother for the lack of loving care in her childhood. Isn't she repeating the same sad mistake?

No one can be more devoted to a child than Olivia de Havilland is to her little Benjy. But you can make a child as lonely as a cloud if you make him different. Benjy is different because he has a chauffeur-bodyguard taking him to nursery school and the chauffeur waits outside for the little feller until school is over. Don't be so anxious, Olivia—heaven protects the working girl's son.

When Judy Garland finished at the Palace in New York, she went to Florida with the telephoned understanding that she would return to Hollywood in time for daughter Liza's fifth birthday party. But Judy was tired, the sunshine seductive, and she lingered with Sid Luft in Palm Beach while Liza had her party without Judy. She loves her daughter, but actually Judy has spent more time away from Liza than with her. And after the birth of her second daughter, Judy announced she would leave for a vacation in Florida again. If it's a rest she wants, why not somewhere nearer to Liza?

Rita Hayworth recently returned from several months she'd spent in Europe minus her children. Though she was back in the States for Rebecca's eighth birthday, Rita was held up in New York, and the disappointed child had to celebrate without her mother's help. I never can understand why stars choose to have their fun away from their kids. It's tiring perhaps, but so rewarding to have your children around when you're relaxing on vacation instead of having them see you always working and tense.

I believe if Rita had taken her children with her when she went to Aly in Paris, the reconciliation might have worked. Because Aly adores the little girls, the Aga Khan had specifically wanted to see them, and the family atmosphere might have kept the dashing Prince at home instead of in night clubs. Rita complained she wanted a family life. Then why in heck didn't she take the family instead of leaving them here with a nurse?

During Cornel Wilde's marriage to Pat Knight, his wife came first, daughter Wendy a poor second. Cornel had such a fixation on Pat that I'm told he actually resented a child in the house to share her affections with him. And it is true that Wendy was shunted from relative to relative back east. Even when she was in Hollywood, you'd see her dining out with a governess.

It's different today. Jean Wallace loves children in general, her two boys by Franchot, her young sister and Cornel's

Wendy in particular. Now Cornel realizes that having a child can be fun—and not just a responsibility. He took the entire family along when he went off to French Morocco to work in "Saadia."

I always shudder when Van Johnson refers to Evie's boys by Keenan Wynn as "The Monsters." Sure it's in fun, but is this funny?

Doris Day was singing with Les Petersen's band on tour, so she used to leave son Terry with her mother in Cincinnati. Do you know of many grandmothers who don't spoil their children's children? Terry's grandma was no exception. She came with the boy, who idolized her, to live in Hollywood when Doris clicked in pictures. There could have been family trouble when Terry insisted he would only take orders from Grandma. But Mrs. Kapplehoff is as intelligent as Doris and she took Terry aside—I believe he was over her knee, face down, at the time, and told him—"There's only one boss in this house and that's your mother."

There are two bosses now in Terry's life—maybe pals is a better word—Doris and her husband Marty Melcher.

Joan Fontaine was accused of deserting daughter Debbie when she went to Europe and the little girl lived with her father in New York. But I know better than that. I know that one of the reasons Joan married Collier Young was that she could go to Bill Dozier and say, "Now I have a real home to offer Debbie and I'd like her back." Joan has been a good mother to Martita, the little Mexican girl she adopted so that Debbie could have a sister. I hope she'll be allowed to raise them together.

How could Frank Sinatra leave those three cute kids of his? For the same reason that Ingrid left hers, I suppose. The irresistible force drawing him away was stronger than his feelings as a parent. Young Frankie has all his old man's charm, and the little girls are adorable. When Frankie is here, he sees them all the time. But he'll have to come up with some good answers when his children are old enough to ask the questions.

It's ironic and sad that Ava Gardner, who wants children so badly, is still without them although married three times. She's good to Frankie's children, but she'll have to be very good to keep their respect and love when they know some of those answers. Because I can still hear the now-grown-up son of a producer annihilating his father verbally, when he learned for the first time that he had preferred a well-known actress to his wife and children.

It's supposed to be cute that the James Masons make their small daughter Porty live their life, instead of the usual routine for infants and children. If they're having a party, Porty can stay up as long as they do. Then she sleeps till noon. Pamela started a hand-picked nursery school because "Porty found the other children terribly dull." And do you remember when Porty was tossed in the pool when she was three months old or thereabouts and learned to swim the hard way? The photos were real pretty. But there was a sequel. When the child was old enough to show what she really wanted to do, she wouldn't come near the pool.

I'm always skeptical when I see mother and daughter in identical dresses. Who's it for—the mother or the daughter? I get the feeling the adult is feeding her ego at the little one's expense. You see it a lot in Hollywood. It makes a nice combo for the photographers. But one movie

star's daughter—and she'll be nameless for her sake, not her mother's—told me she suffered a loss of identity when her mother wore the identical dress. "She looked so beautiful in hers; I was all arms and legs in mine." There are more ways of deserting a child than by leaving her.

Jane Wyman is smart enough to keep her daughter out of the spotlight, except on rare occasions when she takes her to a premiere of one of her own pictures. But I wonder if she knows that Maureen had a tough time when she first sent her to that fashionable boarding school in Palos Verdes. Something like Ty Power had in the Marines. "So you think you can have anything because you're a movie star?"

And that brings me to John Barrymore, Jr.'s schooldays in a private seminary in Pomona. "The head master hated movie people, and I finally ran away when he beat me up." "But didn't you tell your family?" I asked John, shocked. "They were too busy doing whatever it was they were doing," said John bitterly.

Glenn Ford's a swell feller, but I sometimes wonder if he *has* to accept so many pictures out of the country, which means being away six months from son Pee Dee. Eleanor was supposed to go down to Mexico this last time. But she wouldn't disrupt the boy's school schedule.

Of course, to be with your kids all the time can be a little overwhelming. I know, I've got two. But it pays off to grow up *with* them as well as for them. And no one knows it better than Mel Ferrer. Just before he took off for Morocco and "Saadia," he told me, "I feel like I'm running out on them. But with all the fighting over there I don't think it's safe. I'll send for them when I make 'King Arthur' in England."

I don't believe anyone in Hollywood loves her children more than Betty Hutton. And it must have been terribly hard for her to leave them behind when she went to London to appear at the Palladium and then tour the provinces. But she was gone ten weeks—a long time for two little darlings like Lindsay and Candy to be without their mother.

Now, take Shirley Temple who gave up her career entirely to be a wife and mother. Of course, Shirley retired with a fortune which Betty can't amass in this tax-heavy era. But my point is, she didn't have to go to the Palladium and to Glasgow and to Dublin—unless the force that drives her is stronger than her strong love for her children. She's given them everything she can, heaven knows—their rooms are dainty boudoirs fit for two princesses. I guess it's a price you pay for living today. In the good old, bad old days the kids were packed with the trunks and breathed stale, dressing-room air and caught colds in draughty trains—but somehow managed to come through to be the Betty Huttons and Judy Garlands of today.

Togetherness in families does pay off! Look at the happiness in homes like the William Holdens' and the Roy Rogers'. In these homes, the well-being of the kids is Number One on the agenda. Roy and Dale sometimes have twenty kids—all ages—in their backyard.

The Holdens rushed back ahead of schedule from the longed-for European jaunt last summer, they were so homesick for the kids. Bill, when he isn't working, always takes Brenda's daughter by her previous marriage to school, drives her to dancing lessons, makes her feel a hundred per cent wanted.

And that, in my dictionary, spells the opposite of deserted.

THE END

Lamas and His Loves

(Continued from page 34)

Their interlocutory divorce decree now in effect—it will be final next August—Fernando and his ex-wife, Lydia, have become good friends once more.

"We are civilized people," he said. "We don't have to hate each other.

"We were married for six years, and it didn't work. I couldn't tell you it was her fault, my fault . . . it was nobody's fault . . . but some neutral force. We started arguing. Why? Why—that's the important word *Why* did it."

But it is over, and for good.

With his five-year-old daughter, Alexandria, now in kindergarten in Beverly Hills, Fernando says he has a "beautiful relationship—even better than before.

"I worried," he said, "about what happens to a child when a divorce comes along. A child needs a father, especially a girl child. And Alexandria has one. She is with me every Sunday—I let nothing else interfere. We make every minute count. We talk . . . I *pay attention*. I have to make up for all the other hours. Never once—in our Sundays—do I say 'Go away,' 'Please leave me alone!' It is good.

"You know," he said after a moment. "I have a tremendous faith in God, thank God. The whole show is run by Him. We wouldn't know how ourselves.

"'Help yourself,' God says, 'and I'll help you. Push a little bit, try to get places, and *learn* every experience you have you learn something new, and as long as you learn that's *good*—even if you make mistakes. But never make the same mistake twice! If you do that, you are on your own. You are responsible."

"Not much to ask, is it? Just don't make the same mistake twice!"

Fernando's mistakes? His tumultuous romance with Lana Turner—which had ended almost violently in the packed and curious atmosphere of Marion Davies' party—was *that* a mistake?

All the Hollywood columnists chronicled the story—how deeply Lana and Fernando were in love, how they would marry shortly after their respective divorces. There were stories of Lana's bitter protests when her name was coupled with anyone's except Fernando's, and their warm love scenes in "The Merry Widow" seemed to bear out all the stories. Fernando even refused a role in "Sombrero" and went on suspension, rather than go to Mexico and be parted from Lana.

But shortly afterward, when Lana went to Lake Tahoe to divorce Bob Topping, Fernando went into the film, "The Girl Who Had Everything," with Liz Taylor—and this was just when everyone was predicting he would follow Lana! Instead, Fernando settled down to serious attention to his career, took daily dramatic lessons at the studio, following his role in "The Girl Who Had Everything" with a starring role opposite Esther Williams in "Dangerous When Wet."

Then, with Lana's return to Hollywood, came the public break. Fernando was reported to have said he was not interested in marriage; this he has denied, saying that instead he said he could not consider marriage until his divorce becomes final in August. He still maintained that as performers in "Latin Lovers," he and Lana could have pretended they were lovers.

But Ricardo Montalban replaced Fernando in Lana's picture, "Latin Lovers." When queried at the time about the change, Fernando said he didn't know why the substitution had been made. "I don't know. I was simply notified that I was out."

Had the whole tempestuous love affair been a mistake? "How can one know?"

asks Fernando. "How can one ever be sure?"

"I'm just an ordinary man, with ordinary defects, ordinary faults. I am human, thank God. I suffer. I love. I can love. And I can hate.

"How can you love if you can't hate? It all comes from the same center. It goes this way—or that way. But it never stays the same—unless, of course, you are a phony.

"If you *like*, you must dislike . . . unless you are a phony."

But Fernando was no phony, just an ordinary man, as he had said, and look what had happened in the last three years!

"About Lana I have nothing to say," Fernando said, without flinching. "Because there is nothing. It is over.

"You read a good book," he added after a moment, "a beautiful book. You come to the end. You close it. That's it. The *end*."

Whatever happened in the last angry chapter—and the versions of it vary—it was the end—for Fernando and Lana.

And Fernando and Arlene? What of that new book?

How, people have wondered, was Fernando emotionally able to make the switch—off with the old love, on with the new—so effortlessly. Is it essential for him always to have a woman by his side? Is it the strength of a woman he needs? Or a woman's beauty?

And could it have been just any woman—any graceful and beautiful star? Or is there a deep and important reason—a really vibrant love this time—that made him turn to Arlene so quickly after his romance with Lana came to an end?

To set the record straight: Fernando and Arlene had known each other, long before the Lamas-Turner romance began. Arlene had worked with him on his very first screen test for M-G-M. But at that time, Arlene and Lex Barker were still married—happily, as far as the world could tell. And if Fernando's marriage to Lydia was already beginning to strain at the seams, no one knew about it—nor, for that matter, would anyone have cared if he did know. For Fernando, then, had still made hardly a ripple on the Hollywood scene.

But by the time he was cast opposite Lana in "The Merry Widow," the story had changed. Fernando was definitely a personality—in many ways, *the* man of the hour. And it was natural for him to

gravitate toward his exciting leading lady.

And, it seemed equally natural for him, afterwards, to turn to the lovely Arlene, who had remembered him warmly from the days before Hollywood scarcely knew he existed . . . and who could bring him the feminine excitement his life demands.

But will this Dahl-Lamas book come to an end at the altar?

"I cannot answer that specifically, but in general I will tell you," Fernando leveled. "I am the kind of guy . . . When I feel something, I act. I am impulsive. Whatever we feel in our family, we feel strongly. So . . . If I could think about marriage right now, you can say, I would be married in a week. But I cannot think about marriage . . . at least until August."

Arlene had been in Palm Springs the week before . . . so had Fernando.

"In Palm Springs, you can touch the stars," he remembered. "We touched a few."

Arlene had arranged a party at the Racquet Club to celebrate Fernando's birthday.

"A few good friends came. They brought a cake, presents. The band played that birthday song and I got very embarrassed."

He looked up, laughing. "It's not true," he said. "I say so, but I wasn't really embarrassed."

Fernando does not embarrass easily.

Arlene was back on the set by now; tiny waist, lovely shoulders revealed by a deep décolletage, her dancing feet concealed beneath billowing hoop-skirted ivory satin. The dancing rehearsal proceeded.

Fernando made a mistake, and Arlene giggled.

"You must not laugh," he chided her, winking. "This is a serious thing we are doing here." He appealed to the onlookers. "I may forget to remember," he said, "if Miss Dahl laughs at me."

"I'll practice with you tonight," Arlene suggested.

"Tonight!" Fernando shrieked, and then laughed. "Reminds me of the columnist who said to me 'What do you do week-ends?' 'Play tennis,' I said. 'Play *tennis*!' he howled. Well, I do."

They finished the dance at last.

"We'll go on the road as a dance team," Fernando grinned at Arlene, "a very broken-down dance team. Can't you just see the names in lights: Arlene and Fernando!"

Arlene disappeared again, to change back to street clothes, and Fernando looked after her fondly.

"You know," he said, "I've been very lucky in my life—at least these last three, four years.

"Sure there have been obstacles, but somehow I got past them. And good things happened too, circumstantially."

He sat silently for a moment, apparently far away in some day dream or other. And then he said:

"I was a lonely little boy. My father died when I was one and my mother when I was four. It was not good. But even then, I kept thinking, for all this pain, God will make some compensation. The present was sad, but I had faith in the future.

"Plan, I told myself. You have to pave the road before you can walk on it . . . plan, but don't worry. Everything will happen in good time, and for a good reason.

"And see?"

See what had happened.

"I would go through it all again," Fernando said, "forget the bad, concentrate on the good.

"I've done all right for a little boy with no father, no mother. For life lies ahead of us.

"I love life . . . thank God." THE END

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Why the Stewart Granger Marriage Won't Fail

(Continued from page 57)

British and Hollywood films—rows with scriptwriters over suggested alterations, with cameramen over the quality of a shot, and with directors over their approach to a subject. Jimmy is sharply and outspokenly critical—but of himself as well as others, which is rare in movies.

In 1939, war broke out and Jimmy joined the Army, only to be invalided out in 1942 with a duodenal ulcer.

Released from the doctors and psychiatrists, who had tried to remove both the ulcer and the fundamental cause, a rather unsure Jimmy took a small part in the film, "The Man in Gray," for Gaumont-British-Gainsborough films. He was instantly recognized as star material. Film offers rolled in. Jimmy's confidence grew. Now was the time, said the studio cynics, to watch out for a rapid expansion of the ego, a swelling of the head and a throwing about of the weight; for in no time at all Jimmy, handsomer than ever, was being billed as "The Torso" and "Heart-Throb."

Well, Jimmy has his vanity, like any other actor or, for that matter, any other man. But, if ever he threw his weight about, it was on somebody else's behalf. He's been known to bawl out an executive for bullying an underling, and tick off, in terms as colorful as they were uninhibited, a director for too familiar treatment of some young actress who was too timid to slap down the man on whom her job depended. There is a strongly protective streak in Jimmy Granger.

When he first met Jean Simmons, she was a child of fourteen, as innocent and pretty as a flower; she had been given a tiny part in "Caesar and Cleopatra," in which Jimmy was to display that magnificent torso of his to the full. Jean, who naively admitted she had never read anything written by Mr. Shakespeare, was clearly awed by Jimmy, always referred to him, in hushed tones, as "Mr. Granger!"

Jimmy, who at that time had no interest in Jean except a fatherly one, viewed the fabulous Gabriel Pascal with horror and suspicion when he saw the elderly director parading this sweet, laughing little girl as his protégée, and leading her about the set on a camel! He hated to think the child's head might be turned, her future affected, by Pascal's attentions. And he showed it. But a crisis was avoided when the camel bit Pascal!

By this time, Jimmy Granger was in the big money. He could have anything he wanted—and he wanted only the best. He bought a beautiful country house, The Watchers, in Hazlemere with sixteen acres of gardens. The old house, where he and Elspeth loved to entertain, was magnificently furnished.

It was at The Watchers that the couple's second child was born and there too, alas, that the marriage began to go to pieces. Whose fault? It's hard to say—except that they grew apart from each other as couples do. The fact that Elspeth is considerably older than Jimmy was certainly a factor.

After the divorce, Jimmy moved to a handsomely equipped bachelor flat, in Kensington Gore (one of the most select residential districts in London). He was unhappy and restless. His home was broken up. His wife and children were living nearby, but he only saw the children on Sundays.

To occupy himself when not filming, he started collecting French Impressionist paintings and Chinese porcelain. He was at every boxing match in London, usually with his best friend, Michael Wilding. They bought and shared a yacht.

You may wonder why Jimmy did not, at that time, start looking around for a second wife, or, in any case choose a girlfriend from among the many beautiful and sophisticated women he knew. Well, strange as it may seem in such a handsome man, Jimmy is not particularly interested in women. He has never been one to indulge in promiscuous affairs. He enjoys the company of women, but if they flaunt their sex-appeal too blatantly, he loses interest. It is not only that he puts his career before all things in his life, it is because he values love above sex.

Jimmy has always been a devoted son to his charming mother. He adores his two children and there is no doubt that he is a tender and protective husband to Jean.

Yet crepehangers say that the disparity in their ages augurs unfavorably for the success of their marriage. And they point out that there is a marked disparity in their backgrounds and outlook, as well.

Jean is the youngest of four children born to a middle-class family. Jean's folks are simple people, and Jean was brought up in simple circumstances. Because of her great affection for her mother and her limited experience of life, she had no urge to change the pattern, until film fame and her friends persuaded her to take a flat of her own when she was twenty-one.

Jimmy was educated at Epsom College, but Jean had little in the way of formal education. She was at a day school for girls at Edgware, a suburb of London, until war broke out. Then, in common with many other London children, she was evacuated to Somerset, out of the danger of bombing raids. Jean was so miserable away from her family that in 1942 they brought her back to London.

Until she went to Somerset, Jean's great ambition was to "sail right round the world in a small boat." When she returned, she had decided that she would leave sailing to the boys and be a dancer!

Her mother sent her to the Aida Foster school to study dancing. Since dramatic art was part of the course, Jean planned to take that too. But she had only been at the school two weeks when Gainsborough Studios asked for a little girl to play Margaret Lockwood's sister in "Give Us the Moon." Jean was tested and got the part. She was twelve years old then, and hailed as a natural-born actress.

Within the next two years she appeared in six films (including the famous "Caesar and Cleopatra")—and in 1946, she scored an immense success as the young Estella in "Great Expectations." So enchanting was her performance, that Valerie Hobson, playing Estella grown up, was entirely over-shadowed.

The British film industry exulted over and exploited the wonder child. Film followed film in rapid succession (four in 1947) and in 1948, she became literally world-famous for her *Ophelia* in Sir Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet."

J. Arthur Rank, to whom she was under contract, realized he had a valuable property in Jean, and over-worked her accordingly. There was no time to live or to grow up—and some of the films of that period were not worth the sacrifice.

"Adam and Evelyn," however *was*, for there, with a fluttering heart, she played *opposite* Jimmy Granger. Their roles in this picture were oddly significant: She played a very young, unworldly girl, while he appeared as her early-middle-aged, sophisticated guardian whose protective feeling developed into something more when he realized she loved him.

Little Jean had had a hard time just before this film was made, and Jimmy wanted to make things as pleasant for her as possible. That she should adore him in return was girlishly natural and must have been infinitely appealing to him.

Jimmy admired Jean as an actress, too, and this admiration led to a near disaster. After a four-year absence from the stage, Jimmy decided to return in a gloomy Tolstoy play, "The Power of Darkness," and he wanted Jean to appear in it with him. Her studio gave permission. Poor Jimmy! He had not realized that his own acting ability, acquired through hard work in the theatre, was something entirely different from Jean's unschooled talent.

The first night was misery for Jean. She had never appeared on a stage before and was too terrified to act. The audience was hostile. Jean burst into tears, and in full view of the audience Jimmy put his arms around her and kissed her, trying, in his own genuine distress, to comfort her. His attitude seemed that of a grown-up toward a child. Yet it was this little girl he married eighteen months later.

When Jimmy went to Hollywood, he made it clear that he'd like Jean to come over too. He knew it would be good for her career—and to Jimmy that seemed the most important thing in the world. She, however, considered *him* the most important thing. But screen commitments kept her in England.

On her twenty-first birthday, in January 1950, starry-eyed young Jean hoped tremulously that Jimmy would arrive from America to share in the celebrations. She had been given "what I've wanted all my life," a boxer puppy, and she had taken a small flat for herself. The flat was a little pathetic, for she had no idea of how to furnish it. A bed, a couple of chairs and a small table stood on an uncarpeted floor—but Jean was as pleased with it as a child with a new doll's house.

Jimmy could not make the party, and Jean, like a tired and disappointed little girl, fled from the guests in tears to be petted and consoled by her beloved mother.

Jimmy's absence was unavoidable, but he felt wretched at having upset Jean. Gently, and quietly, she had become an important part of his life. He proposed soon after, and they were married the following December. More and more, Jean turned to him for advice and help, ignoring the critics who said this marriage could not last. For he was her first love and could do no wrong. And when the opportunity came to play with him again, in "Young Bess," Jean's happiness knew no bounds.

But what of the future of this marriage? Hollywood has given Jean Simmons the appearance of sophistication. But behind the facade, she is still very young. Still very vulnerable. And as long as she remains so, Jimmy, nearly twenty years her senior, will not leave her.

One day, however, Jean will grow up, find the place her talents must surely make for her among the top stars. When she does, Jean may discover that a submissive, adoring love is not enough. And friends believe that, if that day should ever come, Jimmy, an experienced, cultured man of the world, will give her her freedom—not because he does not love her or because he will feel their marriage had failed. But because she will no longer need his protective kind of love. He wants Jean to know the greatest possible fulfillment as a woman—the complete happiness that comes with a love and marriage based on mutual sharing and understanding. THE END

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INSIDE STUFF

continued from page 33

Exciting news that the Ty Powers are expecting a second baby and *not* contemplating a separation, as rumored . . . And equally exciting—that Esther Williams and Ben Gage have announced that they're expecting a third child—due in September . . . Good news for Hollywood that Jerry Lewis didn't have that knee operation following his motor-scooter accident and hysterically-happy news for the nurses that the famous comedian was dismissed by the hospital with instructions to be sure to take his water pistol with him.

Hollywood is Shocked By: Those "inside" stories making the rounds of a famous singing star's relationship with her mother, who died recently . . . An unqualified rumor that a top dramatic star is remaining in Europe until she completely recovers from plastic surgery that backfired . . . The prediction by an internationally known astrologer that one of the town's top glamour girls would be the victim of death by her own hand—before the end of the year 1953.

Just for Laughs: At the breakfast table the morning after Humphrey Bogart won an Oscar, he kiddingly cracked to his young son, "From now on please refer to me as Mister Bogart." Since then little Stephen calls his daddy—Mister! . . . Uncle Milt said it: "If brides are all so beautiful—then where do we get all those ugly



The Ty Powers are multiplying, not dividing—announce second baby's on way

wives?" . . . The night Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz became the proud parents of Desiderio Alberto Arnaz, the 4th, Red Skelton sent this message: "There's a rumor going around that you had a baby. Why wasn't it publicized?"

Boy Meets Girl: Early in the month it was Terry Moore and Britisher Laurence Harvey. Then it was Terry Moore and Hugh O'Brian proving that it takes two to tango—with no music yet! Flash, Terry Moore dating and dancing at Ciro's with golfer Al Besselink! Wheew! . . . There's a new Richard in Mitzi Gaynor's life (the last one was Coyle) and his name is Rich-



A gag message to Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz from their comic pal Red Skelton

ard Allan. Although he made love to Marilyn Monroe in "Niagara," Ava Gardner in "Snows of Kilimanjaro," off-screen he likes Mitzi's brand best . . . Remember a few months back when Cal printed that Robert Wagner hoped someone would give him Lori Nelson's telephone number? Well, a kind pal read it here and Bob celebrated his first date with Lori by taking her to PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Award party . . . Alexis Smith just looks skeptical when asked about a possible reconciliation with handsome Craig Stevens, who beams with optimism when the same question is put to him. In the meantime, they live under the same roof when he is in town and devoted friends wish their friendship would ripen into love again.

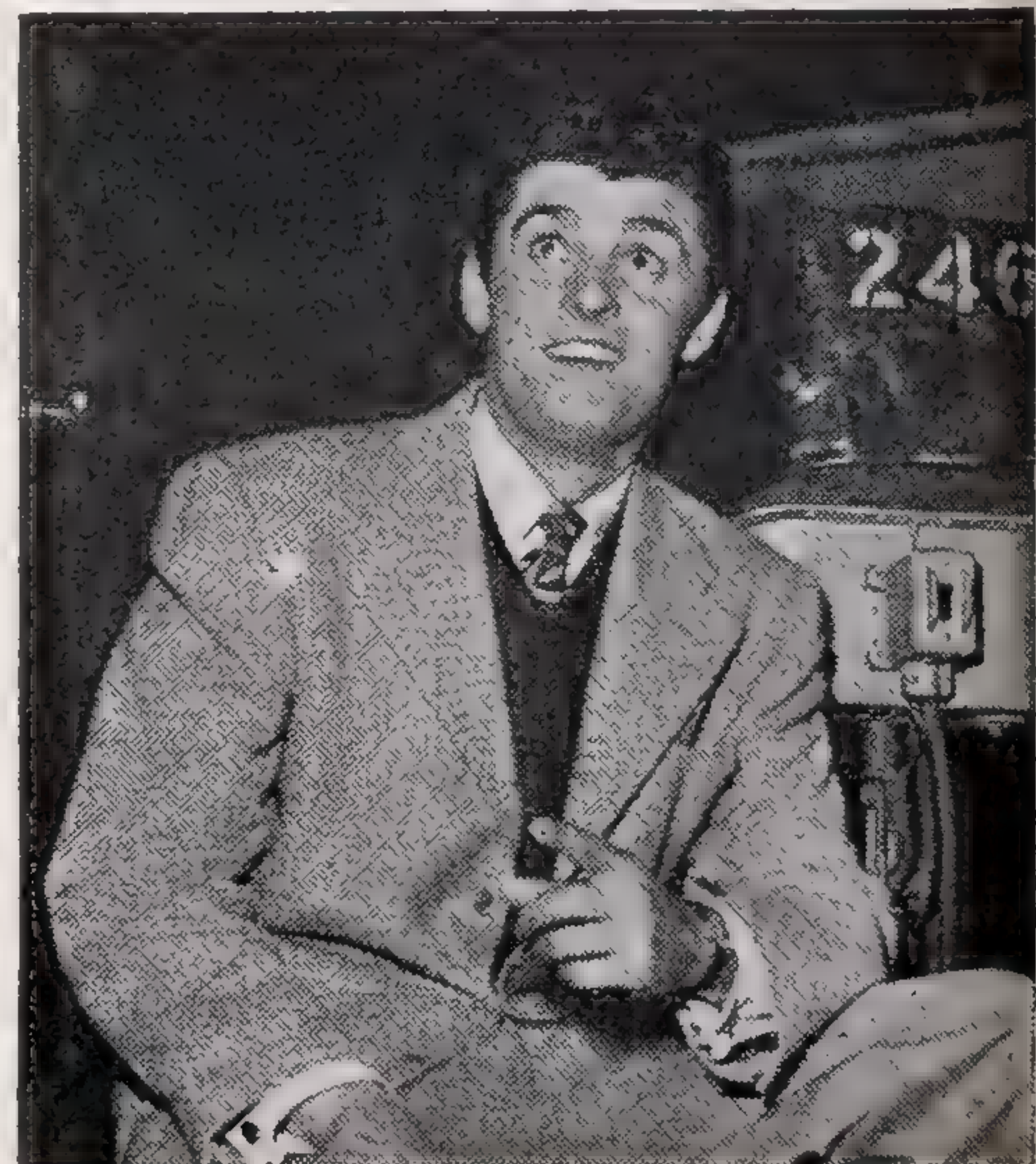
Credit Department: Peggy Lee did *not* get the role that Doris Day wanted in "The Jazz Singer." Director Mike Curtiz who discovered Doris for pictures, offered it to her first and was hurt when she turned it down . . . Ava Gardner did *not* blow her beautiful top when Frank Sinatra signed to play the stockaded GI in "From Here to Eternity." Ava insisted that he test for it . . . Ursula Thiess did *not* give Robert Taylor his walking papers when he dinner-dated Barbara Stanwyck the night before she left for Mexico to make "Blowing Wild." The truth is, Ursula encouraged it and she's devoted to Bob!

In the Works: "Split Second" now filming at RKO studios, will open up a new

career for Dick Powell as director, something he has long wanted. Under Dick's direction, co-stars Jan Sterling, Alexis Smith and Keith Andes are turning in remarkably fine performances.

For Art's Sake: No one was allowed to wear make-up in "Fame and Fortune" and Spencer Tracy especially was a bit uneasy! . . . Don't you love this? Vincent Price was ordered to eat his lunch in his dressing room, because his make-up for "House of Wax" is so hideous—he took away the appetites of visitors in the studio commissary! . . . Inserting contact lenses to make Keefe Brasselle's eyes look dark for "Eddie Cantor" is such delicate business, they post a guard outside his dressing room door during the operation, to prevent anyone from knocking. . . . Even the wizardry of top cameramen couldn't disguise Elizabeth Taylor's added weight which she acquired during pregnancy. Ann Blyth replaces her in "All the Brothers Were Valiant" but lovely Liz will be her old sylph-like self in plenty of time to start shooting "Rhapsody."

Unconfirmed Rumors: That Lex Barker will follow Lana Turner to Europe—object, marriage . . . That Marilyn Monroe is five years older than her publicized age . . . That Rosemary Clooney is secretly married to José Ferrer—she couldn't be because he isn't legally free yet . . . That Dale Robertson hasn't found happiness in the spotlight of a Hollywood career and threatens to retire to his ranch in Oklahoma . . . That the Kirk Douglas-Pier Angeli romance was all publicity and never serious . . . That Van Johnson is taking instruction in another religion . . . That the box-office draw of Danny Thomas is disappointing (Continued on page 80)



Studio has two good reasons for posting a guard outside Keefe Brasselle's door!

sea nymph *glamour suits*

when
looks
count
most



There's something about a Sea Nymph that makes any body more beautiful! Swimming or sunning, this regal Princesse suit with cuff plunge collar rates raves. You'll love the exciting French Riviera colors in figure-molding lastex faille. Sizes 32 to 38.

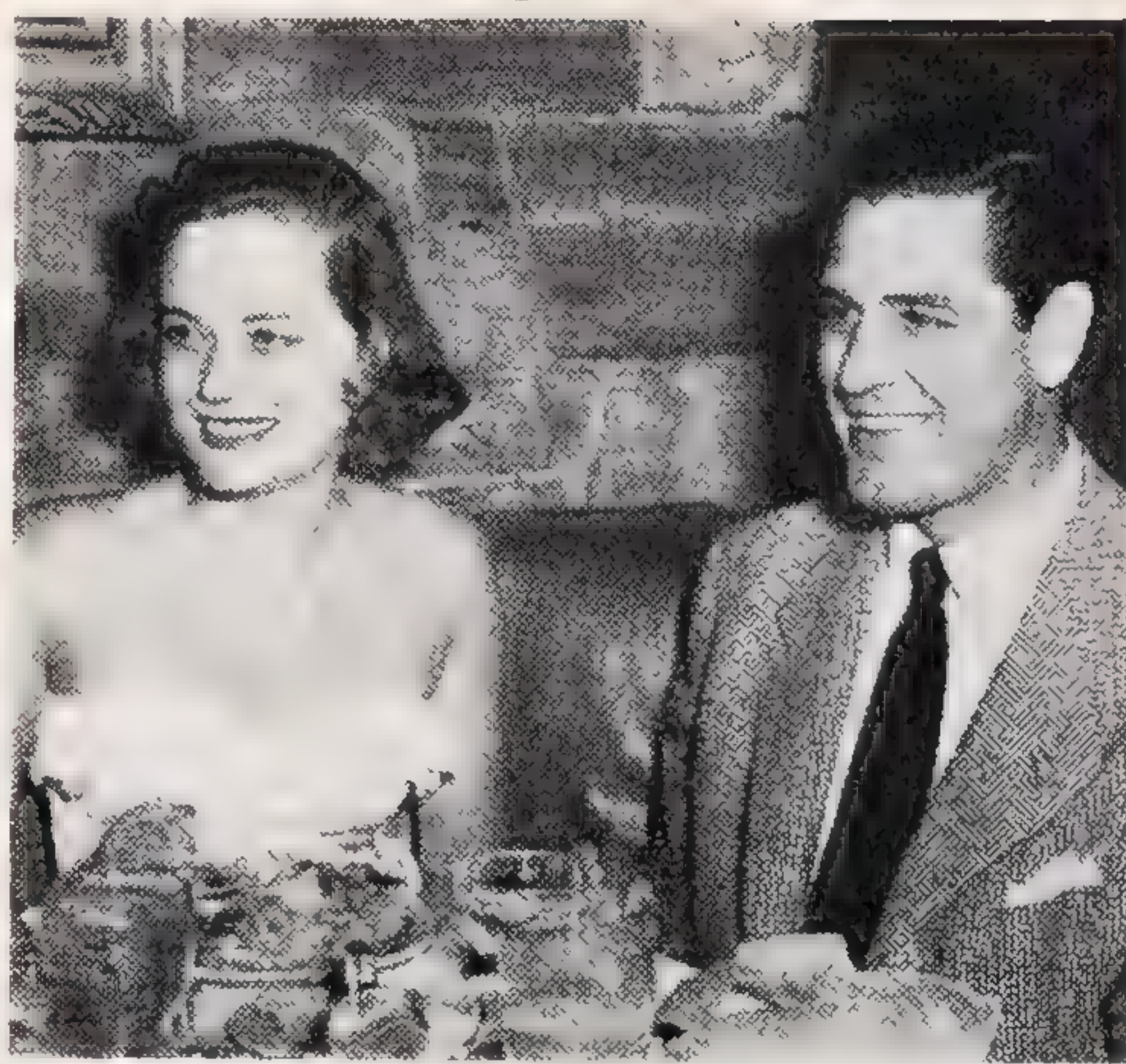
Buy two or three at this happy price. **about \$9.**

Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Sea Nymph glamour suits come in Juniors, too! Sizes 9 to 15

at better stores everywhere, or write Terry Alden,
JORDAN manufacturing corp., 1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.
Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal

continued from page 78



Reconciliation for Craig and Alexis? That depends on who you're talking to!

his studio . . . That Leslie Caron is so stork-minded, she baby sits with Jane Powell's newest addition—in the hopes it will change her luck! . . . That Piper Laurie is threatening to sue because a publication referred to her as an “unnatural” redhead.

Our Town: There wasn't a cheering section the day Mark Stevens left Hollywood for New York and the stage production of “Mid-Summer.” In fact, he hadn't been offered a worthy acting job in months. All it took was a great performance and Walter Winchell's Sunday night eulogy over the networks. Amongst other studios, Twentieth (who let him go!) is now trying to sign Mark to an exclusive contract.

A Foreign Affair: Not that we're surprised, but the Alan Ladds made such a hit with the staff of the Excelsior Hotel in Rome, they all chipped in and bought the Ladds a farewell present. . . . The Ray Millands write from Villars, Switzerland: “We ride around this quaint village in a horse-drawn, bright red sleigh, under a huge fur lap robe. It's just like in the movies!” . . . Here are two first-hand reports, take your pick: Spy number one, who saw Gene Tierney with Aly Khan in Paris, says she never looked so radiantly happy. Spy number two reports that Gene has never looked more bored!

Truth And Consequences: Like Ann Sheridan, everyone who knew the genial, warm-hearted Steve Hannagan loved the big-time publicity man. His sudden death in Africa on a business trip, was a great shock to Ann—who wasn't exactly comforted by the false reporting. They were devoted for years, but the main barrier between them was *distance*—and *not* religion. Ann wasn't changing hers and Steve was ready to marry her every time he flew out to Hollywood. Marriage meant giving up her career and settling down to

a life of domesticity in New York. Ann just wasn't ready, and they both knew it.

Famous First Words: From Thelma Ritter, who flew out from New York to broadcast the winning “With a Song in My Heart” for Lux Theatre, followed by PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal shindig: “I was disappointed in the dinner—it was so good! What happened to the usual creamed chicken in a patty shell!”

Dis-a and Data: John Wayne's second oldest son is now working part time in the studio fan-mail department. . . . The Rory Calhouns threw a twenty-third birthday party for Robert Wagner and invited twenty-three people including Debbie Reynolds. . . . In “The Marines Have a Word for It,” Burt Lancaster goes “feminine” for the third time in his career. He wears a French negligee! . . . Like Bette Davis, now it's Debra Paget who's rented an old-fashioned house on Hollywood Boulevard, the not-so-chic part of town. . . . Ruth Roman sprays platinum powder in her hair, which glistens in the sun when she's on the tennis court. . . . Aldo Ray works out with his brother, Mario, who is a member of the U.C.L.A. football team. . . . In Hollywood they refer to Donald O'Connor, thus: “He has the kind of talent you can't kill with a spiked club!” True, so very true.

Welcome Stranger: With his humorous perspective, there's a welcome place for Richard Burton in Hollywood. No sooner was he seen in “My Cousin Rachael” and announced for “The Robe,” than a local columnist cracked that his hat no longer fit. “When I read it,” cracked the amusing guy, “my wife, Sybil, measured my head. By jove, the columnist was right! My head had grown an eighth of an inch.”



Richard Burton's sense of humor put the topper on a Hollywood wisecracker!

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MAKE SURE!
USE NEW, IMPROVED
DJER-KISS
(DEAR KISS) **TALCUM**

• Close-ups can make a girl . . . or ruin her! Don't take chances, when it's so easy to get “tip to toe” perspiration protection with the new, improved Djer-Kiss Talc. Not a messy cream—not a dripping liquid . . . but a cooling talc that eliminates perspiration odor—absorbs perspiration moisture.

Wonderfully smoothing . . . makes tight girdles and stockings slip on—quick as a wink!

Get exciting, new Djer-Kiss Talc today! Only 29¢, 43¢, 59¢.

(If you perspire excessively, Djer-Kiss Chlorophyll Talc is made especially for you.)

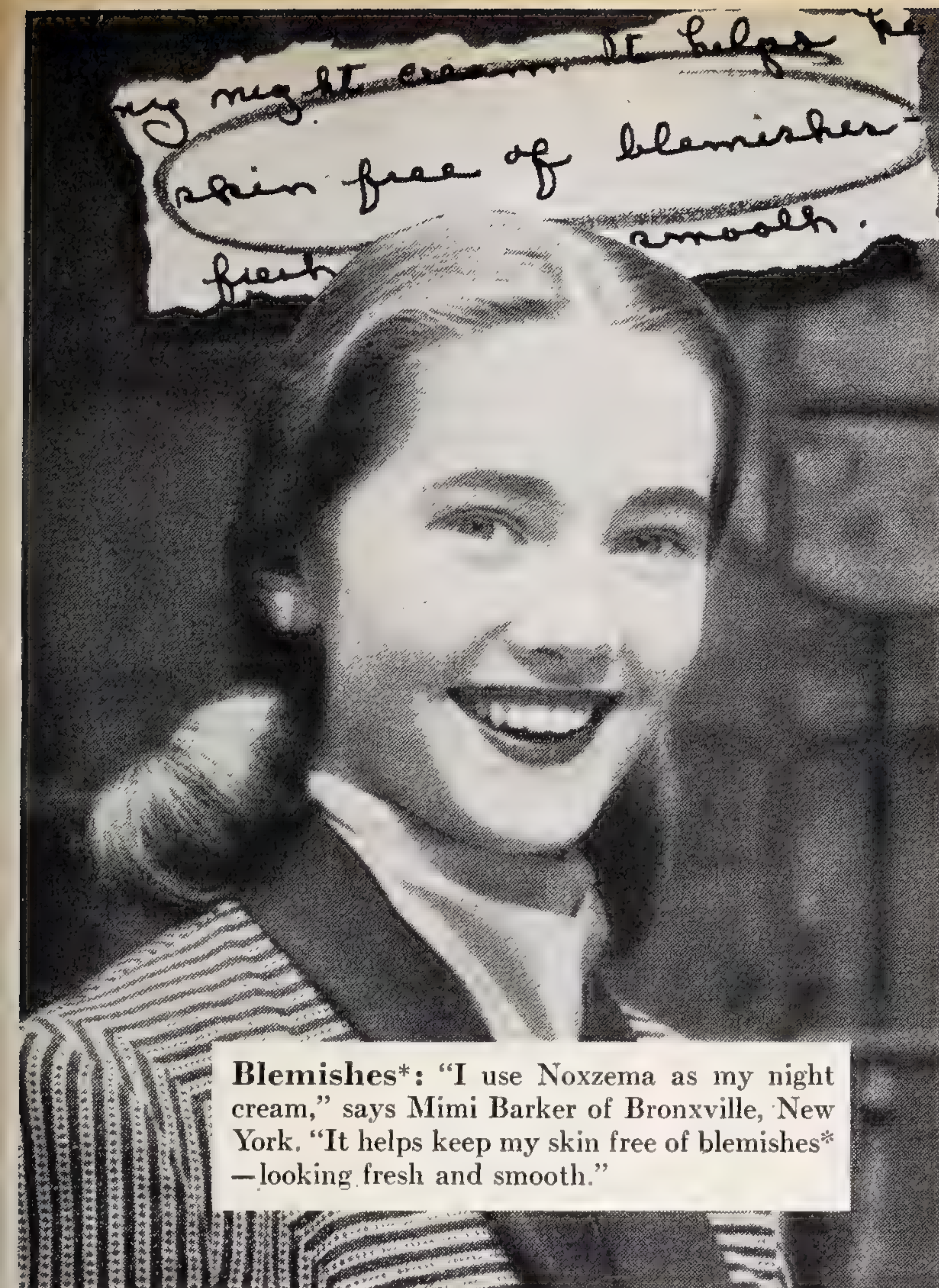
Glorious Lasting COLORS!

Wonderful long-lasting French Formula lipstick. Creamy, fashion-right color excitement for your lips. Only 29¢.

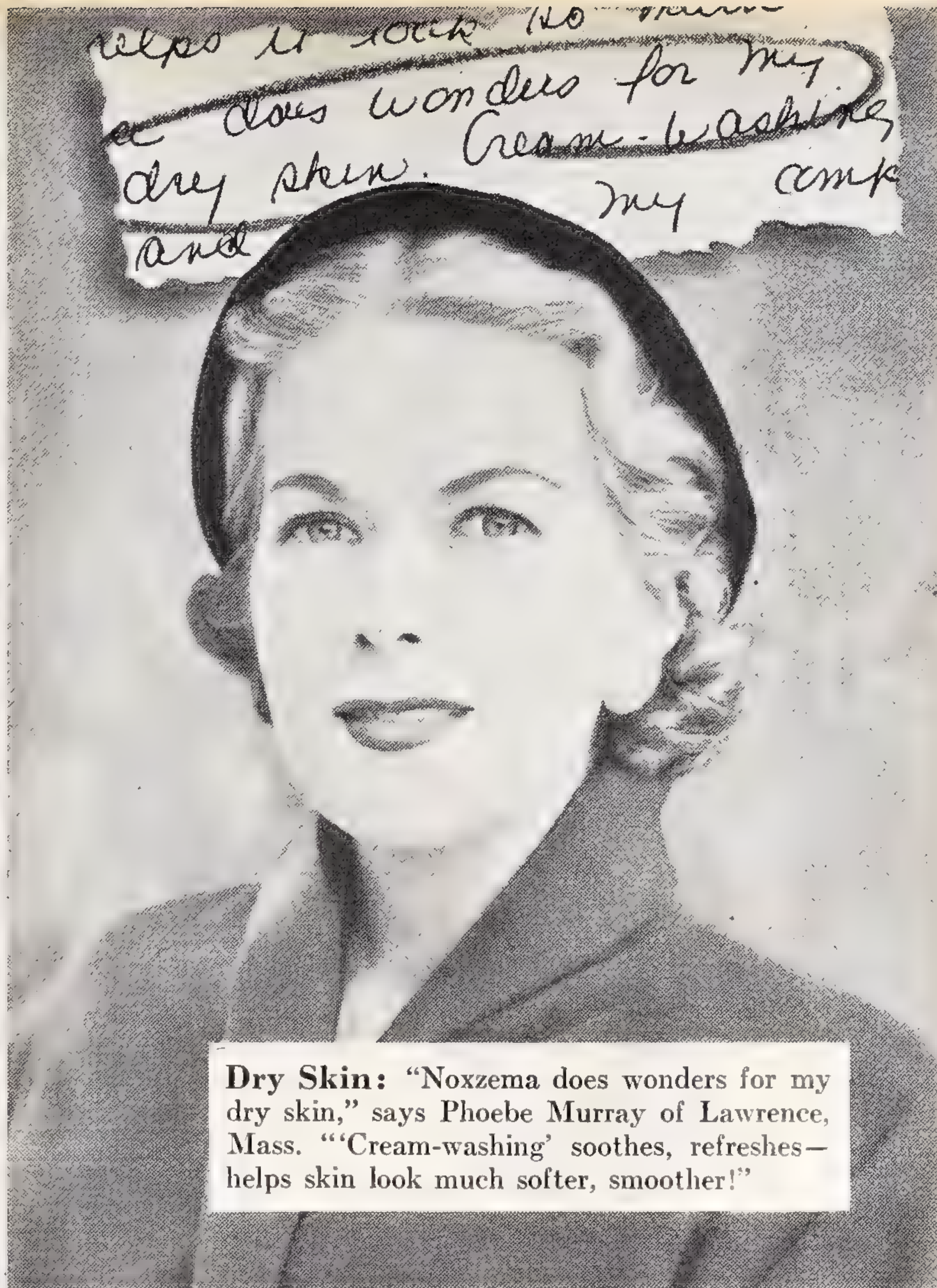
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Waltz into his heart with the haunting fragrance of **BLUE WALTZ** PERFUME

25¢



Blemishes*: "I use Noxzema as my night cream," says Mimi Barker of Bronxville, New York. "It helps keep my skin free of blemishes*—looking fresh and smooth."



Dry Skin: "Noxzema does wonders for my dry skin," says Phoebe Murray of Lawrence, Mass. "'Cream-washing' soothes, refreshes—helps skin look much softer, smoother!"

How you, too, can Look lovelier in 10 days or your money back!

Famous doctor's new beauty care helps skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps you keep it that way!

You should see our mail! Thousands of letters from all over the country! You should read how thrilled women are with Noxzema's new, home beauty routine... how their fresher, lovelier-looking skin is winning them compliments... bringing new self-confidence!

It's big beauty news!

Mimi Barker of Bronxville, N. Y. and Phoebe Murray of Lawrence, Mass., are just two of thousands who report thrilling results. This new beauty care was developed by a noted doctor and owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema.

This famous *greaseless, medicated* beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. That's why it has helped so many women with discouraging skin problems: rough, dry skin; externally-caused blemishes; and that dull, lifeless, *half-clean* look of so many

so-called normal complexions.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then tonight, try this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how make-up and dirt disappear! How clean and fresh skin looks after you 'cream-wash' with Noxzema. No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so its softening, soothing ingredients can help skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. (Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast!)

The film of oil-and-moisture Noxzema provides is especially beneficial to rough, dry, sensitive skin. Even in extreme cases, where the dried-out, curled-up cells of dead skin give an unattractive grayish look, you will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*. No smeary face!



2. Night cream



3. Make-up base



1. 'Cream-wash'

3. Make-up base. In the morning, 'cream-wash', apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base.

It works or money back!

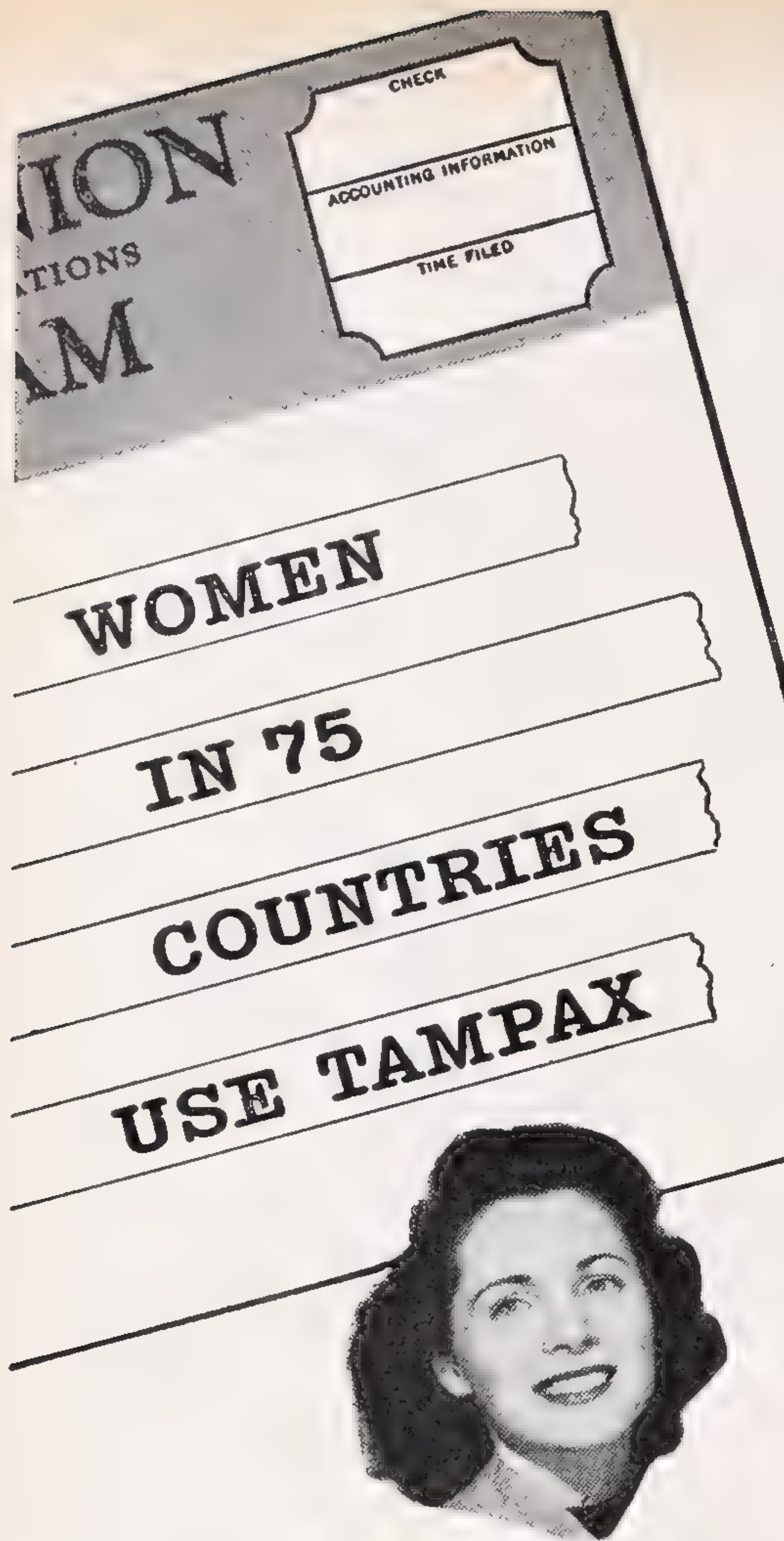
In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Money back!

*externally-caused

Look lovelier offer!

40¢ NOXZEMA only **29¢** plus tax

1. use this trial jar—see how much lovelier it helps skin look
2. then save money by getting big 10 oz. jar only 89¢ plus tax! At drug or cosmetics counters!

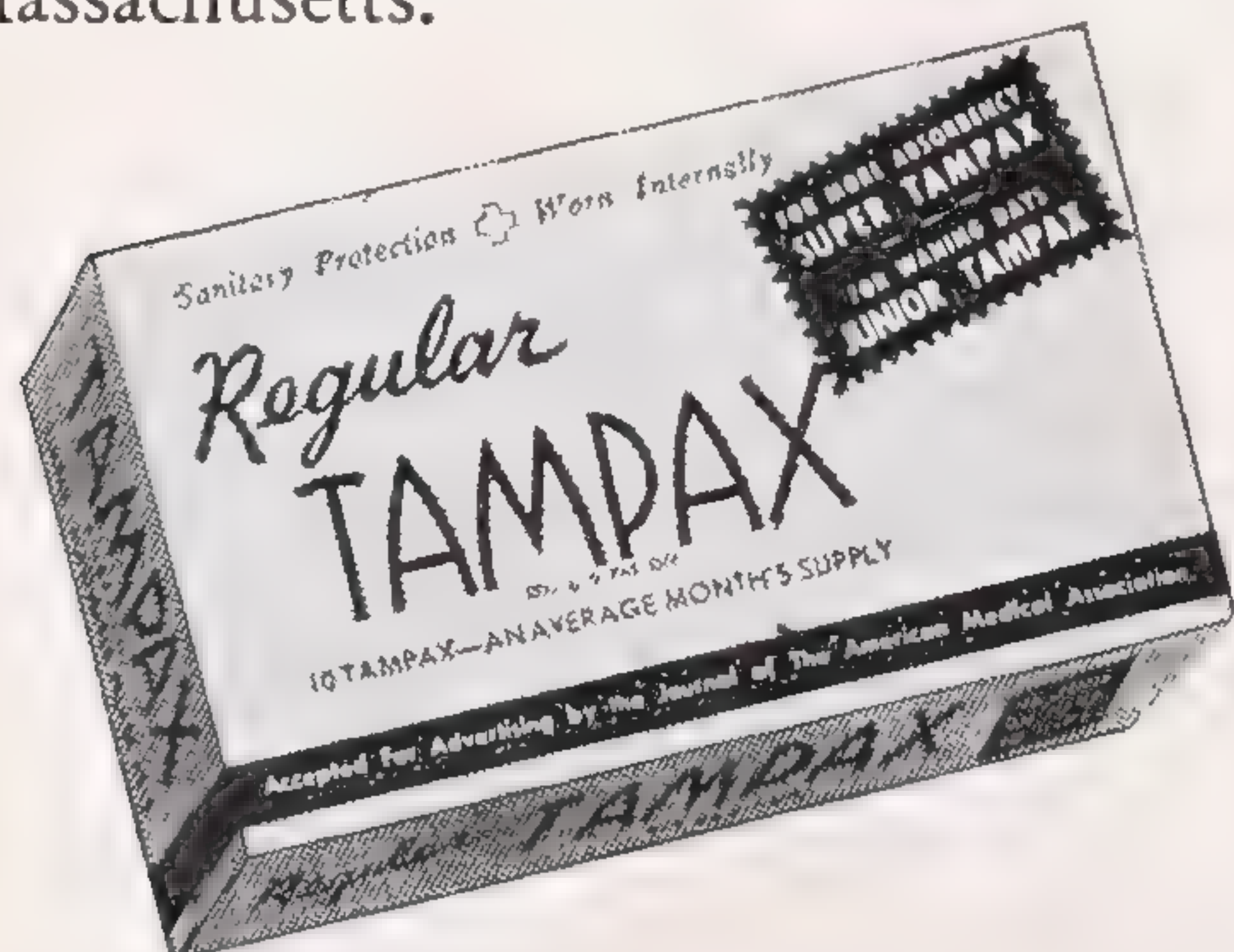


Tampax is the kind of monthly sanitary protection that does appeal to millions of modern, progressive American women...that's to be expected. But all those other countries...ruled more firmly by tradition...what's the secret of its success there?

Well, what could be more traditional than for a lady to be ladylike...dainty...feminine? With Tampax you can feel serene, perfectly poised, on "those difficult days." For Tampax does away with bulky, external pads...does away with chafing and irritation...even prevents odor from forming. Worn internally, there are no belt-lines or ridge-lines to "show."

Doctor-invented Tampax is made of pure white surgical cotton in throw-away applicators. Your hands need never touch the Tampax. And it's so small a month's supply fits in your purse.

Join the millions who get easily disposable Tampax regularly. It's on sale at drug and notion counters everywhere. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super or Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(Continued from page 31)

—that things were no longer harmonious in the Dean Martin household. Cynics were quick to conclude that for Dean and Jeanne the song had ended—even if the melody should linger on.

The handsome baritone, who cloaks his thoughts and emotions with a quip and a song, would say nothing for the press.

But to his pals, he spoke casually, "Well, things haven't been going too well for some time. I thought it might be better for us if I'd get away for awhile."

There were the usual rumors about a third party. But this, Jeanne herself quickly squelched. "There's nobody else. Not for either of us. We've had some misunderstandings. But in three years of marriage, I think a couple is entitled to a tiff. It's just that Dean is under an awful lot of pressure. He has a lot on his mind. And I'm sure I've made mistakes. But Dean never says anything. He's the quietest guy in the whole world." She was serious and intent. "I wish he would criticize me more. It's like hitting in the dark. But when we get this straightened out, I'll do everything in my power not to make the same mistakes again."

She had no intention of filing for divorce, she said. "I feel sure we'll work things out, and I'm very much in love with Dean."

And Dean, despite his seemingly imperturbable mien and impassive brown eyes, told a friend, "No matter what happens—she's still a wonderful girl."

Despite the fact that, to the general public, their difficulty seemed to come out of a blazing bright sky, those close to them felt it had been building for some time. And in a sense, almost from the night they met, when Dean first saw the pretty blonde model in the blue dress and big picture hat sitting ring-side at the Florida night club where Martin and Lewis were packing them in.

Born Dino Crocetti, ten years before Jeanne, Dean's background was right out of Damon Runyon. A self-made success, he is the son of a barber in Steubenville, Ohio, and he'd gotten a start in show business as the protégé of some hometown gamblers who bet on him. He'd been a boxer, he'd cut his first note as a crooning croupier, and he sang and slugged his way up to the championship. Jeanne Biegers, petite and curvaceous and with big blue eyes, was the Queen of the Orange Bowl, the glamour darling of her own collegiate crew-cut crowd.

And this, as Jeanne once said, seemed to be part of her attraction for him. "Dean liked the fact that I hadn't been around. That I wasn't of show business. I was the 'untroubled youth' Dean never had." And Jeanne herself? She fell like a Miami moon for the handsome baritone. Three weeks after they met, Dean told her casually, "We're going to get married."

Their marriage began with laughs. With Dean leaving the wedding license home, and Jeanne throwing his wedding ring into the trash can and holding up the ceremony at the last minute to dig through the trash until she retrieved it. With Jerry donning Dean's pin-striped suit and christening it in the swimming pool, and Dean putting on Jerry's best-man's suit and jumping in to keep him company.

But recently their laughs together have seemed to be fewer and farther apart. And those close to Dean and Jeanne are not too surprised. Many of their intimates felt from the first that the going might be difficult. There's been the feeling that perhaps Jeanne had come into the picture a little too late in Dean's life and a

little too early in her own—that with her youth and inexperience and with no knowledge of show business, she might be too fragile to weather the demands and make the adjustments required.

It's no reflection on either of them that they're a study in contradictions. It was this very thing that attracted them to each other, but it seems, since, to have proved a strain. For that matter, Dean's a contradiction all by himself, and his pals know that there's small likelihood he'll ever change. Nor would his pals (who are sold on him the way he is) think of encouraging him to. Nor could they.

Dino's a real casual character. The kind of real casual character people think Crosby is. Let him puff a pipe, swing a golf club, sing his song. On his own time, he's unbothered, unworried, unhurried and as relaxed as a lullabye. Away from the strenuous pace of his work and its hilarity, he's devoted to golf and quiet and asks only that life be as simple as possible. No night clubs for him—that's too much like work. No social shindigs, and no formalities. Just let him play with his beautiful bambino, little Dino, Jr., and doze on the rug in front of the TV set.

But—and it's an important but—his pretty blonde wife, understandably enough, would occasionally like to take her mink coat out for a breath of fresh night air. As Jeanne once said, "Dean's already lived. He's been everywhere and done everything. But I'd like to live a little too."

Yet, for a guy who meant to saunter through life, Dean Martin's gone way, way off course. For a guy who's never welcomed pressure of any kind, he finds himself today one of the most pressured individuals alive—responsibilities, both professional and personal, closing in from every direction. At times, when he feels himself almost smothered by them, he's been heard to remark that he might "deal" himself back to Steubenville. As he says, "I didn't have these problems there."

But for all the \$2,000,000 Dean makes a year, to long-time friends he hasn't seemed a thoroughly happy guy for some time. As one pal puts it, "I think Dean feels he's kind of a guest in the house." It's been no secret that Jeanne, on the other hand, has felt she's been excluded from Dean's hemisphere. On this subject, Dean's friends have pointed out that it's been up to Jeanne to prove she belongs there, and that she should hold no hope of ever changing Dean to fit into her own. As a close friend says, "Dean's the kind of guy who wants to be married—but who should remain a bachelor."

As we went to press, there was good reason to believe that Dean and Jeanne would reconcile their differences. As one friend said, "They have nothing in common. That is—nothing but love." His only worry was that if they didn't get together soon, there wouldn't be time to "book" a reconciliation, what with the five months' European tour that's scheduled for Martin and Lewis.

Some cynics were insisting that the song had really ended for the Dean Martins—but they were reckoning without the possibility that Mother Nature has a way of writing special lyrics of her own. As for their friends, they were giving odds that Dean and Jeanne would work out their happiness—if the rest of Hollywood would stand aside and let life and love turn the next card.

And, as a matter of fact, there was reason to believe that life and love already had done so.

THE END

Casts of Current Pictures

BATTLE CIRCUS—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Brooks: *Maj. Jed Webbe*, Humphrey Bogart; *Lt. Ruth McCara*, June Allyson; *Sgt. Orvil Statt*, Keenan Wynn; *Lt. Col. Hillary Walters*, Robert Keith; *Capt. John Rustford*, William Campbell; *Lt. Laurence*, Perry Sheehan; *Lt. Rose Ashland*, Patricia Tiernan; *Lt. Jane Franklin*, Adele Longmire; *Adjutant*, Jonathan Cott; *Lt. Edith Edwards*, Ann Morrison; *Lt. Graciano*, Helen Winston; *Capt. Dobbs*, Sarah Selby; *Korean Child*, Danny Chang; *Korean Prisoner*, Philip Ahn; *Sergeant*, Steve Forrest; *Lieutenant*, Jeff Richards; *Capt. Norson*, Dick Simmons.

BWANA DEVIL—U.A. Directed by Arch Oboler: *Jock Hayward*, Robert Stack; *Alice Hayward*, Barbara Britton; *Dr. Angus Ross*, Nigel Bruce; *Major Parkhurst*, Ramsay Hill; *Commissioner*, Paul McVey; *Portuguese Girl*, Hope Miller; *Drayton*, John Dodsworth; *Ballinger*, Pat O'Moore; *Latham*, Pat Aherne; *Head man of the Indians*, Bhogwan Singh; *The Dancer*, Bhupesh Guha; *Indian Hunter*, Bal Seirgaakar; *Karparim*, Kalu K. Sonkur; *Mukosi*, Miles Clark, Jr.

GUNSMOKE—U-I. Directed by Nathan Juran: *Reb Kittredge*, Audie Murphy; *Rita Saxon*, Susan Cabot; *Dan Saxon*, Paul Kelly; *Johnny Lake*, Charles Drake; *Cora DuFrayne*, Mary Castle; *Curly Mather*, Jack Kelly; *Professor*, Jesse White; *Brazos*, William Reynolds; *Doc Farrell*, Chubby Johnson; *Bartender*, Bill Radovich; *Matt Telford*, Donald Randolph; *Shay*, James F. Stone; *Clay*, Jimmy Van Horn; *Two Dot*, Clem Fuller.

HITCH-HIKER, THE—RKO. Directed by Ida Lupino: *Roy Collins*, Edmond O'Brien; *Gilbert Bowen*, Frank Lovejoy; *Emmett Myers*, William Talman; *Captain Alvarado*, Jose Torvay; *Sam Hayes*, Himself; *Wendel Niles*, Himself; *Inspector General*, Jean Del Val; *Government Agent*, Clark Howat; *Jose*, Natividad Vacio; *William Johnson*, Rodney Bell; *Proprietor*, Nacho Galindo; *Bartender*, Martin Garralaga; *Gas Station Owner*, Tony Roux; *News Broadcaster*, Jerry Lawrence; *Mexican Man in Car*, Felipe Turich; *Mexican Woman in Car*, Rose Turich; *First Barker*, Orlando Veltran; *Second Barker*, George Navarro.

I CONFESS—Warners. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock: *Michael*, Montgomery Clift; *Ruth*, Anne Baxter; *Larrue*, Karl Malden; *Robertson*, Brian Aherne; *Grandfort*, Roger Dann; *Mrs. Keller*, Dolly Haas; *Father Millais*, Charles Andre; *Keller*, O. E. Haase; *Murphy*, Judson Pratt; *Vilette*, Ovila Legare; *Father Benoit*, Gilles Pelletier.

LILI—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Walters: *Lili Daurier*, Leslie Caron; *Paul Berthalet*, Mel Ferrer; *Marc*, Jean Pierre Aumont; *Rosalie*, Zsa Zsa Gabor; *Jacquot*, Kurt Kasznar; *Peach Lips*, Amanda Blake; *Proprietor*, Alex Gerry; *M. Corvier*, Ralph Dumke; *M. Tonit*, Wilton Graff; *M. Erique*, George Baxter.

MA AND PA KETTLE ON VACATION—U-I. Directed by Charles Lamont: *Ma Kettle*, Marjorie Main; *Pa Kettle*, Percy Kilbride; *Jonathan Parker*, Ray Collins; *Inez Kraft*, Bodil Miller; *Elizabeth Parker*, Barbara Brown; *Cyrus Kraft*, Sig Ruman; *Geoduck*, Oliver Blake; *Crowbar*, Teddy Hart; *Adolph Wade*, Peter Brocco; *Andre*, Jay Novello; *Farrell*, Larry Dobkin; *Harriman*, Harold Goodwin; *Henri Dupre*, Ivan Triesault; *Jacques Amien*, Jack Kruschen.

MAGNETIC MONSTER, THE—U.A. Directed by Curt Siodmak: *Jeffrey Stewart*, Richard Carlson; *Dan Forbes*, King Donovan; *Connie Stewart*, Jean Byron; *Dr. Allard*, Harry Ellerbe; *Benton*, Leo Britt; *Denker*, Leonard Mudie; *Simon*, Byron Foulger; *Dr. Serny*, Michael Fox; *Stewardess*, Jarma Lewis; *Chief Watson*, John Zarimba; *Colonel Willis*, Frank Gerstle; *Captain Dyer*, John Vosper.

OFF LIMITS—Paramount. Directed by George Marshall: *Wally Hogan*, Bob Hope; *Herbert Tuttle*, Mickey Rooney; *Connie Curtis*, Marilyn Maxwell; *Karl Danzig*, Eddie Mayehoff; *Bullet Bradley*, Stanley Clements; *Jack Dempsey*, Himself; *Vic Breck*, Marvin Miller; *Lt. Comdr. Parnell*, John Ridgely; *Tom Harmon*, Himself; *Cowhound*, Norman Leavitt; *Art Aragon*, Himself; *Seaman Harker*, Kim Spalding; *Fishy*, Jerry Hausner; *MP Huggins*, Mike Mahoney; *Helen*, Joan Taylor; *Deborah*, Carolyn Jones; *Wac*, Mary Murphy.

SEMINOLE—U-I. Directed by Budd Boetticher: *Lt. Lance Caldwell*, Rock Hudson; *Revere Muldoon*, Barbara Hale; *Osceola (John Powell)*, Anthony Quinn; *Major Harlan Degan*, Richard Carlson; *Kajack*, Hugh O'Brian; *Lt. Hamilton*, Russell Johnson; *Sgt. Magruder*, Lee Marvin; *Kulak*, Ralph Moody; *Corp. Gerard*, James Best; *Trooper Scott*, Dan Poore; *Trooper*, Frank Chase.

SMALL TOWN GIRL—M-G-M. Directed by Leslie Kardos: *Cindy Kimbell*, Jane Powell; *Rick*, Belrow Livingston; *Farley Granger*, Lisa Bellmount; *Ann Miller*, Eric Schlemmer; *S. Z. Sakall*, Judge Gordon Kimbell; *Robert Keith*, Ludwig Schlemmer; *Bobby Van*, Mrs. Livingston; *Billie Burke*, Mrs. Gordon

Kimbell, Fay Wray; *Happy*, Chill Wills; *Nat King Cole*, Himself; *Mac*, Dean Miller; *Ted*, William Campbell; *Hemmingway*, Philip Tonge; *Jim (Cop)*, Jonathan Cott; *Dennis*, Bobby Hyatt; *Jimmy*, Rudy Lee; *Deidre*, Beverly Wills; *Patsy*, Gloria Noble; *Betty*, Jane Liddell; *Mary*, Nancy Valentine; *Sandra*, Janet Stewart; *Susie*, Pegi McIntire; *Girl Friend*, Virginia Hall.

STORY OF MANDY, THE—Rank-U-I. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick: *Christine*, Phyllis Calvert; *Searle*, Jack Hawkins; *Harry*, Terence Morgan; *Mr. Garland*, Godfrey Tearle; *Mandy*, Mandy Miller; *Mrs. Garland*, Marjorie Fielding; *Jane Ellis*, Nancy Price; *Ackland*, Edward Chapman; *Miss Crocker*, Patricia Plunkett; *Lily Tabor*, Eleanor Summerfield; *Woollard (Junior)*, Colin Gordon; *Miss Stockton*, Dorothy Alison; *Jimmy Tabor*, Julian Amyes; *The Secretary*, Gabrielle Brune; *Davey*, John Cazaban; *Mrs. Paul*, Gwen Bacon; *Woollard (Senior)*, W. E. Holloway; *Miss Tucker*, Phyllis Morris; *Miss Larner*, Gabrielle Blunt; *Mrs. Jackson*, Jean Shepherd; *Nina*, Jane Asher; *Leonie*, Marlene Maddox.

SYSTEM, THE—Warners. Directed by Lewis Seiler: *John Merrick*, Frank Lovejoy; *Felice Stuart*, Joan Weldon; *Rex Merrick*, Bob Arthur; *David Wiley*, Paul Picerni; *Jerry Allen*, Donald Beddoe; *Brady*, Jerome Cowan; *Marty*, Dan Seymour; *Liz Allen*, Sarah Selby; *Roger Stuart*, Fay Roope; *Charley*, Frank Richards; *Little Harry*, Victor Perrin; *Specs*, Henry Corden; *Sen. Ketteridge*, Howard Negley; *Reuben*, Al Gordon; *Angelo*, Bruno VeSota; *Tasker*, Richard Garrick.

TONIGHT WE SING—20th Century-Fox. Directed by George Jessel: *Sol Hurok*, David Wayne; *Feodor Chahapin*, Ezio Pinza; *Elsa Valdine*, Roberta Peters; *Anna Pavlova*, Tamara Toumanova; *Emma Hurok*, Anne Bancroft; *Eugene Ysaye*, Isaac Stern; *Gregory Lawrence*, Byron Palmer; *Benjamin Golder*, Oscar Karlweis; *Nicolai*, Mikhail Rasmunny; *Prager*, Steven Geray; *Gritti*, Walter Woolf King; *Allbrecht*, Serge Perrault; *Sol Hurok (Age 10)*, John Meek; *Mrs. Golder*, Eda Reis Merin; *Eddie Golder*, Russell Cantor; *Eugene Ysaye's Accompanist*, Alex Zakin; *Conductor*, Alex Steinhart; *Dr. Markoff*, Oscar Beregi; *Petlukoff*, Leo Mostovoy; *Charles Dillingham*, Ray Largay; *Mme. Butterfly*, Jeanne Determann; *Jules Massenot*, Wolfgang Fraenkel; *Mrs. Granek*, Lela Bliss; *Mr. Granek*, Harry Hayden; *Stage Manager*, Les O'Pace. And the Voice of Jan Peerce.



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from heaven...

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- ★ Sizes full-cut for comfort
- ★ Always nice next to your skin... never clingy or clammy
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FOR 4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"

So often the oil glands of "young skin" suddenly become *overactive*. At the same time, the skin turns sluggish. It fails to throw off the daily accumulation of dead skin cells. Day by day, these tiny dead flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings. Then—there's trouble ahead. Enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Now—the makers of famous Pond's Creams recommend a special treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It takes only one minute—and it works!

Restyle
your complexion!
Make it clearer, brighter,
softer!



Cover your face, except eyes, with a cool, snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave the greaseless Mask on one full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn, clinging, dead skin cells. *Actually dissolves them off!* Frees the tiny openings of your skin glands so they can function normally again. Now—after just 60 seconds—tissue off *clean*. See how tingling fresh your skin feels! How much smoother, brighter, and *clearer* it looks!

Don't "stifle" your skin under a heavy make-up! A light greaseless powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream is *sheer* flattery!

Debbie Comes of Age

(Continued from page 47)

"Maybe in a year or two. I do believe that Paris will be there for a loooooong time to come!"

Just now Debbie is interested in planning the apartment house. She says she'll surely have one of the singles for her very own!

"I hate to be alone, but I need some place to keep my clothes and to spread out. However, since my parents will live in another apartment, I'll still be close to home, and it won't be living alone at all. I love my parents and just because I'm twenty-one doesn't seem to be reason enough to fly off somewhere else."

Some people feel, though, that there's an age when every young boy or girl should break away from home in order to develop independence. Debbie agrees.

"But," says Deb, "it's an individual problem. Some leave earlier than others. Look at me for example. I've been on my own since I was sixteen, so I've been away from home many times and then back again. I think my case is different since most kids don't travel as much as I do."

If you're married, however, Debbie thinks living away from your family is best. But again, it's an individual problem.

"Course, I'm not married," says Debbie, "but . . ."

"Married" being the magic word it is, Debbie's pretty blue eyes sparkle and light up like New Year's Eve.

"But—that doesn't mean I don't have a man in mind. A sort of ideal man, that is. He's got, but got to have a sense of humor for sure. For his own protection, 'cause I'll probably be teasing him 'round the clock. Then he should like sports, because I like sports. And I feel that the more things we have in common the better. As for his job, I don't care if he's in the picture industry or not. Just doesn't make any dif. He could sell doughnuts as far as that goes. Lastly, he's got to love children, and I do mean love; because I want four!"

There was a time in Debbie's life when romance added up to one R. J. Wagner. According to Debbie this is no longer so.

"Well, I guess you can say we still see each other, but we don't date any more. However, I think R.J.'s a terrific guy. He has a new apartment in the same building with Dan Dailey that he decorated all by himself. I understand it looks fine, too. I think it's great that he can manage so well. Lots of the younger kids have trouble handling their finances, and when they get off by themselves too much is expected of them. They go overboard financially."

"Not R.J. He's got a good head on his shoulders. I think he got it from his dad. I know that if there is any of the bank's loot left after we build the apartment house, I'm going to ask Mr. Wagner to help me invest it in some good old-fashioned solid-jackson stocks!"

Besides the financial advantage of sharing the new apartment house with her parents, Debbie feels that her family is good for her. They help keep her feet on the ground.

"In fact, they're always on my back," is Debbie's lament. "Recently I had a still picture of me that I thought was terrific. It was one of the first stills that I've really liked. It actually made me look beautiful, all eyes and everything. So I took it home on my birthday and showed it to everyone there. And what do you think? 'Nice picture, huh?' I said."

"Well, yes, it's nice, very pretty, but it doesn't look like you," they say.

"Oh, no?" says I. "Well, who, just exactly who, does it look like? It looks more like

me than like anybody else I can think of."

"Oh, sure, sure," they say, and then comes the punch line, 'but it's just too pretty, Debbie, to be you. It just *must* be somebody else!'

"So you see they keep me steady on my feet all right. I'll probably have to be a hundred years old before they'll say anything flattering. Even being twenty-one doesn't make any difference. At least not around our house!"

There's more than just a steadying influence in Debbie's relations with her parents. The emotional bonds that tie Debbie to her family are strong.

Christmas and New Year's, for example, have always been two of the nicest days in the year to Deb. But when she made the Korean trip she had to give up this festive holiday time at home.

Debbie remembers when she returned with her four boxes full of presents that she was surprised to find the Christmas tree still standing, lights burning like fireflies, and her presents from her family and friends still unwrapped and waiting patiently for her under the tree. It's lucky the tinsel glistened the way it did because it kept the tearful gleam of happiness on Debbie's eyes and cheeks from being quite so obvious. No, Debbie's found, you don't have to be twenty-one to be sentimental. Twenty-one or ninety-one she hopes it never changes.

But it's known that Debbie and laughter walk hand in hand. She can't stand being damp-eyed for long, so she broke open her four "trunks from Cathay" and began handing out the gifts. Ivory and cameo for Mother; beaded purse for sister-in-law, Joyce; baby niece, Gail, got a fur-lined vest but decided not to wear it!

"For no good reason at all," says Debbie. "Imagine, a perfectly good fur-lined, fur-lined, mind you, vest! But she turned up her cute 'lil nose at it." Debbie shrugs.

Then it was Debbie's turn to open gifts. First, the present from her agents, a pair of pearl bracelets that joined to make a charming choker.

"It's real elegant," boasts Deb. "I think pearls are in such good taste, because they're dressy without being loud or obvious. Not that I'd throw away diamonds. I mean, not *completely* . . ."

In addition, one of Debbie's neighbors made her a pair of lounging pajamas and her parents, after much hinting, gave her a bowling ball with a plaid carrying bag.

"Mad, absolutely mad," says Deb. "Those p-jays are simply crazy. And the plaid bag, well, really, it's just the last word. I go onto the lanes, and you'd think I was driving a solid gold Cadillac! Let me tell you we had a ball. Our own special December 25th *smack* in the middle of January."

The warm secure feeling that Debbie gets from this wonderful family of hers that is always giving is the thing she never wants to change. She will never let her being twenty-one pull her away from it.

"In fact," she says, "I couldn't think of celebrating my twenty-first birthday without the family. We had our own special party again. A lot of laughs, the wonderful enchilladas Mom makes, and gag gifts."

"The thrill was the family's serious gift, a lovely pearl ring. Just what I really wanted! It was the nicest birthday I've ever had, not because I was twenty-one but because we were all together again!"

Debbie said her mother was the only one who gave them any trouble. Though her brother Bill came all the way from Korea, and Dad stayed home from work, mother had to push to find time in her busy schedule. Monday, it seems, is her

day at the Girl Scouts; Tuesday she goes to sewing class; Thursday it's the Red Cross; Friday it's another patriotic project. "Lucky the first was on a Wednesday," laughed Deb, "or we wouldn't have had any enchilladas."

Since Debbie has returned from Korea, she has spent most of her free time at the studio trying to catch up on both her work and the pictures she missed. She finished "I Love Melvin" and "Give a Girl a Break" before leaving.

"That's something else that will never change," she says. "I could be twenty-one or seventy-one and I'd still see every movie I could. I saw two Technicolor pics in one afternoon, and when I came out into the dusk, everything was three shades of red and green. I was color blind!"

In addition to the pictures, Debbie works overtime trying to keep up with the run-away-train-of-a-job that's hers.

"When I started in this business," says Debbie, "I was strictly a no-talent kid" (this is Debbie's opinion), "so I had to hustle. I studied and studied hard. Dancing, singing, acting, and I've never quit studying. But I've got a goal in mind and I'm going to keep working toward it until I get it or it gets me. This being twenty-one isn't going to change that, either!"

Debbie, who can sing, dance, and act, longs to be a comedienne. A real slapstick comedienne, complete with pie in the face and pratfalls. "Strictly no dignity stuff!"

"But everytime I latch on to a role that I think will lend itself to these indignities, I get the same answer. 'You can't do that! You're a girl!'"

"I should hope to tell you, and it's real observing of them to see this. But what they don't seem to realize is that a girl is better equipped for this sort of thing—if you know what I mean."

"Come to think of it, and along this line, maybe, *maybe* there's one little change that could be made now that I'm of age. Like giving up my chocolate malts with strawberry ice cream. A gal could gain an inch or two if she doesn't watch out. But otherwise, I'm strictly a 'no-change' gal."

Those who know her best, know Debbie means it when she says something. So don't expect twenty-one to reveal a new Debbie Reynolds.

"Gosh," laughs Debbie, "I hardly know the old Debbie Reynolds yet myself. Give me another few years—say twenty-one more—to change my ways of living. That oughta do it!"

It might do it at that. But change can't improve the Debbie who's twenty-one. And a happy birthday to you. THE END

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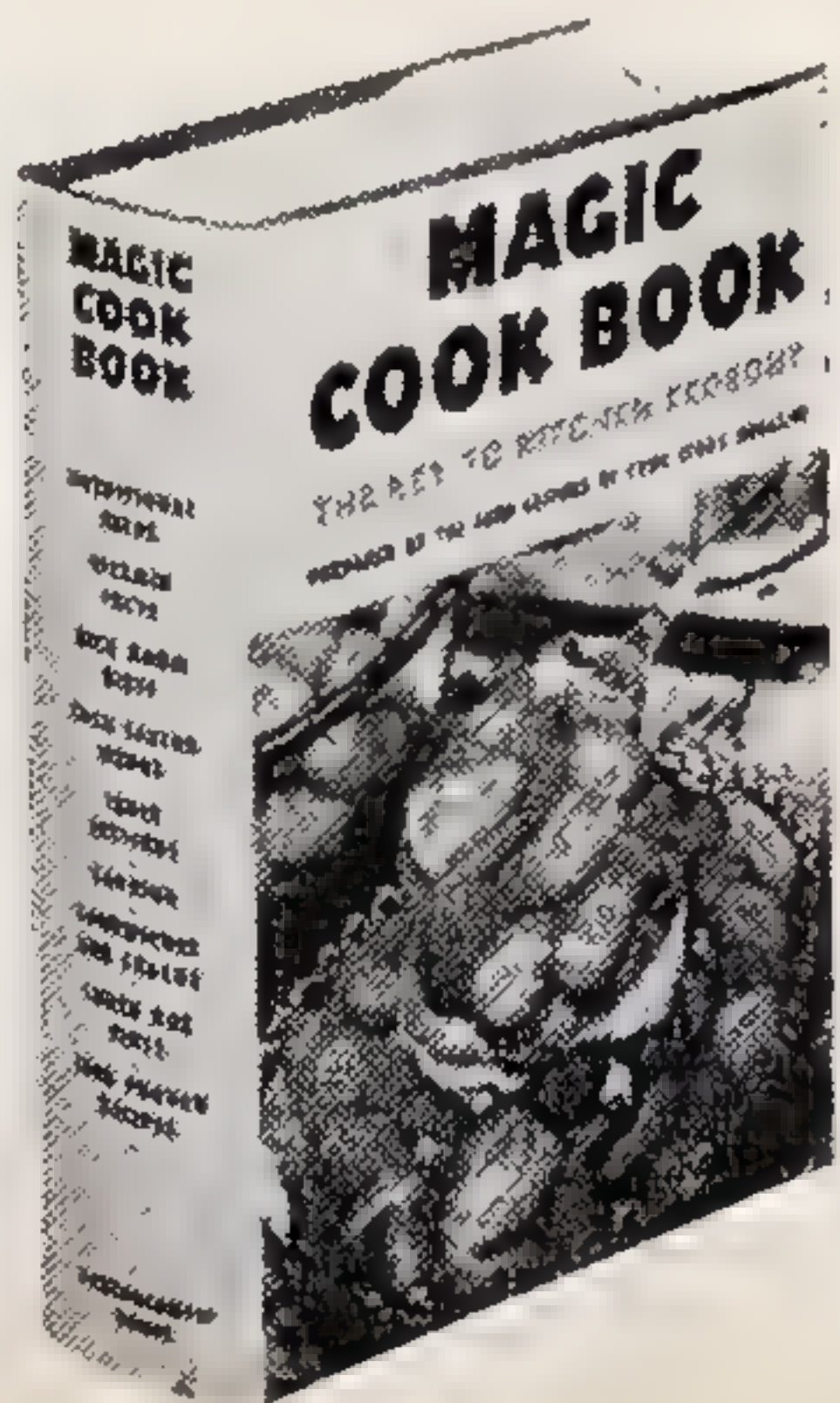
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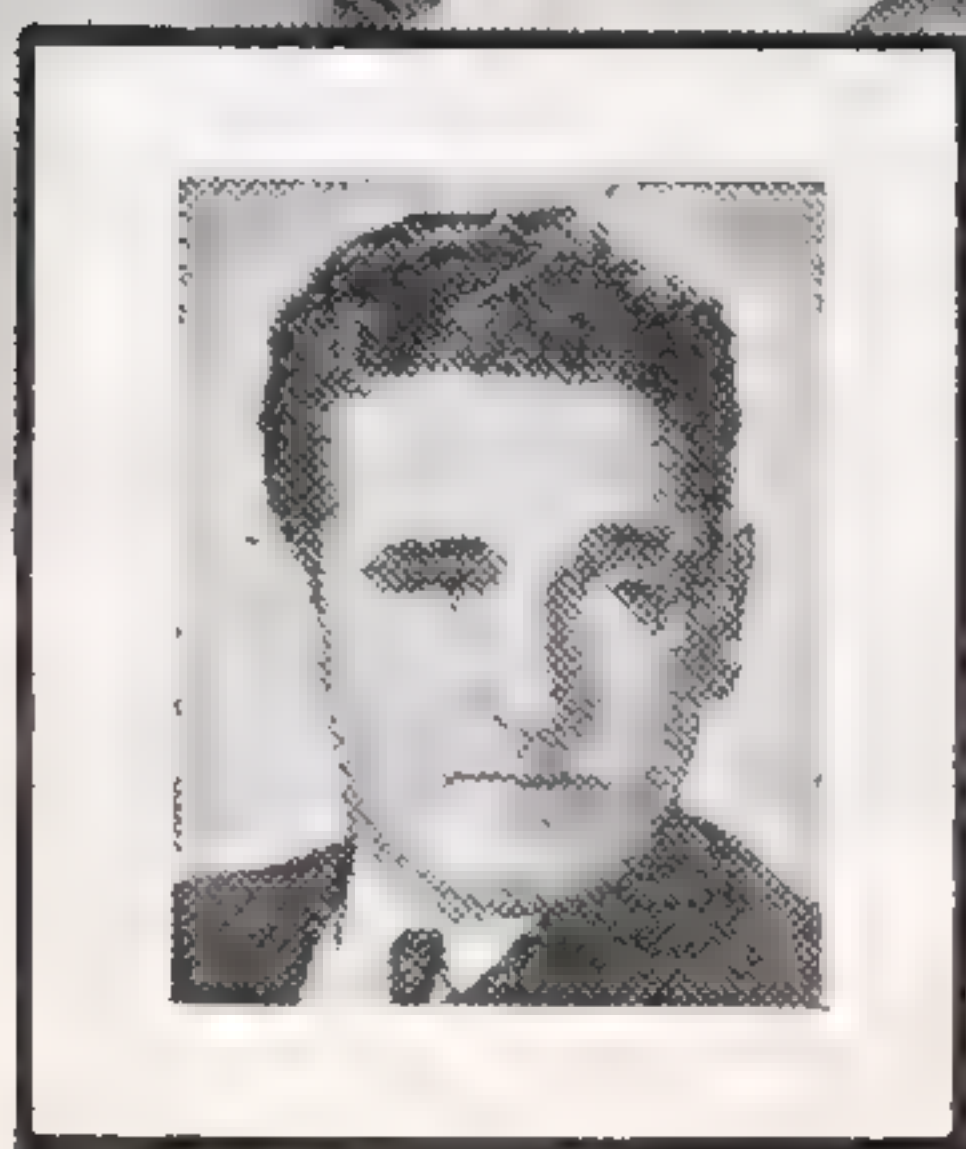
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(Continued from page 59)

Sometimes, I would stop in the middle of these practical discussions and ask myself: "Is all this real? Can it be happening to me?" It seems fantastic that your girl Shelley could meet a man and fall in love with him on the second date; walk out of the elevator in the Hotel Excelsior in Rome and see him standing there in the lobby waiting for her and tell herself, "This is the fellow you're going to marry."

When I was a kid, I was always making up wonderful stories like this. I would make-believe so much that finally I'd forget I'd made it up—and believe it. There was room in my life for a lot of make-believing then. In school in Brooklyn, I had a crush on the husky, red-headed captain of the basketball team, but he wouldn't even look at me. No wonder! I had buck teeth, straggly blonde hair and skinny knees. But I made-believe he was my steady anyway. I told the other girls he was taking me to the prom—and hoped silently that one of us would drop dead before the night came. When it did come, my mother argued a friend of ours into taking me, and I put up a gay appearance in a home-made gold evening gown.

The next year, I was wearing slinky dresses, dangling a long cigarette-holder and making-believe that I was Jean Harlow. Anybody in the neighborhood would gladly have told you that movies would never be for me. Hollywood agreed when I first came here. I just didn't fit in. But I got a contract and stayed precisely because I wasn't like anybody else—Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, or anybody. Even then, I had the feeling that any minute somebody would tap me on the shoulder and take it all back. I felt insecure in my personal life, too. I made a lot of copy, but the laughs were all on the outside. Until I met Vittorio, inside I was about as happy as the girl in the gold satin dress, stuck with a family friend at the prom.

Nothing that I ever made-believe in all my life could match my real love story, which began in a foreign country—in a foreign language, yet! My Italian was limited to assorted flavors of pizza when I first met Vittorio. But love's the universal language. Vittorio told a friend later, "I look at Shellee. She look at me. We know we get along."

From the first, Vittorio had the advantage over me linguistically. He had taught Latin; he spoke five languages fluently, and even the few words he managed in English were the right ones: "Miss Winters . . . very fine artist . . . 'Place in the Sun.'" It wasn't until months later that I found he hadn't even seen the picture. But sometimes the right word at the right time occurs to me, too. He asked, "Would you be happy living half-time in Italy and half-time in America?" I said, "I'll be happy anywhere you are."

Of course, we did get into difficulties over the language question. The first party I gave in Rome would have been the international confusion of all time if it hadn't been for Vittorio's sister-in-law. She speaks English beautifully, and she was a doll about helping out. As it was, we played charades in three languages, and I never could tell when anybody won. Some of Vittorio's first love letters are classics, too—written in an Italian accent, with every verb in the wrong place.

Just for laughs, I taught him some pidgin English—but he had a laugh on me later. He taught me some Italian phrases that I thought were very impressive. I tossed off a few of them at a formal dinner one evening. Pier Angeli, director Vittorio de Sica and the other guests got hysterical

and finally told me what I'd said. Those phrases were "naughty Neapolitan." Since then, I haven't trusted my husband any more. I look things up in my own trusty little Italian dictionary.

I have no talent for languages, anyway. But Vittorio's picked ours up very quickly. He adds ten words to his vocabulary each day, and he's even correcting my English now. He insists our daughter will be speaking Italian before I can, and that I won't know what my own child's talking about. He may be right. But Vittorio's so eager to learn English that he won't speak Italian at all around home. "I have to practice," he keeps saying. He's a little selfish in this respect; nobody can just learn a language out of a book—you have to talk it some time. Every time I say something in Italian, my husband answers me in English—and there you are.

But in many ways we've always spoken the same language. At our first meeting, I was impressed by Vittorio's intelligence, his physical appearance, his magnetic personality and sensitivity, his position as Italy's most distinguished actor in both theatre and movies. He was the most truly grown-up man I'd ever met. But what really impressed me most of all was the fact that we were so completely—there's no word in English for it—*simpatico*.

Sometimes we've seemed to be almost alone in that thought. "News-writers" predicted we'd separate even before our honeymoon was over. We have had our differences, to be sure. But my husband likes people who have strong convictions of their own—even when they differ from his, as mine sometimes do. We never really "fight," he says; we just "discuss." Unfortunately, whenever a discussion of ours is reported in print you'd think war had broken out in Hollywood. Vittorio says our discussions are proof that we'll never be bored with life or each other—and, he says, "That is good."

By temperament, surprisingly enough for one with even half-Latin blood, my husband is placid, calmly thoughtful, very easygoing. When he does get mad, he just clams up, and sometimes it's three days before I can find out what's been bothering him. Gossip columns don't bother him at all—unless they upset me. Then he calms me down, reminding me that there are more important things in life.

Although Vittorio enjoys working in American motion pictures, the theatre is still his first love. That accounts for the unusual stipulation in his M-G-M contract permitting him to spend six months of every year in Italy. He wants to continue his work as star and producer of classics staged by the Italian Repertory Theatre, backed by his government.

My husband is thoroughly conscientious about this project. Some of the actors in the Italian company read about all the movies planned for him in Hollywood and wrote him that they guessed they'd better look for jobs elsewhere. Vittorio had ten days off between pictures, and he used them to fly to Rome, then to fly a thousand miles around Italy to towns where the actors lived, so he could reassure them personally. During the fall and winter he proved his sincerity by producing four plays in five months in Italy. "Hamlet" and "Othello" were staged at the Teatro Valle—where we first met.

Wherever he is, Vittorio reads constantly—that is, when he isn't translating plays from one language into another, or writing letters to friends all over the world, or working on a novel. As for me, I've been reading every book that's ever been written

on baby psychology. I'm a walking infant-encyclopedia, and my husband thinks it's pretty silly. "You should stop reading these things," Vittorio keeps saying. "The baby will take care of herself. The best thing for parents to do with children is to leave them alone."

He's the last word in thoughtfulness. After I became pregnant, I began craving Chinese foods like crazy. I used to think "cravings" were nonsense. Little did I know! Vittorio probably still thinks so, but that didn't keep him from getting up cheerfully in the middle of the night and going out to find me Chop Suey and Egg Foo Yong with all the Cantonese trimmings. And mustard! I wanted mustard on everything but ice cream.

Vittorio still prefers spaghetti, and I can cook it in eighteen variations now. I've always liked to cook, but keeping house is something else. Mine is the free-throw approach, pitching clothes and articles where I can pick them up again most easily. Vittorio's no help around the house, either; he can't ever find anything. He's sort of absent-minded.

To relax at home, he loves T-shirts and slacks, but when the occasion demands, he dresses very well and very conservatively. He won't go shopping with me any more. I took him shopping one day, and he's had it. Now he just phones the store and says, "Send the blue ones." I can't even get him into an American barbershop. He still prefers an Italian haircut. As for my own hairdo, he says it's cut "like a chrysanthemum." Yep, he can pronounce it!

But the American institution of the television commercial is too much for him. Finally, it made him mad. Every time he switched on the TV set, there was somebody looking delightedly into a refrigerator. We went window-shopping while I was visiting him on location in Mexico,

and we were stopped cold by a big cut-out in a store window, showing a man and a woman inspecting the latest model, with a sign near-by saying "International Artistes Prefer—Refrigerators." "Oh no!" groaned Vittorio. Even I couldn't believe it for a minute. The girl cut-out looking raptly into a refrigerator in a Mexican store window was me!

But we have sentimental as well as comic memories of Mexico. We were married in Juarez. Since the extent of my Spanish is "Si," I haven't the faintest idea what vows I made, except that I must have automatically agreed to everything. I don't know whether the word "obey" is included in the ceremony there, but I wouldn't be surprised if I said "Si" to that, too. I don't mean that Vittorio's the boss. It's just that I respect his opinions (I keep telling myself).

I've changed in many ways since we first met. With marriage, I found you must remember you're speaking for two, accepting for two, rejecting for two. By the time I had this firmly in mind, I was speaking for three. One of my biggest faults has always been that I couldn't say "No" to an invitation from friends. Before I thought, I'd say "Yes." Vittorio couldn't understand this. "You should say, 'I'll think about it,' or 'I'll talk it over with my husband,'" he kept telling me. "Then we'll discuss it, and you can call them back." He's very wise, as it turned out. If he hadn't given me this advice, I'd already have had us booked through 1954.

I guess your whole sense of values changes with marriage anyway. At least, mine has. I think I'll even be a better actress because of it; I'll be more relaxed, more . . . *simpatico*. My philosophy of living has become more like Vittorio's. He was used to living a quieter life than I

was, but I like it, I've found. And I was so sick with the "virus" and with other more natural disturbances during my pregnancy that I didn't feel much like going out anyway. With today's medical miracles, you'd think somebody would find an easier way to have a baby!

Strangely enough, I don't miss the festive life any more. I spent some of the saddest and loneliest nights of my life in night clubs along the Sunset Strip. A year ago, I'd have gotten hysterical if I missed a big Hollywood party. Now my feeling is one of relief—that I can spend another quiet evening at home.

To my own surprise, I found myself saying, "Well, no, I really don't." And I meant it!

I'm beginning to adopt my husband's more relaxed and fatalistic philosophy. If I miss a picture that I've been anxious to do—I'll live. I had three offers for good pictures the week after I found out I was going to have a baby. One of them, with Richard Widmark at Twentieth Century-Fox, was a strong part, written for me. But I worried about it. It was a strenuous role that called for getting roughed up a bit. Vittorio's reasoning was right, as usual: "Do you think this part is another 'Place in the Sun'? Is it that good? Would it get you an Academy Award?"

"No," I had to say. "It's good, but it isn't that kind of a part."

"Well then, why do it?" For the life of me, I couldn't think of one reason why.

If my career should ever really clash with my marriage, there's no doubt in my mind about what I would do. I couldn't be suspended by the studio any more often in the future than I have been in the past. And I know now I'd rather be a happy *hausfrau* than a successful, lonely star.

It's not that I like Shelley less, but that I love Vittorio more. THE ENL

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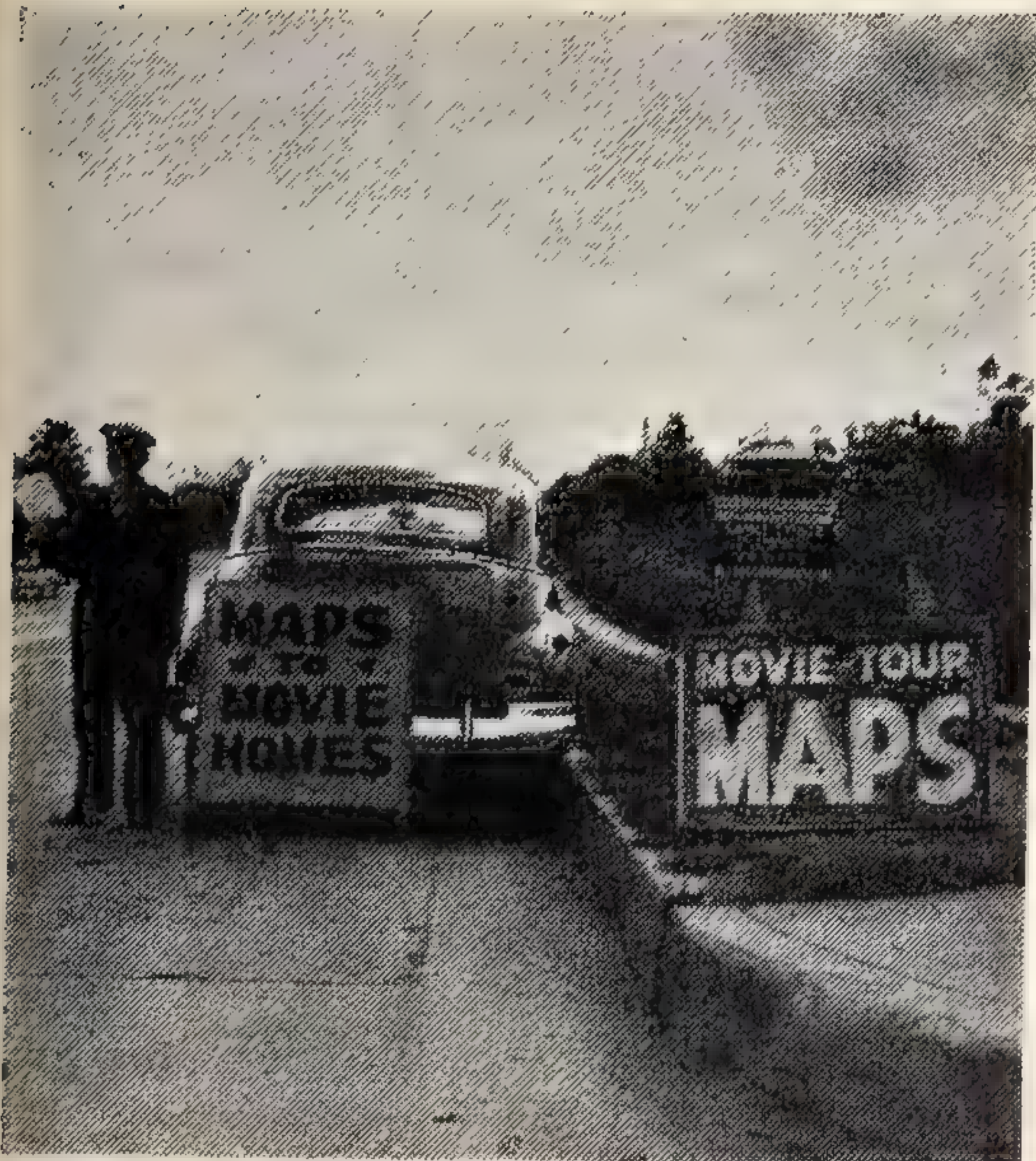
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Holiday in Hollywood

(Continued from page 64)



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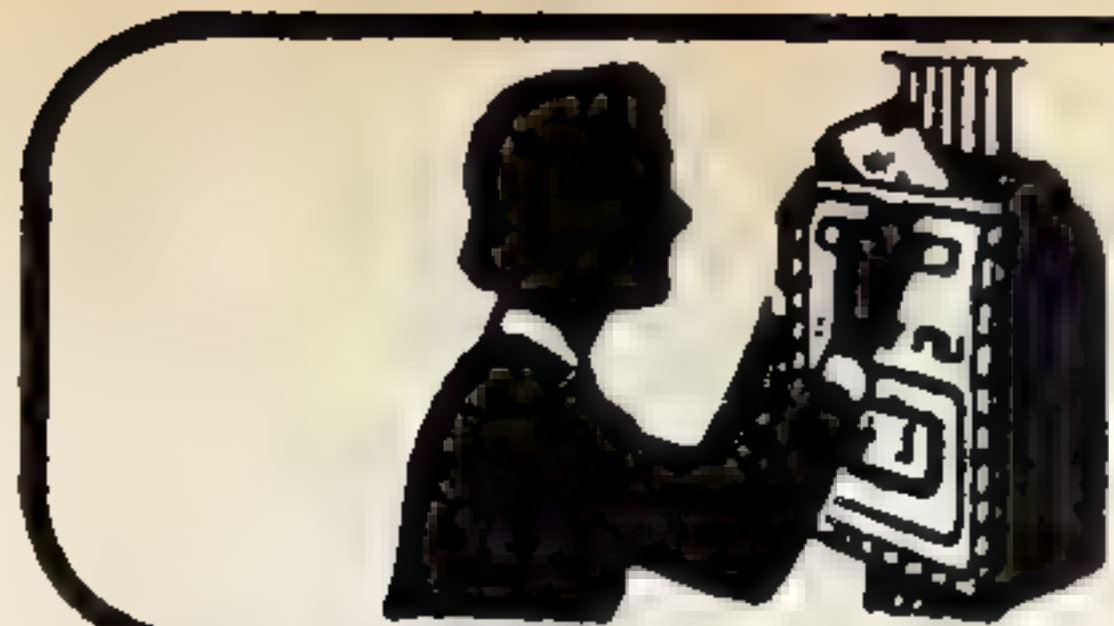
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(Continued from page 43)
right over in my levis—and with an okay-where-is-it approach. But the landlord was in no hurry!"

"What can I do for you, son?" he asked. With a quick eye, Bob surveyed the white stucco building, the private entrance, the well-kept grounds, noted it was a corner apartment, and said he understood there was a vacancy. Adding, "Have you rented it yet?"

The landlord just kept eyeing him. "Do you go to school?" he asked.

"No. I work," Bob explained.

"What do you do?"

"I'm working at Twentieth Century-Fox," said Bob, and noting the door was opening a little wider, quickly got a toe-hold inside. "Until then it was just the front doorstep," he grins.

Inside, the landlord went back to work, keeping one eye on the bedroom wall and the other wary one on Bob. "Right away, I knew I liked it," Bob says now. First, he noticed the fireplace. Then the large front room. The large bedroom. The large closet. Well, it looked large, then. The living room, he noted, would go great with his mother's cocoa drapes, if he could get them. There was also a closet in the living room where he could put a roll-away bed. "I could see all the possibilities in it. Which was more than the other fellow could see in me."

"How much is it?" Bob asked finally, still pacing it off.

But it was higher than Bob could go. He began selling a little harder, even indulging in a little name-dropping, mentioning casually that a friend of his, Dan Dailey, had an apartment there. "Dan's a nice guy," the man commented, thawing a little. "And about that time, as though on cue, Dan, who'd come in, sent his houseboy down to say 'Hello'—and this kind of warmed things up for me. . . .

"I'm sold," Bob told the landlord.

Signing the lease, Bob thought, was a history-making moment—like signing a Declaration of Independence of his own. Then he read the small print, and he was sure he was signing away all the freedoms his forefathers had fought for. There must be no playing of the radio after 10:30 P.M. No dancing. No parties. No pets. No noise.

In this respect, his landlord was still luckier than he had reason to know. Only a few months before, for instance, Bob would have been moving in complete with tuba, rendering "The Stars and Stripes Forever" day and evening. Then there was another period when, determined to be prepared for any eventuality in a musical, he had toyed with the trap drums.

Bob took a two-year lease on the apartment. Coincidental with moving day, he'd started working with Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb in "Titanic"—which seemed descriptive of his personal chores at that time. "I had to move everything: my clothes, furniture, records, books, the works. We'd just started the picture, and I'd been working four straight weeks already on another with no time off to pack. Things were real crazy. But when you have to move. . . ."

You move. Fortunately, his parents hadn't gone yet and Bob could have the help of a very willing accomplice, his mother's maid, Vera. She was a big help, too—in purloining as much "loot" as possible from the family home and settling it in Bob's new quarters.

"Vera really stripped the place of everything she could find for me," Bob grins now. "She would have given me the whole

joint, if we could have gotten away with it. She swiped all my father's cigarettes—and was my mother surprised when she saw her best frying pan take off!"

A van moved all the furnishings Bob and Vera couldn't manage. When the movers didn't send him a statement he kept wondering about it, until Dan Dailey hailed him at the studio one day. "Look, I believe in being helpful. But here, pay your own bills." Which was when Bob discovered the van company had sent the bill for thirty dollars to Dan's apartment.

Bob's new quarters, hectic as the whole operation has been, are in very good taste, warm, spacious and livable. The living room walls of desert-beige and the matching carpet, the mahogany-frame couch "the landlady left for me," harmonize beautifully with his mother's best cocoa-colored drapes.

The dining room was already done in blue, with small-figured wallpaper and matching blue rugs which provide a very acceptable background for the blond oak dining set Bob's folks contributed.

"I had my own bedroom furniture. And Dad had a lot of football stuff: trophies, cups, statues and such—he's a fan of the Detroit Tigers—which help take care of the mantel." Which Bob further decorated with a large framed portrait of his dad and mom and himself—to make it feel more like home. "Of course I still have some shopping to do. I want a radio-phonograph, and I need a couple of pictures here and there."

The kitchen's done in blue and white too, and Jeffrey Hunter provided the most necessary item to furnish it—"A Wolf In Chef's Clothing," a very well-illustrated cookbook. As Bob puts it frankly, "I'm a whizz at making breakfast. But I'm a dud at dinner. I really get fouled up."

This he discovered the night he christened the kitchen, making dinner for one, believing in all fairness that he should be the first casualty. This would just be a sort of happy rehearsal anyway. He would just follow the book and really let himself go. Two hours later, he conceded he would have been wiser to let the dinner go.

His menu, steak and baked potatoes, seemed simple enough on the surface. "I got the cookbook Jeff gave me and opened it at 'How to Bake a Potato.' It gives all the details and illustrates the whole procedure. You just follow the pictures."

He followed instructions faithfully. "But forty-five minutes later . . . nothing. The potatoes were still hard as rocks. I must have missed a picture—of me pre-heating the oven. . . ."

As for the pan-fried steak, "There were illustrations for this too, but I smoked the whole place out first thing. Finally I decided to heat up some enchilladas I had found in the frozen-food department at the store."

Then more happily, "But I've found a wonderful deal now. There's a place called 'The Casserole' where they deliver barbecued chicken dinners and such with all the trimmings. It's real great," he says enthusiastically.

Bob Wagner's "sense of truth," his ability to adjust, his eagerness to learn—and his eagerness to accept what others have learned—have helped immeasurably in adjusting to the drearier details. His natural friendliness encourages in others the desire to help him.

For instance, a new friend of his who works in a cleaning shop close by, comes over once a week, goes through the apartment, decides what needs cleaning and pressing and takes full responsibility for it.

Groceries? "I just call up Clete (Clete Delpendang) at the Westhills Market, a few blocks from the apartment." Clete, it seems, once had a market over in the Village and has served the Wagner family since Bob was a tow-head of eight. By a happy coincidence, his market is now four blocks away.

Then there's a fellow who assists him in the selection of fresh vegetables, when Bob, a familiar, levi-clad figure, makes his way around the market to the accompaniment of the smiles of women shoppers who "watch me pushing the basket around. We all say 'Hello' and keep saying 'Hello'—and they slow down and wait to take a look at what's in my basket," he grins.

As for going to work, it couldn't be simpler. "Only a four-minute drive to the studio—of course I don't kid around—allows for getting a little extra shut-eye in the morning too."

All in all, as he qualifies modestly, "I'm doing pretty good—now and then." Although he admits there was one bewildering interval when the neighbors suspected the new tenant of leading a double life. One of them finally stopped him with, "Say, what happened to that other young fellow who moved in here?" Used to seeing a blond guy in levis breezing in and out, they were a little confused when he came home one night with black curly hair and swarthy skin. Some of them still don't know he's all made up for the role of a Greek sponge fisherman in "Twelve Mile Reef," a script first bought for Marlon Brando—which gives you an idea of the value Twentieth Century-Fox places on Bob Wagner today.

So following his performance in "The Silver Whip," and the stature he gains in "Titanic," Bob Wagner, today's fastest rising young star in Hollywood, gets full-fledged stardom in "Twelve Mile Reef." While admitting, "I'm plenty excited about it," he's a little worried, too.

What with his new stardom and new bachelorhood, life is fairly raining responsibilities on Robert Wagner today. Despite which R. J. is an energetic, hard worker who insists on carrying his own weight. But he still measures his accomplishments with a wary eye. And to the all-important question, Bob told reporters, "Look, I'm not sure I can manage an apartment as yet—much less marriage."

That's a remark he now looks back upon as the classic understatement of all time.

Modesty, however, will probably get him nowhere. Or perhaps everywhere. It all depends on the point of view. THE END

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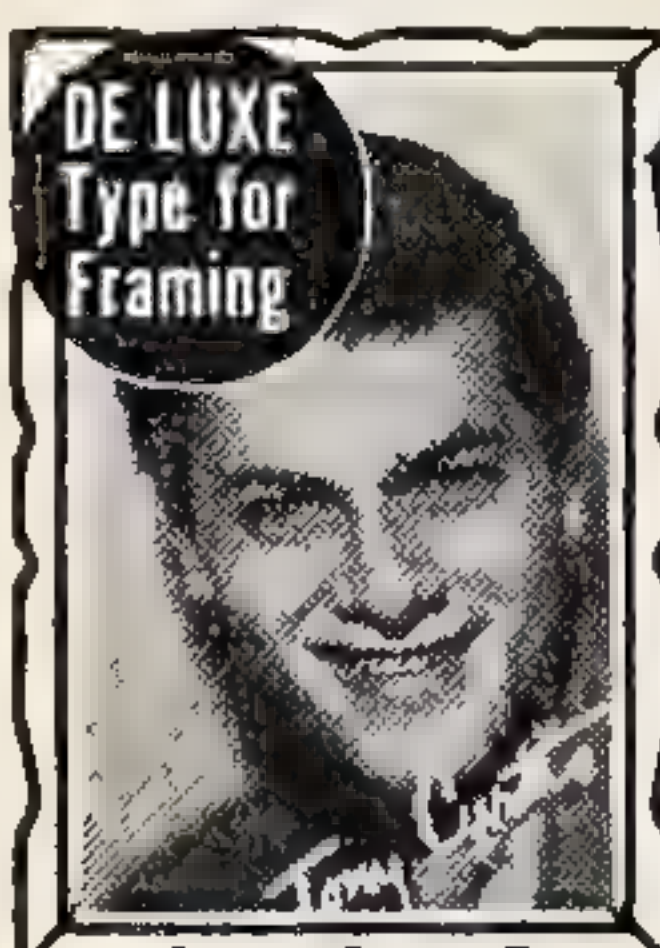
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Darling, Wish You Were Here . . .

(Continued from page 51)

"Now there's nothing to worry about," Barbara said as she kissed her husband goodbye. "I'm fine, the baby's fine. You're all set to go to work with a free mind. No more worrying."

Before he took off from New York, he phoned. "I'll remember everything," he told Barbara. "And I'll make plenty of notes so you and I can repeat this adventure step by step! And don't you worry about me," he said. "Everything is fine."

This was only partly true. Jeff had the scare of one man's life when the London-bound plane developed engine trouble shortly after it had taken off from Gander, Newfoundland, headed into the trackless skies above the steel-gray Atlantic. The pilot swung around and returned to Gander where, nine hours later, it was believed that essential engine repairs had been completed.

Jeff cabled Barbara to explain the delay, which was a good thing because Jeff's mother (in Milwaukee) waited two hours after the plane was to have arrived in London, then telephoned Barbara in Hollywood to ask whether all was well.

Little did either of the waiting women realize that when the plane was finally taxied out for take-off, the pilot didn't like the sound of the engine and returned to the airport for further repairs.

As advertised, though, London eventually shone out of the early evening rain and mist, the steady lights of city traffic moving busily in the wrong direction. Jeff wrote to Barbara: "Dearest Barby: You and I will descend on London at this same hour, some evening, and you'll say—just as I thought—'But everything is flowing against the tide.' We'll see the great gray snake of the Thames curled under its storied bridges, and you'll say, 'See, it isn't falling down, no matter what we used to sing about London Bridge when we were children.'"

Jeff was met by Twentieth's British representatives and whisked from airport to town with one stop—at a pub to give Jeff his first glimpse of one of England's most famous institutions.

It was here that Jeff spotted an object that excited his covetousness. It was, he wrote to Barbara that night, entirely unique. "Exactly the sort of conversation piece we'll need for the den we're going to have in our house some day."

This affair consisted of a solid brass box about ten inches long, six inches wide, and five inches deep. The top lid was divided

into two sections. In one section there was a coin slit large enough to take a copper English penny (about the size of our half-dollar). In order to work the mechanism, one deposited two pennies, pushed a plunger which in turn unlocked and opened the second lid section. In days gone by, this was used in pubs as a cigar dispenser, a portable forerunner of today's American cigarette vending machines.

"I don't know how to go about getting one of these gadgets for us, but I'll find out somehow. You'll get a kick out of it. . . ." wrote the man who was reminded of his home by everything he saw.

He also wrote: "P. S. I'm getting better about picking up my clothes and hanging them on hangers. No more shirts over the backs of chairs. No more trousers draped over the sofa. For one thing, I think untidiness would horrify the maid in this posh hotel (yeah, 'posh' is the British for 'swell'), but what is really important is that I'm trying to please you, even at a distance of six thousand miles. I don't intend to turn our home into a seven-room clothes closet!"

Whenever possible, Jeff saw one of the plays current in London. He saw Flora Robson and Jeremy Spencer "who were terrifyingly good, even during a Saturday matinee" of "The Innocents." He saw the Lunts in a "talky, intensely delightful" play entitled "Quadrille." He brought his dreams for himself and Barbara up to date by writing, "I still think the time will come when you and I will be able to do a play together. Maybe it will be 'little theatre,' but it's so important to us that it will *have* to come true. I think the Lunts have the perfect life for an acting team. Probably every husband and wife in the theatre think of the Lunt pattern wistfully, but perhaps you and I might have the luck to follow in their footsteps in a minor sort of way."

Jeff managed to get to Paris over one weekend. He spent the hour's flying time between London and Paris in writing another letter to Barbara.

He was met at the airport by Twentieth's representatives. And while there was still a glint of Friday's daylight left, he was taken by automobile from Sacré Coeur to the Place Pigalle. That evening, he went to the Folies Bergere and was awed by the magnificence of the production numbers.

He wrote to Barbara—near dawn—"Darling, Paris is incredible. Nothing one has read about it quite prepares the



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stranger for it. At least this is true of me, and I know it would be of you. Exciting as it is, I'd give a lot to be there in the apartment with you right now. And, honey, I wouldn't say one single word if you had newspapers scattered from the front door to the kitchen steps. I'd be so glad to see those pages and to know that you had been reading them, and that you were in the next room checking to see how Chris was sleeping, that nothing else would matter. From now on, no kicks from me about your wading around through waves of morning news."

On Saturday, Jeff went to the top of the Eiffel Tower . . . with the elevator acting as if it might drop, at any moment, to the bottom of the shaft like a buzzard struck by lightning.

Like all duly constituted tourists, Mr. Hunter wrote a series of cards from the observation platform. He told Barbara, "If I don't make it down in that elevator, just remember that the view of Paris from this super crow's nest was worth it."

In the afternoon, having descended without incident, he visited Notre Dame Cathedral, strolled along the banks of the Seine, sat at a sidewalk cafe for coffee, kept in mind a plan. He asked his companion to guide him to the Rue St. Honoré and a smart hat shop. "For the world's most beautiful brunette, I want a hat that will announce 'From Paris' at a distance of forty feet."

They found the hat in a window just off the famous street of fashion. For Jeff, it represented love at first sight. The hat consisted of a black velvet cloche bound with black grosgrain ribbon. At the front of the cloche were three black velvet visors, each set slightly forward of the others, each bound in black grosgrain. Over his simple but elegant creation there was a small black nose veil.

Jeff wrote nothing to Barbara about the bonnet. An occasional surprise is also included in the Hunter design for living.

That night Jeff joined a group of Twentieth Century-Fox officials and visitors at an elaborate party given at The Pink Elephant, world-famed restaurant. Afterward he wrote to Barbara, "The floor show is the most amazing thing I have ever seen. Three Negroes, wearing stevedore-calyptsoarb, performed a series of savage Afro-ungle chants that would pull your hair out by the roots. I was marveling at the primitive rawness of such an act and wondering how on earth it found its way to Paris when the performers joined us at our table as guests of Mr. Zanuck, who has signed them to work in Hollywood in picture. It turned out that one of the men is a lawyer, one is a doctor, the third is a successful businessman; all are French citizens of North African descent; all are gentlemen of culture who are seeking to record and perpetuate the musical forms of their forebears."

And he added that he had a plan for Christopher: he wanted the Hunter heir to know many people from many lands, to be a true cosmopolite, enjoying the rich differences existing alongside of human similarities throughout the world.

"Of course I want our boy to attend Northwestern University, just as I did, and I want him to be a Phi Delt like me. When I want him to travel before he decides on a career. I hope we'll be able to make it possible for him, but if we can't buy the tickets, I hope he'll have guts enough to do it on his own and work his way around the world."

As soon as Jeff returned to London, he bought some French linguaphone records and started to bone up. He told Barbara how glad he was that she had already studied the language. "Because when I

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Doris Day

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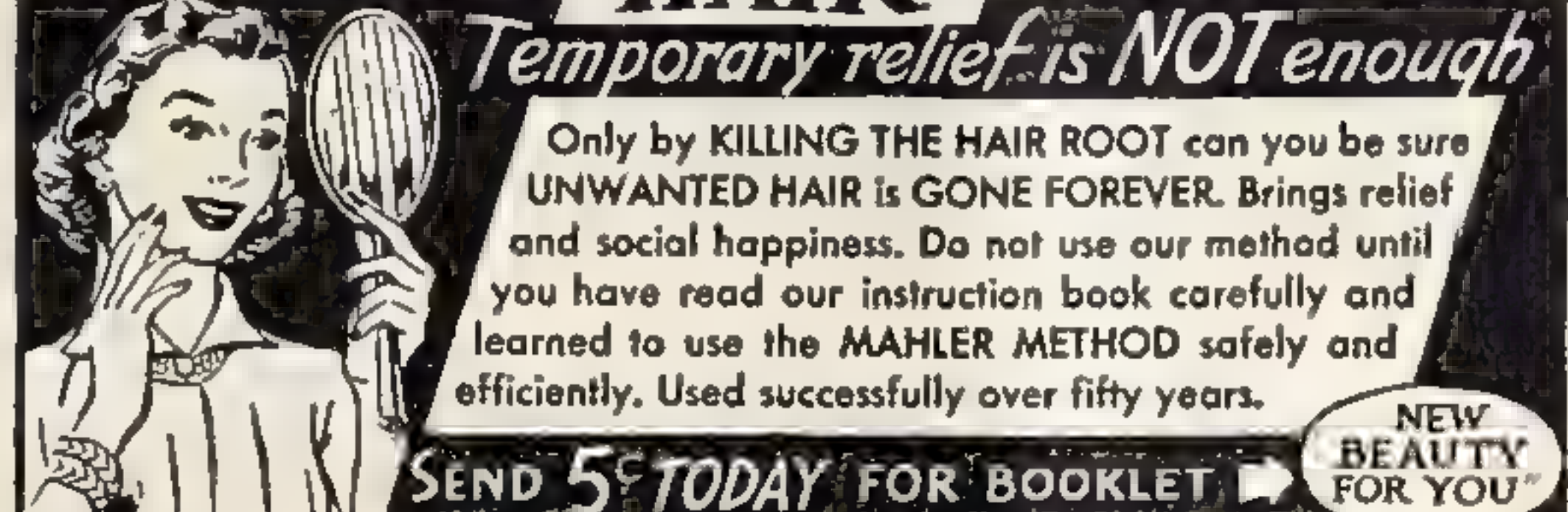
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get home you and I are going to become students in earnest. We'll spend entire evenings during which we won't allow ourselves to speak to one another except in French. It's a fascinating language; it floats over the ear like music."

From London, the production company of "Sailor of the King" flew to Malta, Mediterranean base of the British fleet. Jeff, who had read about the valor of Malta's resistance during World War II, was excited about living on the island.

His first impression from plane-approach altitude was that of descending upon a mass of solid rock. As the plane neared the landing field, the rock walls separated and tiny gardens became visible. Then narrow streets winding through storybook villages appeared to wind through a landscape drawn by a child.

Once established, Jeff wrote, "This is a spot to be visited by two people in love. The Mediterranean is as blue as an angel's eyes, warm, and so clear that you can watch the veiled tropical fish weaving around a thousand feet below the surface."

He spent some time spear fishing, but most of Jeff's leisure was invested in his future. He prowled the precise little shops for household equipment and bought exquisite handmade lace luncheon sets and aprons for his mother and for Barbara's mother, as well as for the future Hunter home—and toys for the baby.

"Isn't it remarkable," he inquired of Barbara, "to realize that in these days it is possible for a baby, born in California, to grow up with toys bought for him by his father in Malta?"

When the Malta sequences were finished, Jeff made a fast trip by air to Rome and Naples, then back to England where he found that he had accumulated so much merchandise for the Hunter dream house and the Hunter family he couldn't fly home with it all without bankrupting himself.

He booked passage on the sumptuous new *United States*—fastest ship afloat—cabled Barbara his anticipated arrival

time, and dropped onto the bed in his stateroom, exhausted.

He was still catching his breath when a gale which had gradually gained intensity for hours, slammed the mighty liner against the docks, damaging it extensively enough to postpone sailing for twenty hours.

A rough start for the trip by air, a rough finish by sea.

Barbara and Jeff had made arrangements to rendezvous in Chicago on a split-second schedule, then go on to Milwaukee for Christmas with Jeff's parents. As it worked out, Barbara was on her plane, ready to take off from Los Angeles International Airport when her mother, baby-sitting, received the cable from Jeff announcing his late arrival in New York. Mrs. Rush had Barbara paged, gave her the news. "Just so he's safe," said Barbara. "We have too many plans for anything to go wrong now."

At the last minute, no one knew at which of Chicago's seven railway terminals Jeff would arrive. Barbara and Jeff's parents picked out the two most logical, considering train schedules, and while Jeff's father met one train, Jeff's mother and Barbara met the other. Barbara's contingent hit the jackpot.

The first thing Jeff said, after that breathless, laughing, crying kiss was, "Oh, honey, I have so much to tell you . . ."

And so, with the new year bright as a penny in their pockets, they returned to Hollywood, to Christopher. ("Good night!" said Chris's dad. "He looks ready to check out in a football uniform right now at four months of age," and then, with real distress, "But, Honey, he doesn't even know me!") and to a life in which dreams are served with the morning coffee.

But the Hunters say it in French. For French, at the moment, is being spoken in the Hunter household. One must be prepared for a trip to Paris because who knows at what moment such a plan may come true.

That's for sure. Or as the French say, "C'est vrai." THE END



Tribute to a great trouper: In New York, Jane Froman receives her special Photoplay Award from attorney Joseph Schultz, for her contributions to "With a Song in My Heart." Jane, whose life story inspired Gold Medal film, rerecorded songs for Lux Theatre broadcast of picture

(Continued from page 20)

what has happened to her . . . I liked her and hated to see her just disappear . . .

PAT E. KIGER
Washington, D. C.

She retired in 1947 to marry William Moss, has since been a fulltime wife and mother.—Ed.

Could you please tell me who played Calvin, the boy whose mother didn't want him to join the National Guard in "Thunderbirds"?

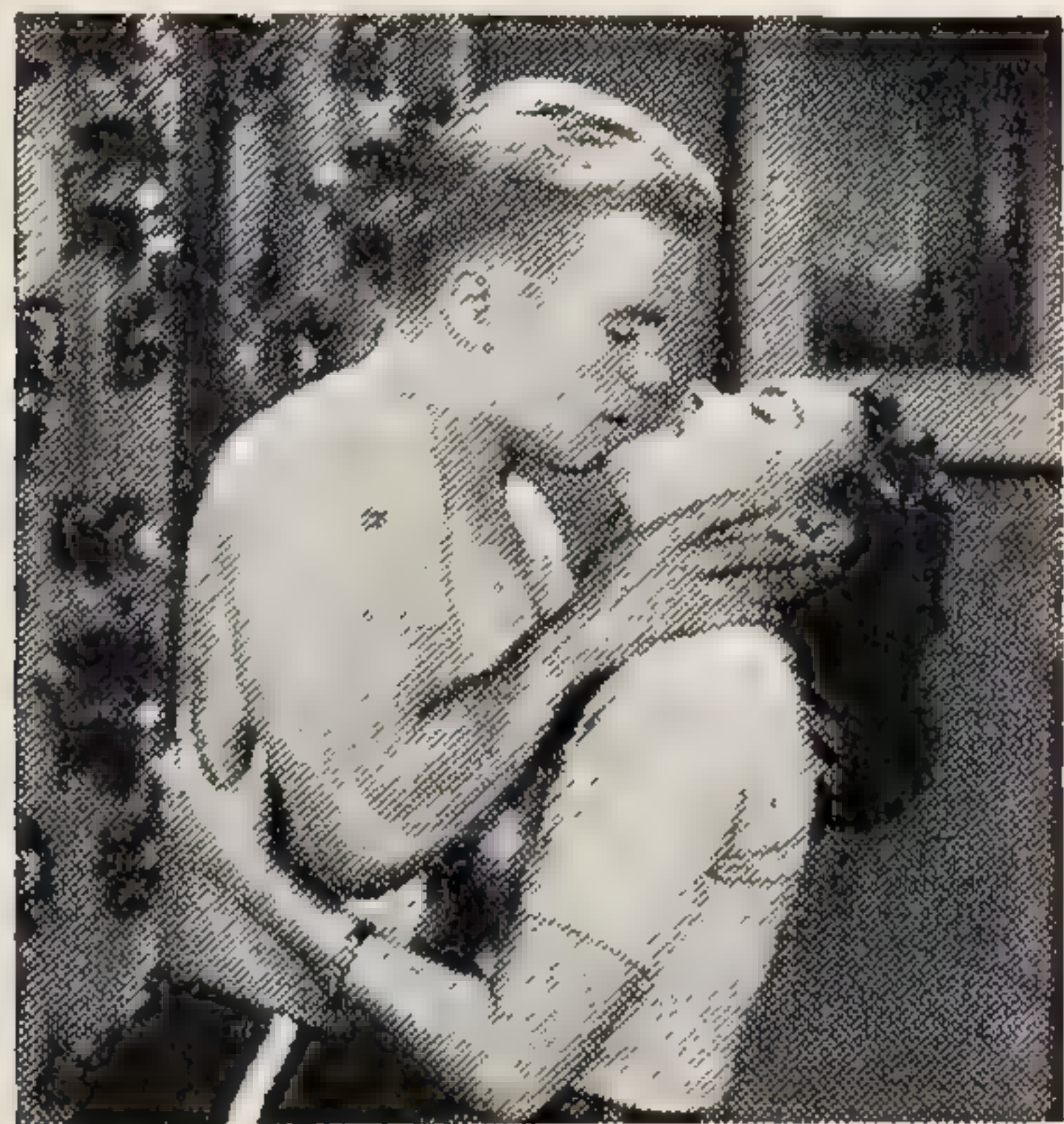
MIRIAM FRY
Troy, Ohio

That was Ben Cooper. He is under contract to Republic Pictures.—Ed.

I haven't seen the picture, "Come Back, Little Sheba," but I would like to hear more about Richard Jaeckel . . . How old is he? Is he married?

SELMA REESE
Bowling Green, Missouri

He was born in Long Beach, New York 10/10/26. He's married to Antoinette Marches and they have two children.—Ed.



Dick Jaeckel: Too good to ignore

I would like to know the name of the picture in which Ava Gardner and Gregory Peck acted together. The picture was about gambling . . .

JANICE PAPSON
Dickson City, Pennsylvania

That was M-G-M's "The Great Sinner."—Ed.

I would like to learn in which film Marge and Gower Champion first appeared?

ESEN SEL
Istanbul, Turkey

They made their film debuts separately—Gower, in 1946, in "Till the Clouds Roll By," and Marge, in 1950, in "Mr. Music."—Ed.

. . . After a movie is shown throughout the United States and abroad, what happens to it? . . .

LOIS SHEETZ
Alexandria, Virginia

Studios keep a master print of each reel in their film libraries. These are sometimes taken out for re-release.—Ed.

It is most important that I hear from you. A fellow just back from Japan and I got talking about movies . . . and who played in "State Fair." He said, among the many stars, Kathryn Grayson also played in it. I said, "No." . . . I know she didn't, but I want to show him in black on white.

MRS. DOLORES TRUCCO
Columbus, Ohio

She was not in the picture. The first leads were played by Jeanne Crain and Dana An-

(Continued on page 97)

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(Continued from page 48)

(At the Curtis house, they budget their earnings carefully—and keep a piggy bank to take care of the odd fripperies the budget doesn't cover.)

3. Do you share each other's hobbies and interests? And—if you don't—are you willing to try to learn to do so? And—if they still leave you cold—can you understand that if your husband wants, for instance, to play golf once a week, his doing so by no means constitutes desertion?

(Janet and Tony both love the outdoors—fish and swim together. And they love teaming to do the magic tricks they learned for "Houdini.")

4. Can you let your spouse (or date) finish telling a story (even if you do know the punch line, too) without interrupting?

(This is a toughie for people in the acting business, who are used to having the center of the stage. But the Curtises are perfectly happy about acting as "straight man" for each other.)

5. Can you refrain from making public corrections of tiny fact errors that aren't important anyway? ("No darling, you're wrong. It wasn't Tuesday. It was Thursday." That routine.)

(Tony and Janet never interrupt each other—never alter each other's facts. Any conversational editing is done in the post-mortem sessions after they get home—and never, never in public.)

6. Do you try never to be late for an appointment?

(Tony tries hard—but he doesn't very often succeed. But Janet—who is a human clock and appointment calendar combined, has long since given up being annoyed when Tony keeps her waiting. "Tiffing about it," she says, "just adds to the time wasted. And subtracts from happiness.")

7. If one of you is naturally neat, and the other on the disheveled side, can you work out a meeting of the minds—with the sloppy one trying to pick things up, and the neat one trying not to heckle when it doesn't happen all the time?

(Either extreme can be a headache. "Janet's so neat that," says Tony, "half the time she picks up my clothes and sends them to the cleaner while I'm still in them." She empties ash trays frantically, and she gets the dishes washed before the last course is eaten. Tony, on the other hand, would just as soon leave anything he's been using right where he's used it. But they're both trying—Tony, to pick up after himself once in a while, and Janet, to give him a chance to finish what he's doing before she gets the broom and the duster out.)

8. Are you willing to forget about dignity every once in a while and just be silly and gay for sheer silliness' sake?

(At this, the Curtises are expert! Not only have they been "starring" in the whacky home movies their buddy, Jerry Lewis, makes, but they're masters of slapstick at home.)

9. Can you bypass some of your favorite

foods and learn to like some of the things your partner loves—to keep peace at the dinner table?

(The problem of liking different things has never arisen for Tony and Janet. "With Tony," says Janet, "it's a matter of his not wanting to eat at all! I have to practically tie him down to get him to finish a meal." "This is the only thing," says Tony, "that we ever really spat about." And those spats are good-natured.)

10. Can you not criticize each other's clothes—except constructively?

(The Curtises are always buying wearing apparel for each other as gifts—love each other's taste. Says Janet, "I wouldn't dream of buying anything Tony doesn't like. And I love what he chooses for me. That red fur coat he bought me, for instance. Yummy!")

11. Will you make every effort to understand and love your in-laws (or your future in-laws) no matter how different they may seem from your own parents?

(No problem at all. Tony and Janet were crazy about each other's families right from the start.)

12. Do you share each other's love for animals. And, if you don't, can you try to learn?

(This one's a snap for the Curtises, too. Janet wanted a dog. Tony bought her one—a French poodle. They named her Houdina, in honor of their co-starring roles in "Houdini," call her Hoodoo for short, and both love her and spoil her together.)

13. Can you respect each other's weariness—or need for some peace and quiet after a hard day's work—and forego that night on the town?

(Being pro's, both Tony and Janet know what hard work means. And while they both love getting dressed up and hitting the night spots, they don't love it enough to try to wheedle each other into going out when one or the other of them wants to stay home and rest.)

14. Can you share each other's life, understand each other and cooperate, without losing your own individuality?

(Say Tony and Janet: "We have discovered what every happy couple discovers—that everything you do together makes you grow more both as a couple and as individuals." Neither personality has been swallowed up by the other—but both personalities have gained new facets through their marriage.)

To Tony and Janet, knowing the answers to most of these questions posed no problem. And they were willing to work at those that were troublesome. But working at marriage, they say, is the most fun they've ever had. And from all indications, it's fun they're going to keep right on having.

(You'll be seeing Mr. and Mrs. Curtis together, as a working team in Paramount's "Houdini." Janet is also in RKO's "Jet Pilot," and in "Confidentially Connie" and "Naked Spur" for M-G-M. Tony is in U-I's "Drifting.")

THE END

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(Continued from page 95)

draws, the second, by Vivian Blaine and Dick Haymes.—Ed.

Quite a few years ago, I saw a picture starring Doris Day and Bing Crosby. Could you please tell me the name of it?

JOY STERN
Rutherford, New Jersey

Your memory's playing tricks on you. They have never made a picture together.—Ed.

... I wonder if you can help me with a question about Maureen O'Hara. My friend says she is the mother of six children. I say she has only one child, a daughter. I told my friend she must be thinking of Maureen O'Sullivan, who has several children ... would you help settle this debate ...

MRS. JOHN SEMENAK
Minersville, Pennsylvania

You're right. Maureen O'Hara has only one daughter, Bronwyn Bridget. Maureen O'Sullivan, however, has seven children.—Ed.

Could you please tell me the name of the beautiful, talented ballet dancer, Pavlova, in "Million Dollar Mermaid." I have heard that is her correct name.

FAY WATSON
Salisbury, Maryland

The dancer was Maria Tallchief, playing the part of Pavlova. Anna Pavlova was one of the most famous ballerinas who ever lived.—Ed.

Could you please tell me how long Marilyn Monroe has been in pictures. And what was the first picture she appeared in.

BEVERLY LANGLEY
Manchester, New Hampshire

She had a bit part in "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay" in 1948.—Ed.

Doesn't Margaret O'Brien exist any more? Has she, or is she going to make more movies? ...

VICKI RESS
Steubenville, Ohio

She was recently in a play called "The Intruder," which closed after several weeks, and she is planning to make a movie about Japan next.—Ed.

I am writing for my sister Pat who is ill. She saw "The Savage," and asked would you please print a picture of that fine actor who played "Long Man."

ANGES WHITE
Butte, Montana

Here he is. That was Larry Tolan, who is at present a free-lance player.—Ed.



Larry Tolan of "The Savage"

*whose

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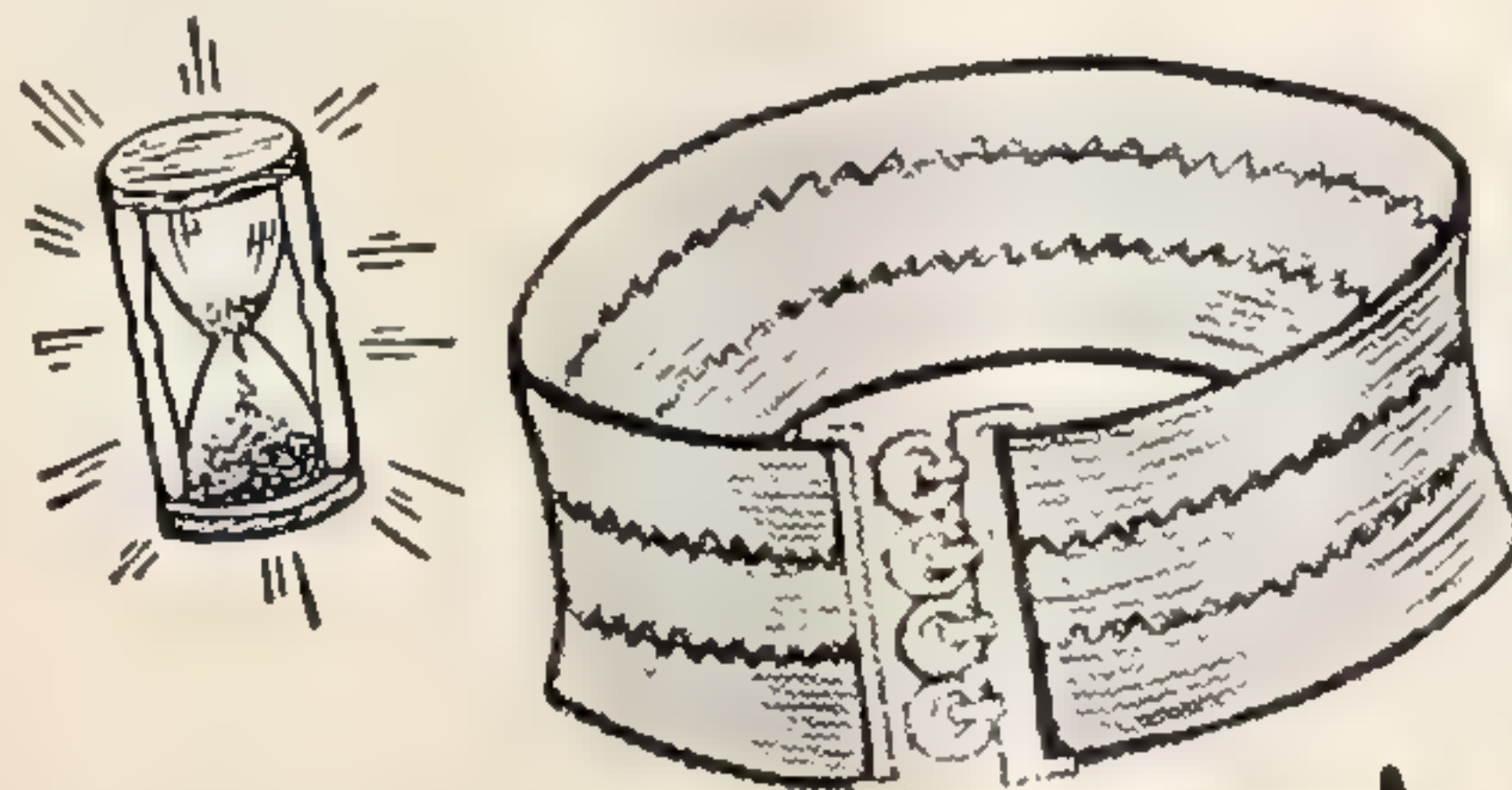
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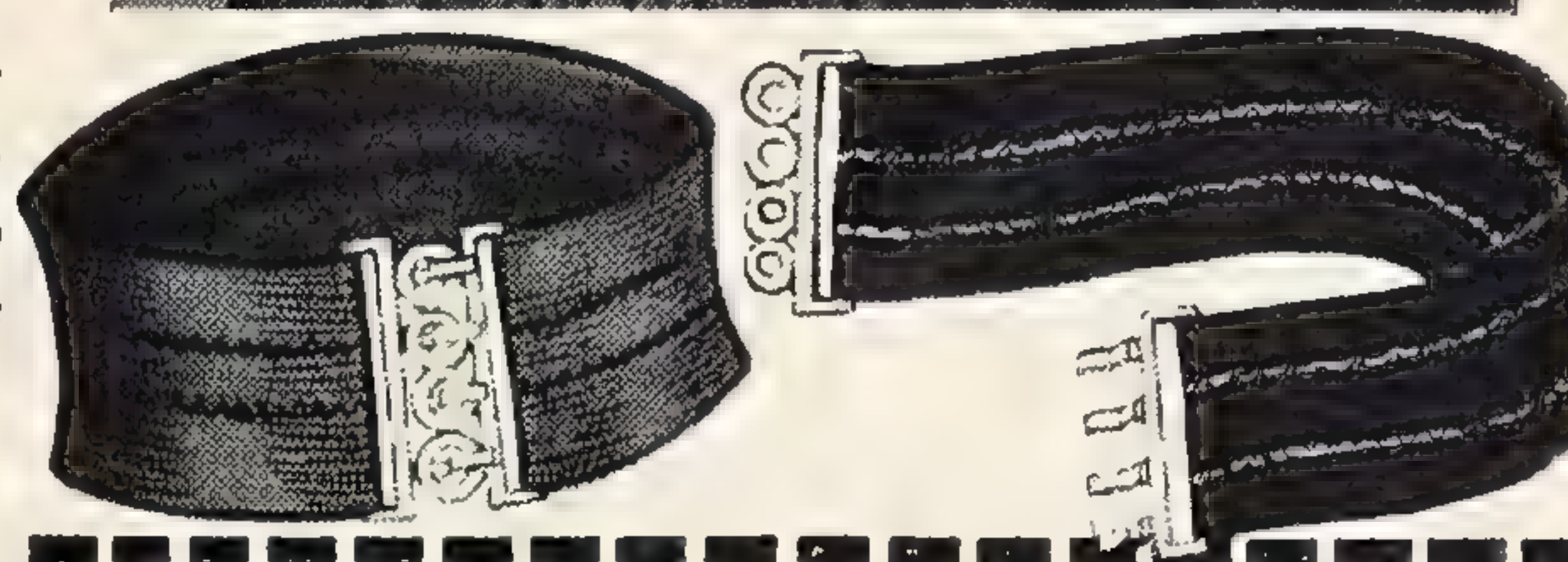
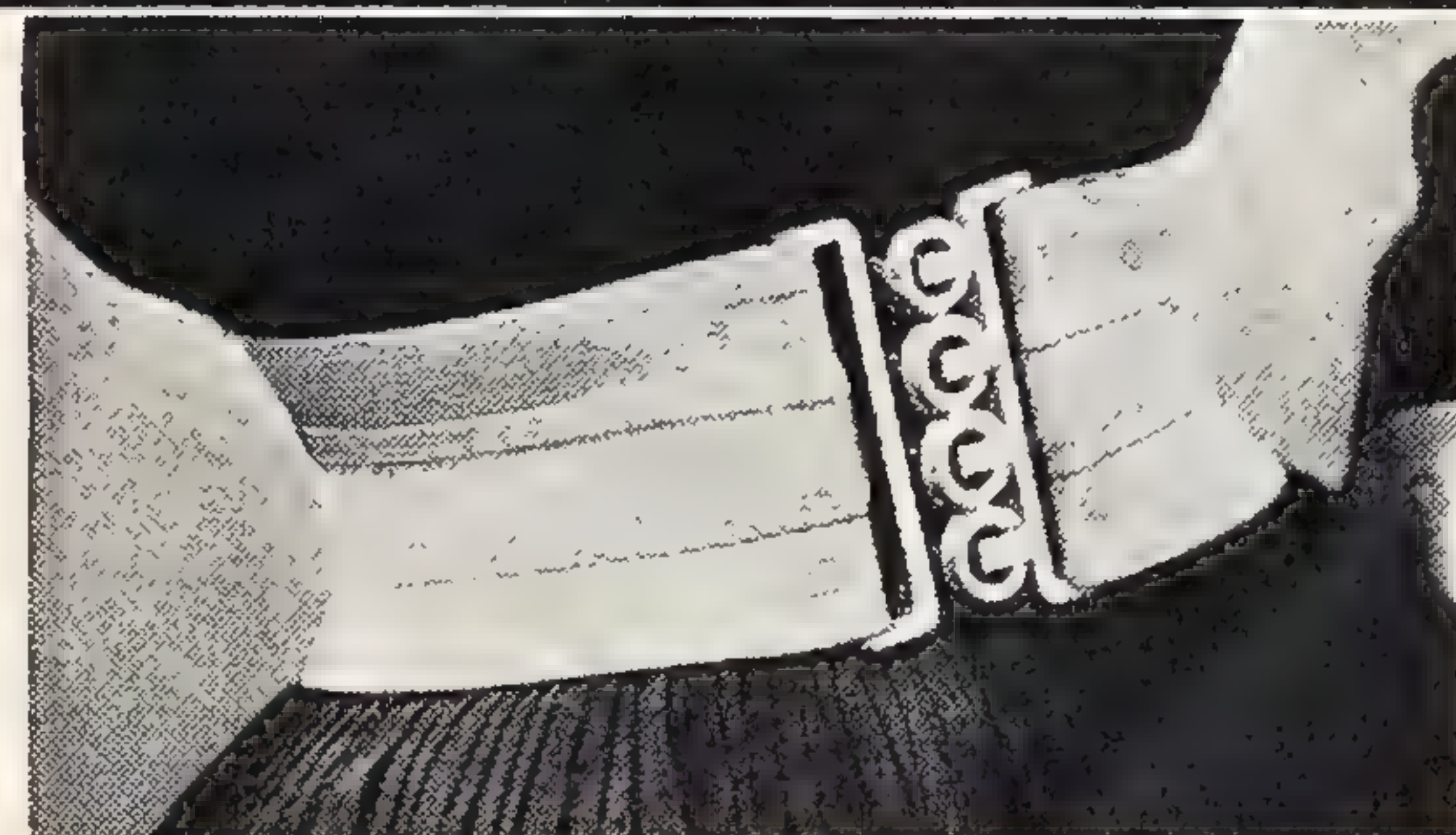
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Unpredictable Mona

(Continued from page 39)

their charming little daughter, Mona, Jr. And seldom has Hollywood been less sure what the ultimate outcome will be.

This split, unlike many in Hollywood, is not a direct result of the wife's career. The trouble between Mona and Pat developed as they themselves grew into different people—quite different from the pair they had been when they took their vows at the altar of a Catholic Church.

From all reports Mona is the one who has changed most, but this does not necessarily mean that the change should be held against her. She was nineteen when she married Pat, and she married him a very short time after their first date. There was little time to learn anything about him, other than that he was one of the sons of the well-known Ford dealer in Los Angeles, that he had an enchanting sense of humor, that he boasted red hair and freckles and was, like Mona, of Irish descent. To Mona's mind it was a perfect combination, adding up to love.

Last April, after six years of marriage during which their daughter Mona, Jr. was born, the Nerneys parted. In September, despite Pat's attempts at a reconciliation, Mona was granted an interlocutory decree. At approximately the same time she was tested at RKO, whereupon studio boss Howard Hughes handed her a forty-week contract at \$1,000 a week. Mona moved out of the home she and Pat had built in the Pacific Palisades and into an apartment closer to the studio. Since then she has been seen in restaurants and night clubs, both well-known and of small repute, with a varied assortment of men, ranging from Nicky Hilton to Bing Crosby. The consensus of opinion is that Mona is becoming sophisticated too quickly.

Those who ladle out this opinion include both old friends who have known her for a long time, and columnists who have met her only briefly. Yet there is some defense for Mona on this score.

The change she underwent during her marriage was the simple evolution into maturity. She had been little more than a child when she married Pat, and during those six years of adjustments and her subsequent motherhood, Mona became a woman. Few people noticed it, because her physical appearance did not change. Mona's prevalent wail against Hollywood ever since her first contract with Paramount in 1943 has been the refusal of producers to allow her to play grown-up roles.

Her fragile figure and piquant features have always made her look much younger than she is, and she got off to a bad start when she tested for, and lost, the role of Barbara Stanwyck's kid sister in "Double Indemnity." Mona was then seventeen, and supposed to look seventeen, but on the screen she looked twelve.

Soon afterwards, she got the role of the twelve-year-old in "Dear Ruth" and turned in such a sock performance that from then on she was thought of as a child, not only by producers but by the entire town of Hollywood.

At nineteen, she felt desperate about her career, and she turned her mind away from the problem only temporarily when she fell in love with Pat. She first dated his brother John, and met Pat the day John took her home to meet his family. Mona wasn't very impressed until the night six months later when Pat joined Mona and his brother for an evening at the Mocambo. Pat was amusing; he was kind and thoughtful; and he seemed to put women on a pedestal. Mona switched allegiance almost in an instant, and after a

whirlwind courtship they were married.

Now, she thought, people surely would accept her as a young woman rather than a child. But they didn't. Mona continued getting kid-sister roles, and even after her daughter's birth two years later, the situation did not change. She tried everything. She switched make-up, bought slinky clothes, tipped her weight forward on the highest of heels. Meanwhile, Pat Nerney was perfectly satisfied with Mona as she was. Because Pat, while a good five years older than Mona, was not a sophisticate in any sense of the word.

He was a boy whose wants were simple and whose life was no more complicated than a volume of *The Bobbsey Twins*. He had grown up in a family untouched by the insanity of Hollywood, and he was described by those who knew him as "a soft-spoken, well-bred, and well-balanced boy." Pat's sole surrender to Hollywood's influence had been his penchant for dating young girls in the industry. Both he and his brother John confined their premarital dating almost entirely to starlets, and it is said that Pat's fascination with the idea of associating with movie people was responsible for his easy attitude toward Mona's career.

The one hitch in the setup was his inability to understand the demands of such a career. Mona is an unusually prompt person, and as she matured, she became even more conscientious about her work. When there was a call to be at the studio early in the morning, she would by-pass a social evening and get to bed early the night before. But Pat, who always loved a gay evening and could afford to sleep a little later, wanted to paint the town.

This small difference between them was not in itself important, but it is typical of the many small ways in which they began pulling in opposite directions. Mona had grown up more quickly than Pat. As a friend said recently, "Pat has a cute, boyish sense of humor, the kind of thing a girl could fall in love with, but not live with day in and day out."

When they were building their home after little Mona's birth, they went out to the lot every day and watched the workmen like a couple of gleeful kids. The day the floors were laid down, Pat took a phonograph and records along and whirled Mona around the floor despite the gawking passersby. It is an example of his natural exuberance, a trait which would charm a youngster, but embarrass a girl who was trying to prove that she had grown up.

Because Pat's income is upper middle-class, that is the way they lived. For the first four years of their marriage, they lived in a Westwood apartment that was so small the baby's nurse had to sit in the bedroom when the Nerneys had guests. Pat laughingly met the necessity of having to change his clothes in a closet off the dining room. It was a life that was merry and wonderful for an average couple and perhaps would have continued to be so had not the glamour of Hollywood's lusher living been hanging over their heads.

When little Monie was two, Pat and Mona built their house, scraping together every cent in order to swing the deal. Mona was as positive about the things she wanted in the house, such as a sunken living room and pine-paneled kitchen, as she had been firmly self-satisfied about the success of her marriage. Secure in the knowledge that it had worked out happily for four years, she had derided the break-up of other marriages around town.

But last spring, despite the new house and all its advantages, boredom began to set in. Some say that it was the result of Mona's love of change; others, that she had matured beyond Pat; still others, that despite the fact that all her earnings went into savings and professional expenses while they lived on Pat's salary, Mona was growing increasingly interested in that root of all evil, money.

At any rate, three things happened almost simultaneously. She left Paramount Pictures, she was given her thousand-a-week contract by Howard Hughes, and she announced that her marriage to Pat was at an end.

Hollywood couldn't have been more shocked if the Robert Youngs or the Fred MacMurrays had separated. People recalled their visits to the Nerney apartment, remembered the three tiny rooms cluttered with happy evidence of their life together—Mona's paintings, Pat's photographic equipment, and small Monie, adoring both her parents. They remembered the newer life in the big house and the pride with which only recently Pat and Mona had furnished their new home.

There had been Mona's insistence on cooking, even after she had worked all day at the studio, and there had been Pat's thoughtful gifts to his wife. Above all, people remembered Mona's repeated statements—"My husband comes first, always."—"Many girls are willing to let acting break up their marriages, but not me!"—"I'm lucky I married Pat. If I'd married anyone else I don't think I'd be married today. He's so unselfish—"

And there was the poem she had written on a card that went with a Saint Patrick's Day gift to him—"Roses are red, violets are blue, it's the luck of the green that I've got you."

Suddenly it had all gone down the drain. Pat tried everything he knew to mend the rift. Mona went off to Republic Studio to make "Thunderbirds" with John Derek, and the people who worked with her on that picture report that she was unusually quiet. "I wouldn't say that Mona brooded," said one, "but she had none of her usual sparkle." Those who worked with her in RKO's "Angel Face" made much the same comment.

While the marriage was still a going concern, a close friend had said of Mona, "One of her chief virtues as a wife is her affection for old-fashioned ideas. She doesn't like night clubs. She'd rather stay home. Mona's no frantic career girl, chasing around town after fleeting values. To her, Pat means more than any acting contract anybody could dangle in front of her."

Yet, soon after she sued Pat for divorce, Mona climbed on the glamour bandwagon. It was almost as if she were determined, now that she was free and twenty-six, to prove she was twenty-six. She wore sophisticated clothes and went to sophisticated places. When she wasn't working in a picture she frequented the town's brighter night spots. She began leaving the home and hearth she had valued so highly during her marriage to Pat, and at this writing is still doing it. And that same friend has said regretfully, "It looks very much as though Mona has become a 'frantic career girl'."

She went to Palm Springs, desert playground of the stars, and dated Johnny Faunce, professional tennis player. Shortly after that, Bing Crosby arrived at the resort for the double purpose of recording his radio show and enjoying the local golf tournament. It was about this time that Bing began coming out of the shell of grief that had encompassed him since Dixie's death more than two months before. He dated starlet Mary Murphy for

a golf game, and then he dated Mona.

Mona was fourteen when she first was put under contract to Paramount, and she adored Bing from the start. Now, a dozen years later, she found herself his dinner companion. It wasn't the first time. A few weeks before, Bing had taken Mona to an opening night at the Club Gala back in Hollywood. Now in Palm Springs, he took her to lunch at the Racquet Club, to dinner at the Chi-Chi, to another dinner at the Doll's House. And they continued to see each other in Hollywood.

All this has raised eyebrows, naturally, and the press has closed in to comment. Mona has agreed to the reports that she has dined with Bing. "But I wouldn't call it a romance. He's an old friend. We've known each other for a long, long time." Asked about Bing's reaction to Dixie's passing, Mona said, "I don't think he's gotten over that yet. It will be a long time before he does."

"We just had dinner a few times," she explains. "We've talked about his kids, and mine. He's very nice, and terribly amusing. He's probably the nicest person I've ever known. But I'm sure he takes other people out," she adds. "You can't make a romance story out of this."

People may not call it a romance story, but they realize that it does lessen the chance for a reconciliation between Pat and Mona. This was something everyone had been working for. As a married couple, the Nerneys had been immensely liked, and as individuals they have a great many friends. Almost without exception, these friends wanted to see Pat and Mona back together again. They went to him and they went to her and asked if there was anything they could do to help. And the answer from both was a polite "no-thank-you," tinged with wistfulness.

There was a ray of hope when, on New Year's Eve, Pat and Mona went to Mocambo together. They saw each other often after that—sometimes for a quiet dinner, but mostly for conversation regarding their daughter. Yet nothing happened.

Asked what he thought about the odds for a reconciliation, Pat Nerney said, "It looks very remote. I wouldn't say no positively, because who knows what might happen with time? I couldn't say, for instance, that in ten years Mona and I wouldn't be together again. Nothing's positive. But it's remote. You might say we're both satisfied now. I see little Monie quite often, and Mona's wonderful about it—says I can see her any time I want to."

"I went to Europe, you know, after Mona started divorce proceedings. I really had myself a time. I loved it over there. Those Europeans have a way of bucking up a fellow when he's feeling low." And then he added, "I'll never marry again. My religion, you know. But I've dated—there's been Peggy Ann Garner, and Wanda Hendrix, and Coleen Gray and Martha Vickers. I love 'em all. But I won't get married again."

He spoke willingly about it, and he sounded very much like the young man he is reputed to be, soft-spoken and polite. And he also sounded quite sad.

As for Mona, she is on the merry-go-round and when she'll stop nobody knows. The divorce will not be final until September 25 of this year, and as Pat says, nothing's positive. In the meantime, Mona is leading the kind of glamorous life that is attributed to Hollywood stars. She is seen with wealthy and influential men, and while she is twenty-six, a fact which even her close friends tend to forget, it does seem that they and the columnists are right. Mona is traveling too fast in her new world of freedom, going at a pace where happiness is seldom found. THE END

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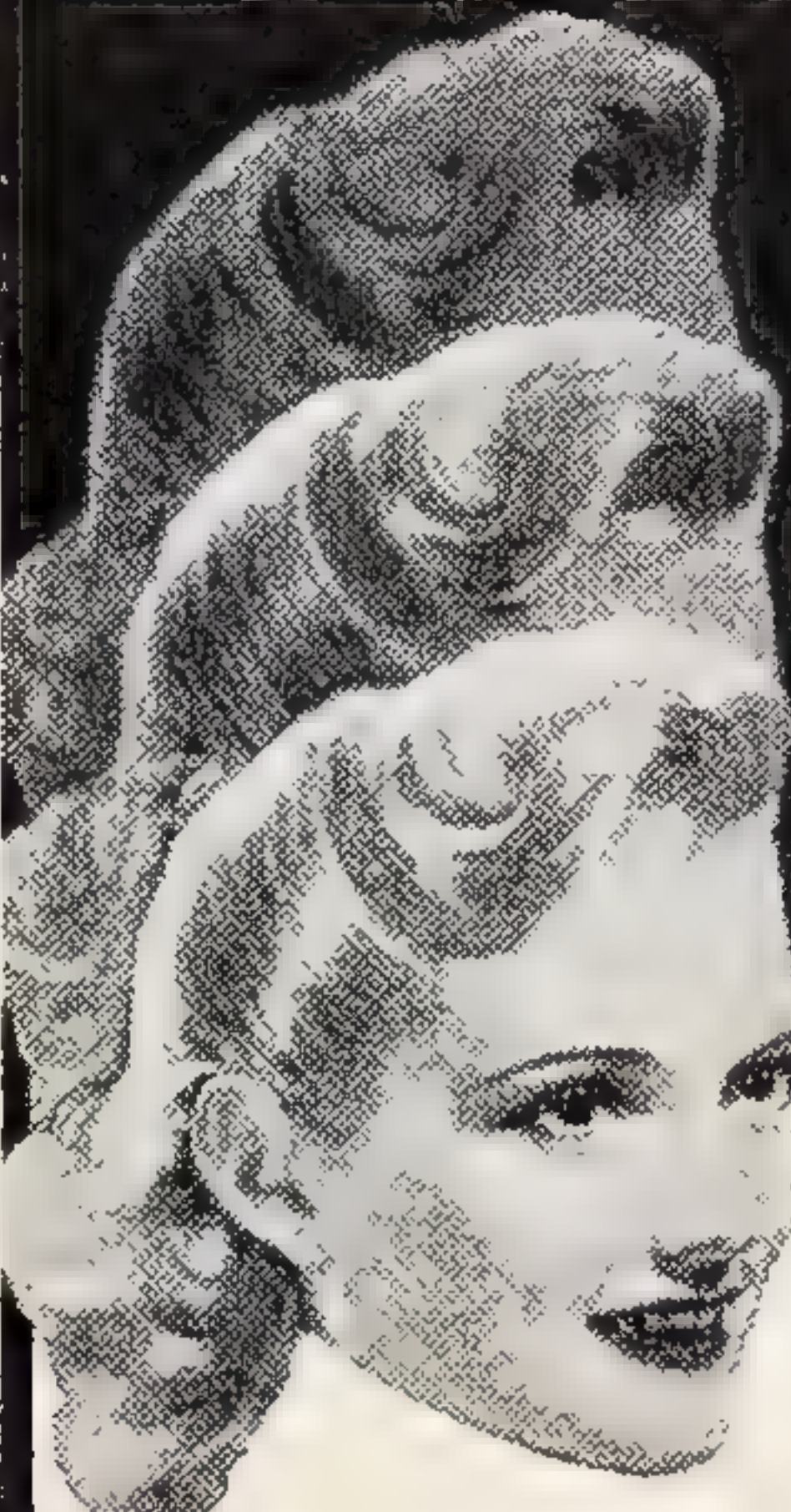
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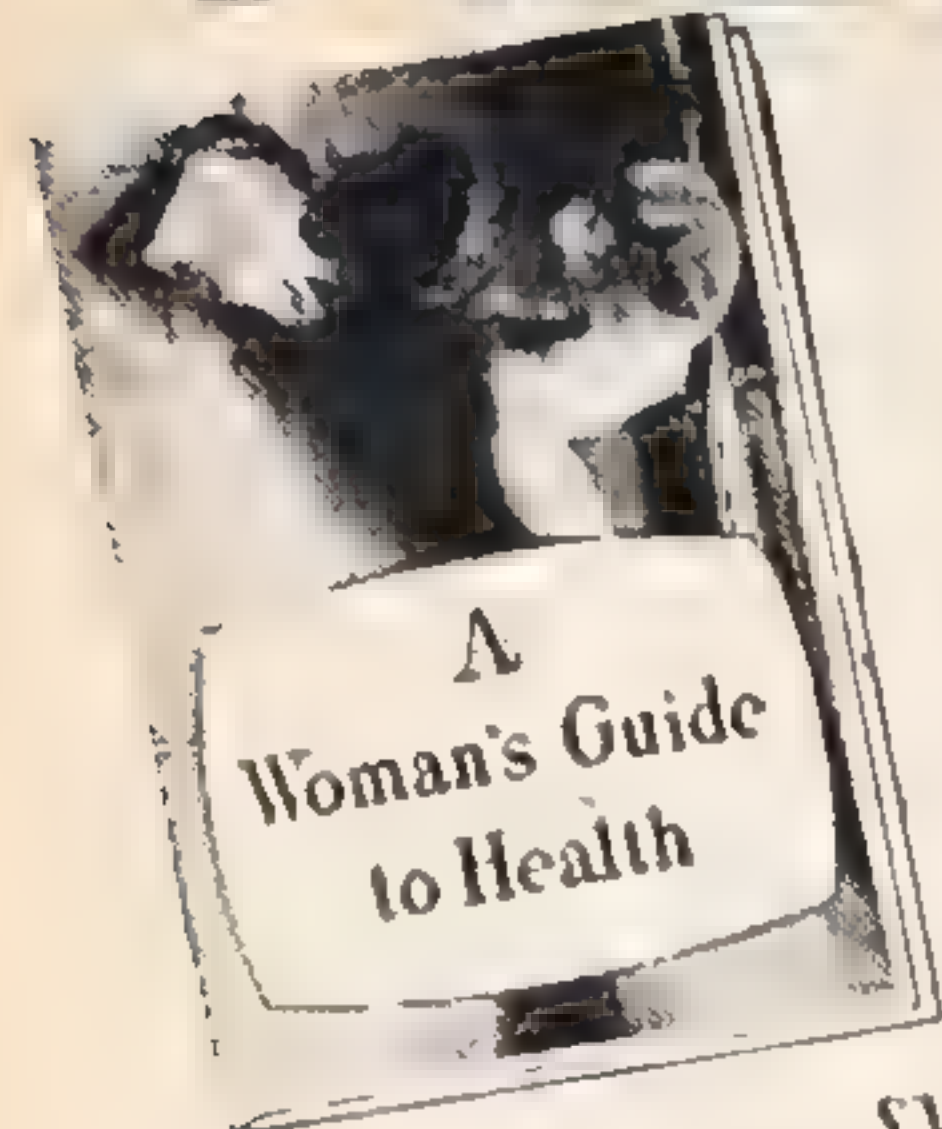


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The Dangerous Years

(Continued from page 41)

into blessings afterwards. But this marriage is still in its first year. There's no doubt that Joan is mentally mature. Emotional maturity, however, is something else again, and it remains to be seen whether Joan is really sufficiently grown up to be a successful wife.

Mitzi Gaynor, of course, reached a totally different conclusion on the question of early marriage. There's no one answer to suit every case; each girl must look for the one that's right for her own situation, her own personality.

While Debra Paget is a year older than Joan, her present attitude toward romance is in sharp contrast. Dates? She can take 'em or leave 'em. She has stepped out with Bob Wagner, but if her attitude has changed a little, it's hardly reached a pitch of enthusiasm.

Here's a significant fact: Unlike Joan, who is an only child, Debra's the middle child among five. Raised in this big, companionable household, she always had playmates at hand. Show business is the family trade, and each child gravitated toward it happily. At the moment, Debra's career is booming; she finds in work far deeper satisfaction than does Joan, whose recent roles haven't quite lived up to the spectacular forecasts made for her four years ago. (Joan gets a better break, however, in U-I's upcoming "Column South.")

Any young man who comes courting Debra—and there will be plenty—will have to compete with the strong counter-attraction of her career. Sounds as if she's playing it safe; if she refuses to commit her heart to anyone, it's in no danger of being broken. But this course only means other hazards in the future. Let her look around at older stars, especially at that familiar Hollywood type, the woman who gives her deepest devotion to her career and winds up a success as an actress, a failure as a woman. Look hard, Debra; this is the turning point.

Her hesitancy about joining in the social life of Hollywood's young set can't be blamed on family opposition. Debra's mother has actually encouraged more dating. Married herself at seventeen, she wishes her nineteen-year-old—practically an old maid!—would take off from the too, too comfortable nest at least for brief trial flights.

Pier Angeli certainly hasn't been given any such motherly hints. Ironically, her first movie offer (in Italy) started an argument between her parents, and it was her mother who championed an acting career for the shy young art student. No doubt there have been times when Mama was sorry she won the argument. Pier's Italian picture ("Tomorrow Is Too Late," dealing with the problems of adolescence) led quickly to "Teresa"—and to Hollywood, where Mama was startled to encounter the American idea of dating.

Pier was startled, too, but it was a pleasant surprise. She found the idea fascinating. If, soon after their arrival in Hollywood, her mother had been willing to adapt to the ways of an American community, Pier might have embarked on the normal course of getting to know the opposite sex gradually, meeting boys of her own age at young-set parties, double-dating. (Compare her experience with her friend Debbie Reynolds', whose sunny, average-American coming of age is described in this issue.) Instead, Mama continued to forbid any unchaperoned dates. This, naturally, made them twice as fascinating in Pier's eyes, and when she finally did break the ban, she did it handsomely:

not merely dating nor going steady with another youngster, but becoming involved in a possible serious romance with thirty-six-year-old Kirk Douglas.

This turn of events was particularly unexpected because Pier, at twenty, is the most youthful-looking of the four. Hollywood hasn't changed the naiveté glowing in her face. Yet her work on the screen, as in "The Story of Three Loves," has shown greater maturity than the others'. When she was only sixteen, director Fred Zinnemann said of her: "She is quite child-like at one moment, surprisingly mature the next. She has the emotions of a little girl, but a mind beyond her years by about a decade."

Let's see: If we use Joan's method of reckoning, that makes Pier now thirty!—only six years younger than Kirk. Having a keen native intelligence, she might feel more at ease in the company of an older man. But there's the same catch, and in Pier's case it's even more vital. At sixteen she had, in Zinnemann's opinion, "the emotions of a little girl." Protected through the years since then, how has she had the chance to develop emotionally? Is she, in this department, on a level with her sophisticated, once-married, once-divorced, much-romanced beau?

As we have seen, Mitzi Gaynor is strongly conscious of this problem: emotional maturity. Though her awareness sets her apart from the other three, it doesn't make her immune to the danger involved. Very often, a girl caught up in these exciting

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years sees a risk clearly—and then can't resist taking it.

Already twenty-one, Mitzi is making the transition most abruptly and most spectacularly. The months since that important birthday have seen dramatic changes (accompanied by some pangs) in her career, her romantic life, her off-screen appearance. The girlish wardrobe has gone glamorous, with a new poise to match: no more ruffles; no more scuffs; no more ribbons holding back her hair; no more entrances with a breathless "so what's new?"

Drop in on Mitzi at home, and you may find her wearing a quilted black velvet skirt, a white sweater embroidered with black sequins, very high-heeled d'Orsay pumps. But her familiar, refreshing frankness isn't lost. "I've even bought a girdle," she confides. "Me! I'd never owned a girdle in my entire life. And I have a new black cocktail dress that's built out over the hips, with a very hugging waist and a low, low neck. I've gone real slinky!"

Consider Mitzi's background, and you realize why she is rushing into womanhood so eagerly. Different as they may seem, she and Pier Angeli have something in common. "Actually," Mitzi says, "I've led a very sheltered life." That's a strange statement coming from a girl who has been a professional dancer since the age of thirteen. But Mitzi's preoccupation with her career sheltered her from the enlightening experiences of the average teenager as effectively as any stern parental supervision could have.

Before she was even into her teens, Mitzi fell head over toes in love with the ballet, and the love affair lasted. "I didn't do anything but eat, sleep and dream dancing," she remembers. "I slicked my

hair back, and I walked with my toes turned out all the time, so nobody could possibly mistake the fact that I was a ballerina." Her schooling provided no contact with the everyday world outside show business. She went to Hollywood's Powers Professional High School, where most of her classmates also studied part-time, on a schedule allowing for jobs in the theatre or movies. And she missed her high-school graduation ceremonies because she was opening at the Philharmonic the same night in "Naughty Marietta."

It was there that she met Richard Coyle. For four years—the crucial four years between seventeen and twenty-one—Mitzi was further shielded from the average girl's life. She had missed the woes and delights of puppy love. Now, instead of nursing a broken heart one day and the next day losing it to a different boy, Mitzi was secure within a steady, gentle affection.

She is grateful to Richard: "For his wisdom and his patience, waiting for me to grow up and know my own mind. For taking care of me, for always being there when I first went into pictures. I could take my problems to him, knowing he'd help me work them out. They were just the normal discouragements, but when you're so young and inexperienced they seem fairly tragic. If I got upset about something, I'd storm off to him, letting off steam: 'They can jolly well get somebody else for the picture!'"

"Then we'd go for a long drive, we'd eat a quart of ice cream, and Richard would talk to me: 'You're in a business. You don't just walk away from a problem. Situations will come up you won't like. You'll meet people you won't like—but you can't just walk off and leave your job because of them.' So I'd get over it, and the next day everything would be peaches and cream."

When, after she'd turned twenty-one, Mitzi suddenly broke her engagement to Richard, she was giving up a tender sort of security. Like Joan Evans' parents, Mitzi's mother had advised her all along to delay the marriage until she was twenty-one, but Mitzi reached the final decision on her own. She was no longer the same girl who had fallen in love with Richard. Her mother had always understood the complexity of her nature—"There are many Mitzis," she says—and the more complex the personality, the more it's likely to change with the years.

"So few people in the world really know themselves," Mitzi says thoughtfully. "They go through life thinking they're one sort of person, when in reality they're another. The most important thing is to find out

who you are—and be that person. That's what I'm doing today." Now, at the age when character takes its true shape, Mitzi is trying to find herself, personally and professionally. And, in spite of her awareness, she isn't doing her exploring at a slow and cautious tempo.

She has experimented with an off-beat (for her) role in the stage production, "Jollyanna," doing that ultra-sexy dance. She's considering night-club offers. Twentieth Century-Fox has big plans for her to follow up her current "Down Among the Sheltering Palms." Mitzi's prime movie ambition is to play *Scarlett O'Hara* in a musical version of "Gone With the Wind." This project hasn't gone beyond the discussion stage, and it would call for a loan-out, anyhow. But M-G-M, which owns the rights, was flooded with fan mail approving Mitzi for the role after a columnist made the suggestion. It takes courage—or would you call it recklessness?—for a twenty-one-year-old dancer to think of competing with Vivien Leigh's Oscar-winning performance. But then Mitzi is hungry for new experiences.

"I want to travel!" she said. "I want to see all the rest of the world. I haven't seen anything, and I haven't done anything, and I haven't been anywhere. There's still so much to see, and to do—and to be. I've worked since I was thirteen. I've never had a real vacation. Year before last, I did have two weeks off, and we were real rootie-tooties; we drove fifty miles to Twenty-Nine Palms. But I want to travel! I'd like to make a picture in England, buy sandals in Rome, go to the opera in Milan. And Paris!—all those wonderful places. I want to go to Monseigneur and be serenaded by dozens of violins."

You can see which way Mitzi's mind is trending. When she pictures the fabulous Paris night club, she certainly doesn't imagine herself being serenaded all alone. In the field of romance, too, she hasn't proceeded slowly. Very soon after the end of her engagement, her name began to be linked with that of a highly eligible producer. It happens, however, that she isn't the only one enjoying this distinction. Other Hollywood beauties have long been setting their caps for the same man.

The situation promises nothing resembling the security that Mitzi gave up. Fresh from a girlhood that was, by her own admission, "sheltered," is she equipped to withstand the storm of adult life? She is twenty-one, but for her the dangerous years aren't really past. As the stories of Joan and Debra and Pier have proved, girls move toward maturity at varying paces. For some, the business of growing up takes a long time.

THE END

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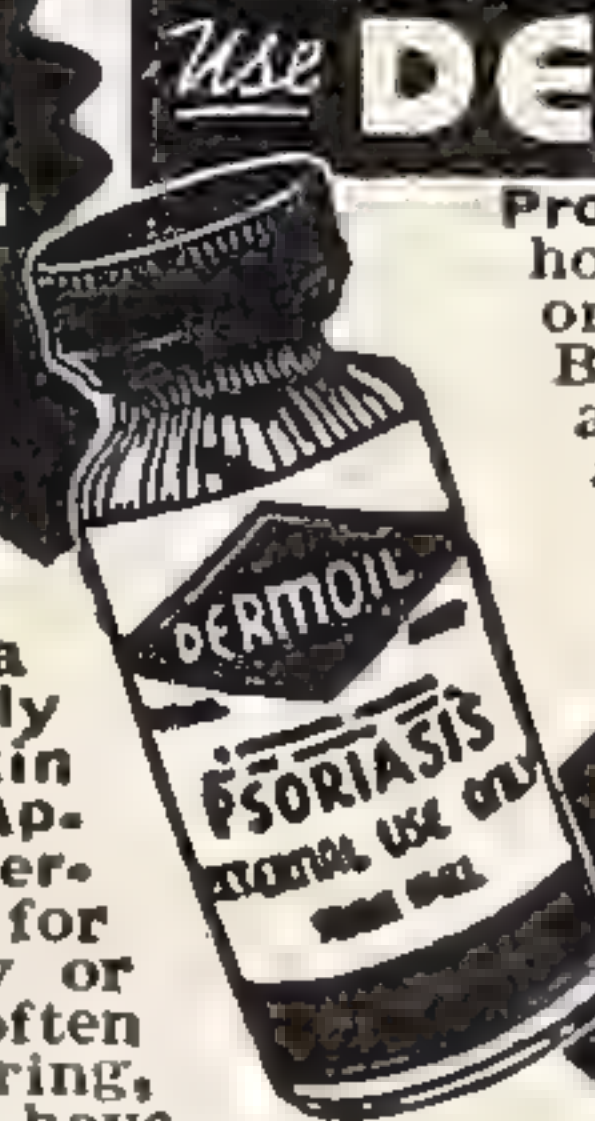
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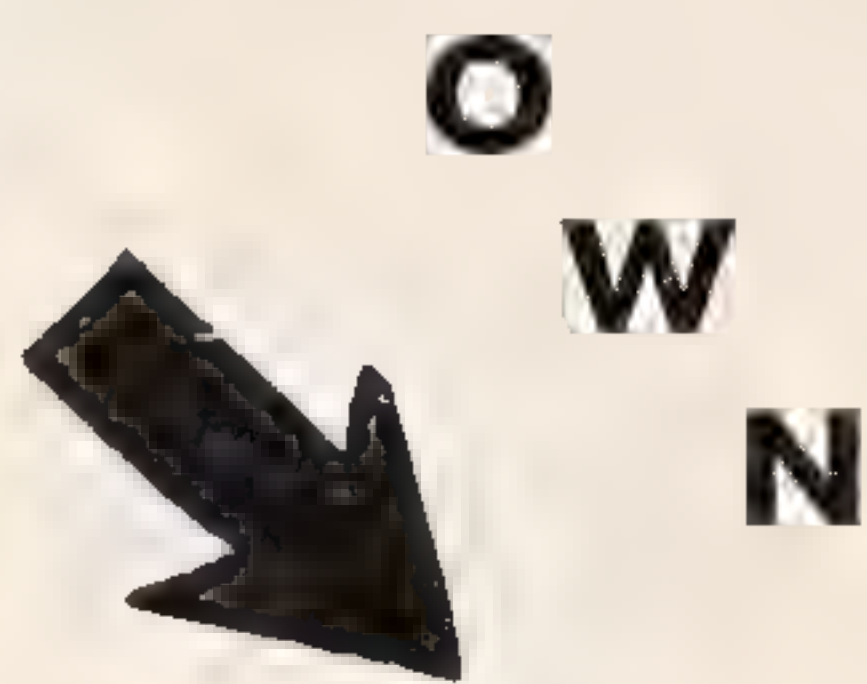
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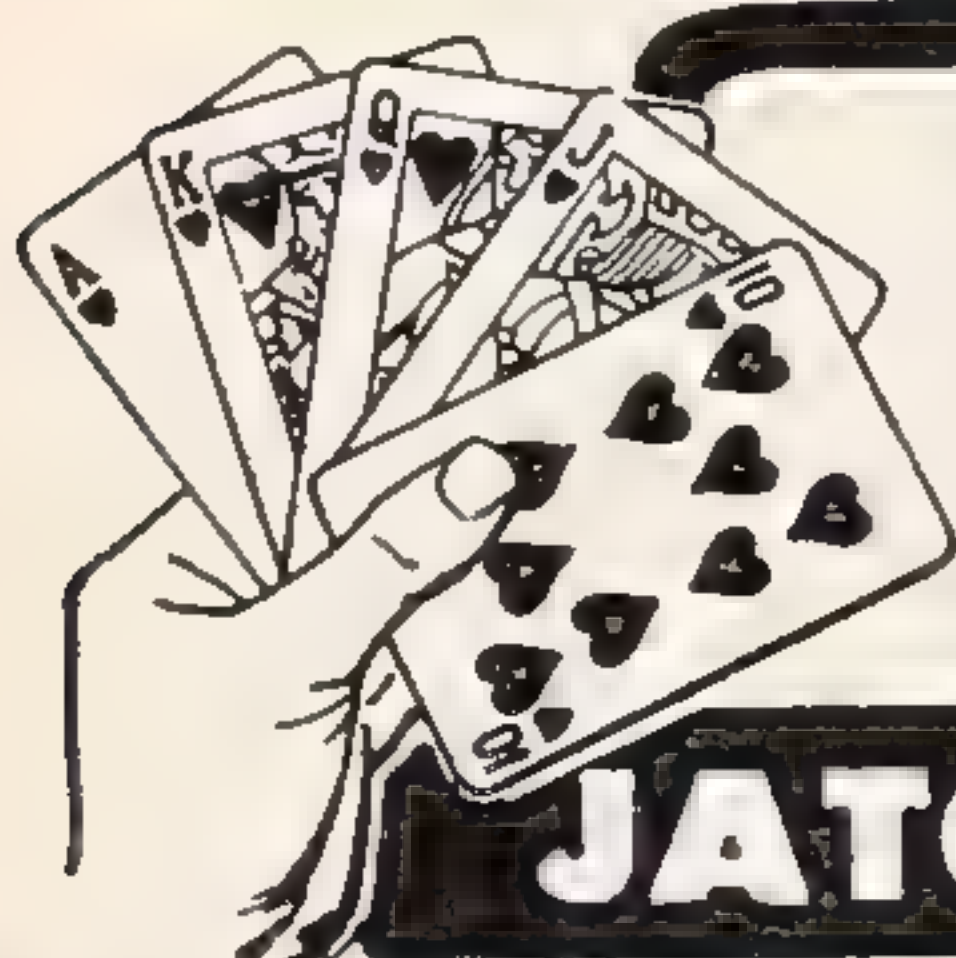
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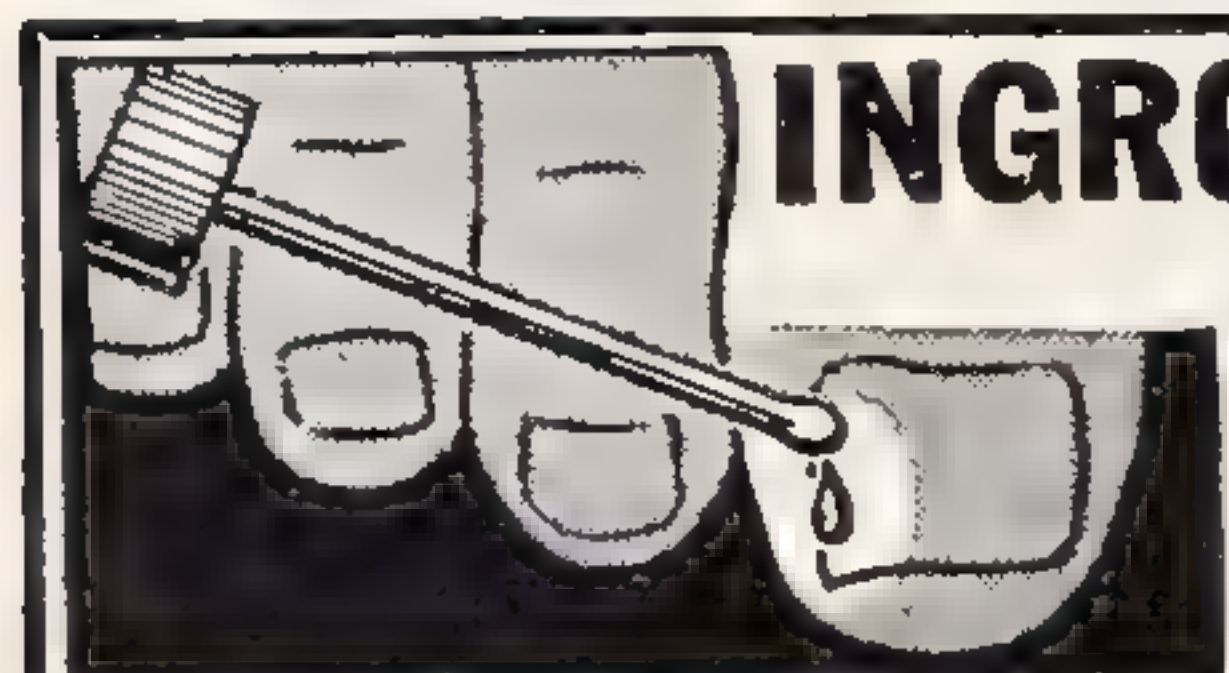
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SOOTHE YOUR NERVES

MILES NERVINE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from page 45)

the fullest with the press. In 1949, she was awarded the Golden Apple by the Hollywood Women's Press Club as the most cooperative actress of that year. She was always gracious and charming and unusually understanding of the tribulations of writers assigned to cover celebrities. Now the reporters were understanding in return. They did their jobs as well as possible, feeling only the highest respect for June in her refusal, in this instance, to help them on what might well be their last story concerning her.

During the first week in February, the rumors began to bounce. Several columnists reported that June would soon enter a convent, but she was unavailable for comment and her family would neither confirm nor deny the fact. Through her mother and sisters June said, "If and when I have an announcement to make, I shall make it to everyone." When a priest whom she had consulted was contacted, he said, "If Miss Haver has anything to say, it is up to her, not me."

The following day June telephoned the publicity department of her studio and read them the statement she had written herself. It said:

"To all my friends: Now that I am about to do something that some of you will perhaps find difficult to understand, I have thought it well to make a public statement.

"I am going away to prepare myself, by several years of prayer and study, for something I have been contemplating for two years. I am determined to be a Sister of Charity, with the Grace of God and the approval of His church, and to consecrate my life to the service of God in His sick and in His children.

"To do this will take more ability than I have. That is why I am going to prepare myself in a novitiate of work and prayer. If at the end of my two years of preparation my religious superiors judge that I am able to do this, I shall consecrate myself by vow to this kind of life.

"As far as I am concerned, I know what I want to do. But what I want must also be what God wants. May His will be done.

"You, my friends who have helped me so well in the past, I know will continue to help me with prayer, that I may always be generous in the service of God."

It was neat, concise and to the point, and it said everything that June could possibly say under the circumstances. The publicist who took the message told her he thought it was beautifully worded.

"I think it covers it," June said. "It's all I want to say. Otherwise they'll be wanting to know when I leave and it would be embarrassing with photographers."

"I suppose I'll be talking to you again," said the publicist.

"No," said June, and he could almost hear the smile in her voice over the phone. "I don't think so. You won't be able to get in touch with me." She hesitated a moment and then added, "I'm very happy."

The news was not surprising to those who knew June. As she said in the statement, she had been considering such a decision for two years. While it was not something about which she spoke freely, wisps of her thoughts did leak out now and then. When she visited the Montevideo Film Festival in South America last year, she made a guarded admission to a Catholic layman that she was interested, and spoke very highly of the life of a nun.

She went to Rome in 1951, following the death of her fiance, Dr. John Duzik, and obtained an audience with Pope Pius XII. It is said that during her meeting with the

Pope, she again spoke of her desire to become a nun. At any rate, although June had left Hollywood a troubled girl, she came back from that trip with a new assurance, a new happiness. She seemed to know, for the first time in many years, what it was she wanted from life.

More than two years ago, it was reported that June had applied for dispensation from the Church to enter a convent. Such a waiver is necessary for a woman who has been married, for, although legally divorced, she is still married in the eyes of the Church. Clearance in a case of this kind is quite possible, but the application itself is not binding. The first rumblings began at that time, but June denied them, understandably in view of the uncertain circumstances.

After that, a great deal happened to confirm the suspicion. Last year, June sold her lovely home in Cheviot Hills, and afterward, offered for sale by auction the majority of her possessions. Later, she moved into her mother's apartment, and then two weeks before her decision was made public, she told her studio that she would not renew her contract when it expired on February 20. Incidentally, it is typical of June's fairness that she refused to accept her salary for that remaining period. All of these things pointed to the ultimate conclusion, but until everything was arranged and in order June refused to make any comment.

The most revealing clue of all, however, was June herself. She had never conformed to Hollywood's way of life, and had not only shied away from the gaudier parties but had confined her friendships almost entirely to people outside the industry. As one friend put it, "She just never really belonged to Hollywood."

People who knew her well could never reconcile her glamorous screen roles with the sincere and serious girl they knew as a friend. Over the past two years, she grew increasingly interested in helping others. Whenever anyone had a problem, or was sick, or bereaved, June was always on hand with whatever help she could offer. She was devoting her life to other people, and as one person, a non-Catholic, said, "She couldn't have done more had she already been a nun."

If Hollywood was not surprised at her eventual decision, neither did they understand it. The citizens of the town tend naturally to dramatize the slightest incident, and on reading June's statement in the newspapers, they immediately began asking each other "Why?" It was supposed, as a matter of course, that June's tragic experiences in love had led her into the path of solace with the Church. They said that no girl could be expected to live through the heartbreak of such a marriage as that with Jimmy Zito; that no girl could survive such deep grief as that suffered over the death of the charming John Duzik, without finding the need to seek consolation. June's father, a non-Catholic and a man who has seldom seen his daughters since his divorce from their mother, came to this conclusion: "It is a result," he said, "of her hard work, her heartbreak and her deep faith in the Catholic Church."

To those who have known June more intimately, the first two reasons are completely unsound. If Dr. Duzik had lived, of course, and if he and June had been able to secure from the Church an annulment of her marriage to Zito (a procedure which required a statement in writing from Zito to the effect that he had not wanted children at the time he entered into marriage with June, thus making the

marriage invalid), they would undoubtedly have lived happily ever after. But Dr. Duzik did not live, and June's faithful attendance at his bedside and her prayers in the chapel of St. John's Hospital ended in sorrow.

Such an experience would normally send anyone on a quest for peace, and although many stories will probably be written stating that this tragedy was the direct cause of June's choice, it could not, alone, have given her the incentive to take the veil. June decided to become a nun only through a real desire to serve God.

"If we *did* understand," says her sister Evvie, "if we could know how June feels, then we would all be in a convent."

June was not raised a Catholic. Her father is a Presbyterian, her paternal grandfather was a minister of the Congregational Church in Portland, Indiana, and her mother is a Catholic. But during her childhood, there was always a strong pull toward Catholicism. Back in Rock Island, Illinois, she used to stop in a Catholic church on her way home from school every day, and whenever anyone was ill she made a special trip to the church for prayer. Her two sisters used to tease her about it, yet, somehow, even then, they may have felt that they would all some day turn toward Catholicism.

The conversion came sooner than they thought. Dorothy, the oldest sister, became engaged to marry a Catholic, and when June, who was then sixteen, returned with her mother from a movie location trip, Dorothy had already been baptized and had taken her first Communion. June and Evvie followed shortly thereafter, June taking instruction at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, and eventually being baptized by Monsignor Con-cannon. She took her time about it, was deeply curious about all phases of it.

Following her trip to Rome during the Holy Year, she put aside all reading material except things relating to the spiritual, and spent her free hours in prayer and deliberation on her future. The sale of her house and other material things made possible the establishment of a trust fund for her mother, and with the choice of the Sisters of Charity and the waiver by the Church, June was ready.

She chose this particular order because she felt she was better suited to its work than to others. The Sisters of Charity is a fairly new order as Catholic orders go. It is American, only eighty-six years old, and maintains homes for orphans, retreats, homes for the aged, and schools. The nuns are transferred every six years from one type of work to another so that their lives offer a wide variety of service. June's main source of joy has always been children. She is fascinated by them and feels them to be the primary mission of marriage; it is fairly accurate to say that her chief pleasure in her service, other than her religion, will come in helping youngsters.

Her choice made and all arrangements completed, she left Hollywood on February 8 for Leavenworth, Kansas. To her relatives, who would not be seeing her for a long time, she said "I want to leave alone. I've made my choice alone and I want to go alone." Her family understood. With her mind reaching toward a future that required cessation of all personal attachments, it would be difficult enough to take leave of the loved ones who were trying so hard to understand.

At St. Mary's Academy in Leavenworth, the mother house of the Sisters of Charity, June is now receiving a higher education which will fit her for the care of the sick and the education of the young. She leaves her bed at five o'clock each morning, joins in the first prayers and meditation

of the day and then assists at Mass and receives Communion. After a simple breakfast with the sisters and the twelve other novices, she begins a sixteen-hour day that is filled with study, except for more than five hours devoted to prayer.

After eighteen months to two years of study and prayer, she will be ready to be professed. She will, if deemed suitable for the life she has chosen, take three vows. By the vow of poverty, she renounces all earthly goods. By the vow of chastity, she renounces all passionate attachments. By the vow of obedience, she renounces all self-interest and self-love.

Following this profession, she will make vows for one year only and renew them once a year for the next five years. The sixth year, she makes her vow for life, if she still wishes it. At any time until then she may make application to withdraw, if she should so desire.

Although the Sisters of Charity are not cloistered nuns and may visit with their families and friends, it is nonetheless a stupendous decision to make, and one that calls for a great deal of both courage and love. Heeding such a call is particularly difficult for someone in June's position, not only because of the publicity washing over her personal feelings, but because she is bound always to be singled out from the other sisters as once having been a famous movie star. With her vows and her religious intents in mind, it will be difficult for her tactfully to avoid such attentions. Others will not easily forget the fact that for nine years June lived in what is regarded as the tinsel town of Hollywood. It will show in their eyes when they look at her, and it will be a real problem for June.

She is not the first from among the movie world to choose such a path. There has been Gareth Hughes, who is now an Episcopalian monk and working with the American Indians. There has been Jose Mojica, opera and picture star who is now a Franciscan monk in Peru. There is Juanita Quigley, famous child star, now a nun in the order of the Daughters of Mary and Joseph. There is lovely Colleen Townsend, who last year renounced a budding movie career to join her husband in his missionary work.

All of them no doubt had the same sincerity of purpose, yet it hits home a little harder in the case of June Haver. She is so young, so beautiful, was at the peak of a fabulous career. It is perhaps difficult to comprehend her choice, but it is one that must be admired. Many people ask her family why June, who could do so much good for others in her career as a movie star, wanted to enter a convent in order to do good. And the family's answer is always the same:

"She has a right to some happiness of her own. All her life she has done many things that she didn't want to do. In her school years she missed a lot, because she went to a studio school and never had the fun other kids have in high school. She was always under orders from her studio, sometimes to do things she didn't approve of. She was always under financial pressure from a hundred different sources. Since she was a little girl she couldn't do what she *wanted* to do. This is what she wants, and we'll stick by her."

Her family, her mother and sisters, do not completely understand, but they remember the line of dialogue spoken by a nun in "The Bells of St. Mary's" that June has always loved. "You don't become a nun because you've lost something, but because you've found something."

They know that is the way it is with June, and that while they won't be seeing her often, she is happy—truly happy for the first time in her life.

THE END



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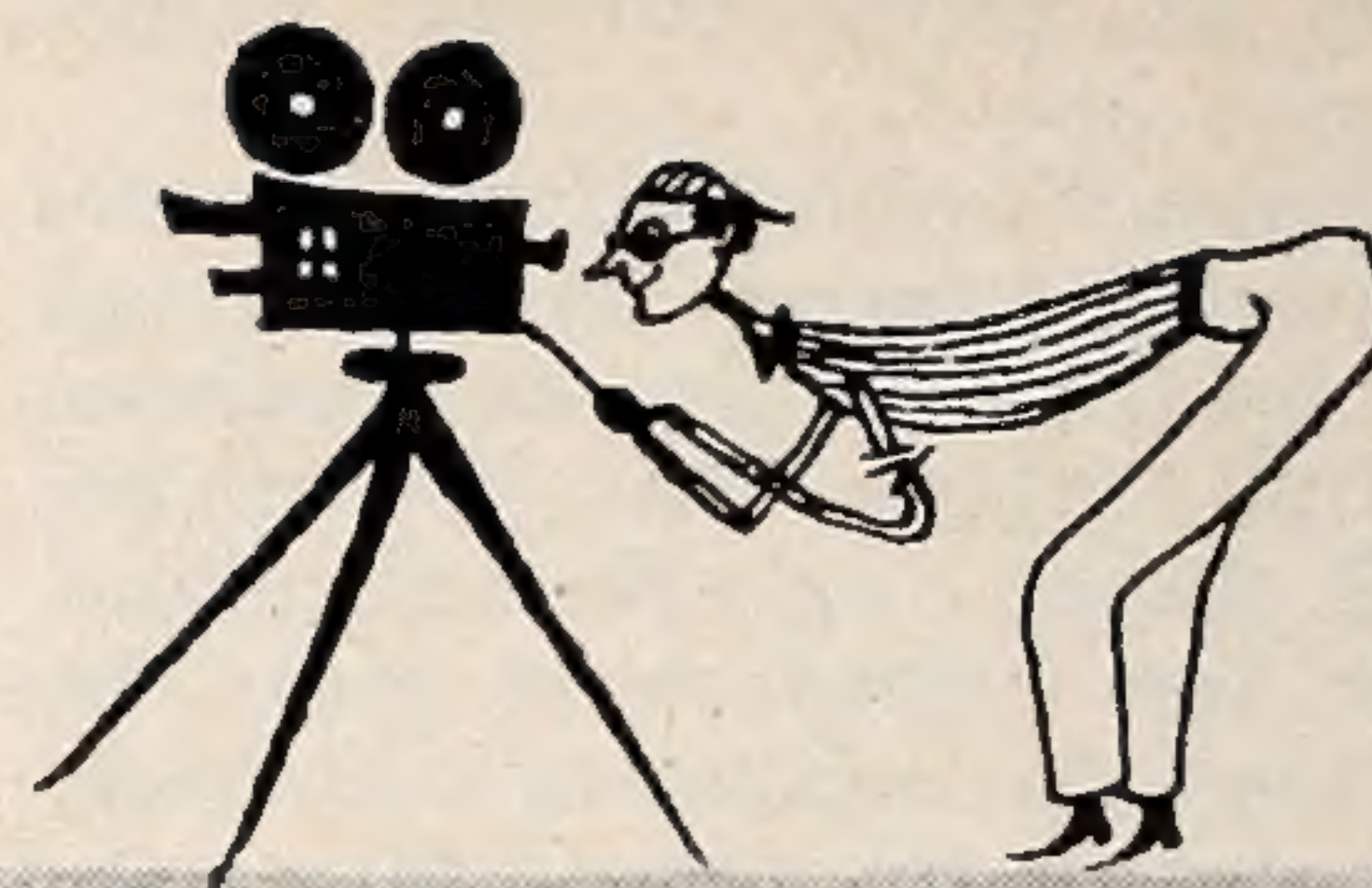
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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. PHOTOPLAY Applauds for this month, page 4. This month's full reviews, page 10



A—Adults F—Family

ABOVE AND BEYOND—M-G-M: Gripping saga of the first A-bombing. Family woes of Bob Taylor, Eleanor Parker seem trivial. (A) February

ALL ASHORE—Columbia, Technicolor: Pleasant, tuneful tale of three sailors' shore leave. Mickey Rooney, Dick Haymes, Ray McDonald. (F) April

ANDROCLES AND THE LION—RKO: Wordy, sometimes witty tribute to persecuted early Christians (Jean Simmons, Alan Young). (A) February

ANGEL FACE—RKO: Mild suspense drama involves Bob Mitchum in innocent-looking Jean Simmons' scheme for murder. (A) March

APRIL IN PARIS—Warners, Technicolor: Featherweight but fun. Songs and dances by chorine Doris Day, diplomat Ray Bolger. (F) February

BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL, THE—M-G-M: Fascinating close-up of Hollywood. Kirk Douglas is a ruthless producer; Lana Turner, an actress; Dick Powell, a writer. (A) February

BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE—RKO, Technicolor: Muddled thriller. Robert Newton's hammy; Keith Andes, Linda Darnell, handsome. (F) March

CINERAMA—Cinerama Productions, color: No story, but plenty of excitement. Amazing new technique using a huge curved screen is now showing in New York and Detroit. (F) January

CITY BENEATH THE SEA—U-I, Technicolor: Sprawling adventure-romance. Bob Ryan, Anthony Quinn play deep-sea divers. (F) April

CLOWN, THE—M-G-M: Red Skelton lays on the pathos too thick as a has-been comic with a small son and a rich ex-wife (Jane Greer). (F) April

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA—Wallis, Paramount: Intimate, grueling drama of marriage and the desires of youth. Shirley Booth's splendid; Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore score. (A) January

CONFIDENTIALLY CONNIE—M-G-M: Gay little comedy. Prof Van Johnson and wife Janet Leigh cope with living costs (especially meat); rancher Louis Calhern intervenes. (F) April

FACE TO FACE—RKO: Two-story film. James Mason stars in a dreary sea tale; Robert Preston, Marjorie Steele, Minor Watson, in an excellent, unusual comedy Western. (F) January

FORBIDDEN GAMES—Times Film: Powerful tragicomedy of war's effect on children (amazingly portrayed by Brigitte Fossey, George Poujouly). French dialogue, English titles. (A) March

FOUR POSTER, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Funny, touching, too-talky history of a marriage. Lilli Palmer and Rex Harrison, sole players, are fine; cartoon interludes are brilliant. (A) February

GIRLS IN THE NIGHT—U-I: Stilted story of youth in the slums, with attractive newcomers Patricia Hardy, Glen Roberts. (A) April

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN—Goldwyn, RKO; Technicolor: Magical musical. Danny Kaye is the story-spinning cobbler; exquisite Jeanmaire is Farley Granger's ballerina wife. (F) March

I LOVE MELVIN—M-G-M, Technicolor: Airy, youthful, tune-film with lovable co-stars. Donald O'Connor makes a cover girl of Debbie Reynolds, movie-struck chorine. (F) April

IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, THE—Rank, U-I; Technicolor: Michael Redgrave, Michael Denison, Edith Evans sparkle in the dialogue-dominated Oscar Wilde farce about upper-crust romance and deception. (A) March

JAZZ SINGER, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Lush, heart-tugging musical with Danny Thomas as a cantor's son who loves show business and Peggy Lee. (F) April

JEOPARDY—M-G-M: Taut, artificial suspense drama. Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan are a holidaying couple in grim danger. (F) April

KANSAS CITY CONFIDENTIAL—U. A.: Slick, tricky thriller about an armored-car robbery. With John Payne, Coleen Gray. (F) February

LAST OF THE COMANCHES—Columbia, Technicolor: Vigorous, tightly constructed Western in which cavalryman Broderick Crawford leads a chance-met group in its stand against desert thirst and hostile Indians. (F) February

LIMELIGHT—U. A.: Highly personal, slow, affecting story of a has-been comedian (Charlie Chaplin) and a young ballerina (Claire Bloom). Fine slapstick; pensive tragedy. (F) February

LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO, THE—I. F. E.: Rollicking, inspiring French film with English titles. Fernandel's a fighting village priest; Gino Cervi, the red mayor. (A) March

MAN BEHIND THE GUN, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Well-made horse opera of early California, starring Randolph Scott. (F) March

MEET ME AT THE FAIR—U-I, Technicolor: Harmless, nostalgic comedy-with-music about a medicine-show man (Dan Dailey). (F) February

MEMBER OF THE WEDDING, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Shapeless but often touching story of a troubled adolescent (Julie Harris), with magnificent acting by Ethel Waters. (A) April

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Handsome, fitfully exciting tale of old New Orleans. Honest gambler Ty Power loves aristocratic Piper Laurie. (F) March

MOULIN ROUGE—U. A., Technicolor: Subtle color and rich Parisian atmosphere overshadow José Ferrer's portrayal of Toulouse-Lautrec, the tragic, deformed painter. (A) March

MY COUSIN RACHEL—20th Century-Fox: An elegantly mounted but indecisive mystery presents Olivia de Havilland as either murderess or innocent suspect, with newcomer Richard Burton scoring as her accuser and suitor. (A) March

NAKED SPUR, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Big, rugged Western with beautiful scenery. Outlaw Robert Ryan (with companion Janet Leigh) is captured by James Stewart. (F) April

NEVER WAVE AT A WAC—RKO: The Army makes a human being of snooty Rosalind Russell, with an assist from ex-husband Paul Douglas. Marie Wilson adds more laughs. (F) March

NIAGARA—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Entertaining mélange of murder, Marilyn Monroe, magnificent settings. Joseph Cotten her betrayed husband; Jean Peters scores. (A) April

NO TIME FOR FLOWERS—RKO: A neatly scripted comedy of captive Czechoslovakia focuses on Viveca Lindfors and Paul Christian, as young Reds slowly reformed by love. (F) March

PETER PAN—Disney, RKO, Technicolor: Enchanting cartoon feature based on the beloved Barrie fantasy of eternal childhood. *Peter, Wendy, Tinker Bell, Captain Hook* come alive to the tune of many sprightly songs. (F) February

REDHEAD FROM WYOMING, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Pleasant Western wherein William Bishop dupes Maureen O'Hara into helping him plot a range war. Alex Nicol plays sheriff. (F) March

ROAD TO BALI—Paramount, Technicolor: Further adventures of Crosby, Hope and Lamour—a casual, comical, musical improvisation on the South Seas theme. (F) February

ROGUE'S MARCH—M-G-M: Disarmingly old-fashioned melodrama about the British in India. Peter Lawford's the disgraced hero. (F) April

SHE'S BACK ON BROADWAY—Warners, WarnerColor: Slight but bright backstage tale. Trying a comeback, has-been movie star Virginia Mayo feuds with ex-lover Steve Cochran. (F) April

STAR, THE—20th Century-Fox: Uneven but substantial story of a movie actress (Bette Davis) who can't face failure. (A) April

STARS ARE SINGING, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Warm, charmingly informal musical, with Rosemary Clooney as a singer who helps refugee-singer Anna Maria Alberghetti. (F) April

STOOGE, THE—Wallis, Paramount: Likable vignette of show business. Dean Martin plays a swellheaded star; Jerry Lewis, his humble partner. With Polly Bergen, Marion Marshall. (F) March

STOP, YOU'RE KILLING ME—Warners, WarnerColor: Cheerful gang comedy. Broderick Crawford as a beer baron gone straight, Claire Trevor as his loving wife. (F) March

TAXI—20th Century-Fox: Amusing though flimsily plotted. Dan Dailey, obliging New York hackie, helps just-off-the-boat colleen Constance Smith in search for missing husband. (F) April

TROPIC ZONE—Paramount, Technicolor: Ronald Reagan saves Rhonda Fleming's banana plantation in a Central American Western. (F) February



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